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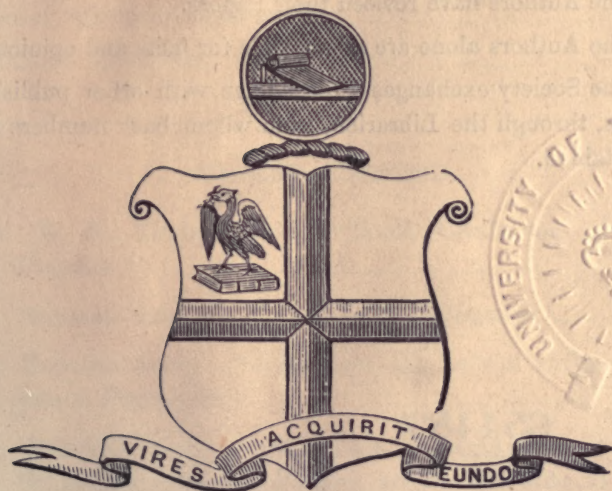
OF

LIVERPOOL,

DURING THE

EIGHTY-NINTH SESSION, 1899-1900. - / 9

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- Jan. 9, 1865 Walthew, William, 6 *York-buildings, Dale-street*
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ALBANY. University of the state of New York.

New York state library. Bulletins: legislation,
nos. x, xi 2 pts. 8°. 1899-1900

New York state museum. Annual report of the
regents. 49, vol. 2 4°. 1898

AMSTERDAM. Koninklijke academie van weten-
schappen.

Jaarboeken, 1898 8°. 1899

Proceedings of the section of sciences, vol. 1 . 8°. 1899

Verslagen van de gewone vergaderingen der wis- en
natuurkundige Afdeeling, deel 7 . . 8°. 1899

BATH. Bath natural history and antiquarian field
club.

Proceedings, vol. 9, no. ii 8°. 1899

[wtg. vol. 9, no. i.]

BERWICKSHIRE. Berwickshire naturalists' club.

Proceedings, vol. 16, pts. ii, iii . 2 pts. 8°. 1897-99

HARDY (J.) The session booke of Bonckle . 8°. 1899

BORDEAUX. Commission météorologique de la
Gironde.

Observations, 1897-98 8°. 1898

—— Société des sciences physiques et naturelles.

Memoires 5e série, vol. 4 8°. 1898

Procès-verbeaux des séances, 1897-98 . . 8°. 1898

BOSTON, Mass. American academy of arts and sciences.

Proceedings, voll. 34, nos. vi-xxiii; 35, nos. i-xix,
37 pts. 8°. 1898-1900

[wtg. vol. 34, nos. i-v.]

- BOSTON, *Mass.*—*continued.* Boston society of natural history.
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- BRISTOL. Bristol naturalists' society.
 Proceedings, *new series*, voll. 8, no. iii; 9, no. i.
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- BUENOS AYRES. Museo nacional.
 Anales, vol. 6 1a. 8°. 1899
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- BUFFALO. Buffalo society of natural sciences.
 Bulletin, vol. 6, nos. ii-iv 8°. 1899
- CALCUTTA. Asiatic society of Bengal.
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new series, voll. 65, t. p. and i; 66, nos. ii, iii
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 nos. v-viii; 1898, nos. ix-xi; 1899; 1900, no. i.
 8°. 1897-1900
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 University chronicle, voll. 1, nos. ii-vi; 2 8°. 1898-99
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 Bulletins, voll. 32, nos. ix, x; 33-35 8°. 1899-1900
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- Memoirs, voll. 23, no. ii; 24 4°. 1899

CAPETOWN. Royal observatory.

- Annals, vol. 2, pt. ii 4°. 1899
 Catalogue of stars 2 voll. 8°. and 4°. 1898-99
 Reports of H.M. astronomer, 1898 4°. 1899

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- Annual report, 28 8°. 1899

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COPENHAGEN. Kongeligt dansk videnskabernes
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Oversigt over d. k. d. vidensk. Selsk. Forhand-

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Memoires, *nouv. série*, 1898, 1899 . . 2 pts. 8°. 1898-99

DAVENPORT. Davenport academy of natural
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Proceedings, vol. 7 8°. 1900

DUBLIN. Royal Irish academy.

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Transactions, vol. 31, pt. vii 4°. 1899

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Proceedings, vol. 14, pts. i, ii . 2 pts. 8°. 1899-1900

—— Royal Scottish society of arts.

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Reports, 66, 67 2 voll. 8°. 1898-99

GLASGOW. Philosophical society.

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Nachrichten (*Geschäftliche Mittheilungen*), 1898,

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1899 8°. 1898-99

GT. BRITAIN AND IRELAND. British association
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Report, 1898 8°. 1899

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Reports on alkali works, 35 8°. 1899

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HALIFAX, *Nova Scotia*. Nova Scotian institute of
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Proceedings and Transactions, vol. 9, pt. iv; 10,
pt. i 2 pts. 8°. 1899

HELSINGFORS. Societas scientiarum fennica.

Acta, vol. 24 4°. 1899

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pt. lvii 8°. 1898

HERTFORD. Hertfordshire natural history society
and field club.

Transactions, vol 10, pts. ii-iv . . . 3 pts. 8°. 1899

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HULL. Hull scientific and field naturalists'
club.

Transactions, vol. 1, no. i 8°. 1898

INDIA. Geological survey.

Memoirs, vol. 28, pt. i 1a. 8°. 1898

Palæontologia indica. Himalayan fossils, voll. 1,
pts. ii, iii; 2, t. p. and i . . . 3 pts. 4°. 1897-99

New series. Vol. 1—i: The cambrian fauna of the
eastern salt-range, by K. Redlich . . . 4°. 1899

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of India, 2nd ed., pt. i. Corundum . . . 8°. 1898

General report, 1898-99 8°. 1899

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Transactions, vol. 5, pts. iii-vii 5 pts. 8°. 1899-1900

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——— North-western and midland sanitary inspectors' association.

The sanitary inspector, vol. 1, nos. iv-vi; 2, nos. i-v
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Journal, *new series*, voll. 1, nos. iii, iv; 2, nos. i, ii
4 pts. in 2, 8°. 1899

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Journal, voll. 75, 76, nos. 435-441 . 7 pts. 8°. 1899
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Journal, voll. 30, nos. xvi, xvii; 31, nos. xviii, xix
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Minutes of proceedings, voll. 135-139
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BARR (A.) Application of mechanics to engineering
practice (*pph.*) 8°. 1899

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- Journal (*Botany*), voll. 26, no. 178; 34, nos. 236–239
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- Proceedings, 111th session, 1898–99 8°. 1899
- List of the society 8°. 1899
- Motor-car world, vol. 1, no. vi 4°. 1900
- [*wtg.* vol. 1, nos. i–v.]
- Nature, voll. 59, nos. 1526–1539; 60; 61; 62,
nos. 1592, 1593 8°. 1899–1900
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- Royal Asiatic society of Great Britain and
Ireland.
- Journal (*Bombay branch*), vol. 20, no. liv 8°. 1898
- Royal astronomical society.
- Memoirs, voll. 52, 53 2 voll. 4°. 1899
- Monthly notices, voll. 59, nos. 3–10; 60, nos. 1–8
16 nos. 8°. 1899–1900
- Royal geographical society of London.
- Proceedings, voll. 1–14 14 voll. 8°. 1879–92
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- Royal institute of British architects.
- Journal, *3rd series*, voll. 6, nos. vi–xx; 7, nos. i–x
25 nos. 4°. 1899–1900
- Kalendar, 1899–1900 8°. 1899
- Royal meteorological society.
- Quarterly journal, vol. 25 8°. 1899
- Royal microscopical society.
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- Royal society.
- Proceedings, voll. 64, nos. 406–412; 65; 66, nos.
424–431 8°. 1899–1900
- Reports to the malaria committee, 1899–1900 (*pph.*)
8°. 1900
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- Journal, voll. 62; 63, pts. i, ii 8°. 1899–1900

LONDON—*continued*. Society for psychical research.

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7 pts. 8°. 1899–1900

MADISON, *Wisconsin*.

Wisconsin geological and natural history survey.

Bulletins, nos. i, ii 2 pts. 8°. 1898

MANCHESTER. Literary and philosophical society.

Memoirs and Proceedings, voll. 43; 44, pts. i–iii 8°. 1900

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MEXICO. Instituto geológico de México.

Boletín, nos. xii, xiii 2 pts. 4°. 1899

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Memorie (*classe di lettere, scienze storiche e morali*),

vol. 20, pts. vii, viii 2 pts. 4°. 1898–99

Rendiconti, *serie ii*, vol. 31 8°. 1898

MONTREAL. Royal Society of Canada.

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Mathematisch-physikalische Classe. Sitzungsbe-

richte, voll. 28, no. iv.; 29, nos. i, ii 3 pts. 8°. 1899

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Transactions, voll. 12, pt. i; 13, pt. iii.

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Journal, 2e série, pt. iv 4°. 1898

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—— Franklin institute of the state of Pennsylvania.

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SCOTLAND. Mining institute of Scotland.

Transactions, voll. 20, 21, pts. i-iii . 8°. 1898-1900
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Reports, 1898, 1899 . . . 2 pts. 4°. 1899-1900
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advancement of science.

Reports, vol. 7 8°. 1898

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history society.

Proceedings, voll. 44, 45 . . . 2 voll. 8°. 1898-99

TORONTO. Canadian institute.

Proceedings, *new series*, vol. 2, pts. i, ii . 2 pts. 8°. 1899

TOULOUSE. Observatoire.

Annales, vol. 3 4°. 1899

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TRURO. Royal Institution of Cornwall.

Journal, vol. 13, pt. iv 8°. 1899

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. Department of
agriculture.

Year book, 1898 8°. 1899

Division of biological survey. North American

fauna, nos. xiv, xv 2 pts. 8°. 1899

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department.

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of engineers, 1898, 1899 . 12 voll. 8°. 1898-99

WASHINGTON, *Columbia*. National academy of
sciences.

Memoirs, vol. 8, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th memoirs.

3 pts. 4°. 1898-99

——— Naval observatory.

Reports of the superintendent, 1898, 1899.

2 pts. 8°. 1898-99

——— Smithsonian Institution.

Annual report of the board of regents, 1896, 1897.

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Miscellaneous collections, voll. 39, no. 1170; 41,
nos. 1171, 1173 3 pts. 8°. 1899

WELLINGTON, *N.Z.* New Zealand Institute.

Transactions and proceedings, vol. 31 . . . 8°. 1899

WELSHPOOL. Powysland club.

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Montgomeryshire, voll. 30, pt. iii; 31, pt. 1.

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ADDISON (W. I.) A roll of the graduates of the
university of Glasgow 4°. *Glasgow*, 1898

BANG (A. C.) Dokumenter og studier vedrørende den
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BLACK (W. G.) Ocean rainfall, 1864-75-81. 8°. *Edin.*, S.A.

DEARDEN (H. W.) Modern romanism examined,

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FAY (E. A.) Marriages of the deaf in America.

8°. *Wash.*, 1898

Helen Keller souvenir, no. 2, 1892-1899 . 4°. *Wash.*, 1899

KIRK (T.) The students' flora of New Zealand.

4°. *Wellington, N.Z.*, 1899

- LEUSCHNER (A. O.) Beiträge zur Kometenbahn-
bestimmung (*Inaug. diss.*) 4°. *Berlin*, 1897
- MACDONALD (G.) Catalogue of Greek coins in the
Hunterian collection, vol. 1 4°. *Glasgow*, 1899
- MAINWARING (G. B.) Dictionary of the Lepcha-
Language, rev. A. Grünwedel 8°. *Berlin*, 1898
- O'KELLY (C.) The Jacobite War in Ireland, edd.
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Libr.*) 8°. *Dublin*, 1894
- Pater ad filium, accedunt quatuor poemata laudata.
8°. *Amstelodami*, 1899
- READE (T. M.) The gypsum boulder of Great Crosby.
2 pts. 8°. *L'pool*, 1898-99
- RICHARDSON (Sir B. W.) Biological experimenta-
tion 8°. *Lond.*, 1896

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT, 1898-99.

Dr.				The LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.				Cr.			
RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.							
1898-99.				1898-98							
To Balance from 1897-98 in Bank				By Royal Institution, One Year's Rent				£ s. d.			
" Subscriptions, viz.:—				" Printing and Stationery				20 0 0			
126 at £1 1 0				" Printers, Balance of Vol. 1897-98.....				23 8 4			
16 at 0 10 6				" Printers, on Account 1898-99 Vol.				15 8 0			
				" Mr. Gilbert Parker, Travelling Expenses.....				35 0 0			
Interest allowed by Bank				" Refreshments.....				3 3 0			
				" Lime Light.....				22 7 8			
				" Lee & Nightingale, Advertising				2 2 0			
				" Hon. Treasurer's Expenses				1 19 6			
				" Late Hon. Secretary's Expenses				3 16 3			
				" Hon. Secretary's Expenses.....				0 4 10			
				" Hon. Librarian's extra Expenses, Account				0 13 0			
				1897-98 (not rendered until after previous							
				Account closed)				5 4 3			
				" Hon. Librarian's Expenses, 1898-99				5 6 2			
				" Balance Cash in Bank				35 1 1			
								<u>£173 14 1</u>			

Audited and found correct,
JAS. BIRCHALL,
R. C. JOHNSON.

2nd October, 1899.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
LIVERPOOL
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

EIGHTY-NINTH SESSION, 1899-1900.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

REPORT.

The Council have pleasure in congratulating the members on the successful completion of the eighty-eighth Session of the Society, and the continuance of its useful career.

Besides the Annual Meeting, thirteen ordinary meetings and two extraordinary meetings were held during the Session.

The Papers read were of general interest, and the Meetings were on the whole well attended, although the average attendance was somewhat less than that of the previous Session.

Early in the Session the Society had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Gilbert Parker, the well-known novelist, read an interesting paper on "The Art of Fiction."

During the Session 11 ordinary members were elected, 18 resigned, and 3 died. The total number is now 144.

Among the deaths is especially to be noticed that of Mr. Albert Julius Mott, F.G.S., who had been President

of the Society for three Sessions, 1872-3, 1873-4, 1874-5, and a member for nearly forty-nine years, during which he had done good service to the Society. Although he had left Liverpool some years ago to reside near Cheltenham, he still remained a member and preserved a warm interest in the welfare of the Society. A vote of condolence with his widow and family was passed by the Council, and communicated to Mrs. Mott by the Honorary Secretary.

The Society has added to its list of Honorary Members the name of the Rev. G. H. Rendall, M.A., Litt.D., who, while Principal of University College, was President during two Sessions, and who last year left Liverpool to be the Head-master of Charterhouse School.

In January a dinner was held in connection with the Society, at which the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress (Wm. Oulton Esq. and Mrs. Oulton) were present.

Encouraged by the success of this gathering, the Council resolved to revive (experimentally) the old practice of holding an Annual Dinner in connexion with the Society; and it has now the pleasure to announce that Sir Robert Ball, the distinguished astronomer, has accepted the invitation of the Society. The Dinner will be held on Wednesday, Dec. 13th. A proposal to inaugurate the Session 1899-1900 by a *Conversazione* on the 16th of October was also approved. The Council trust that these reunions will have the effect of drawing the members together and stimulating their interest in the work of the Society.

An offer of a prize of £5 for the best Essay, to be competed for by students of University College, was warmly accepted by the authorities of that institution, and there is prospect of a keen competition. The successful essay will

be read as a paper at one of the Society's meetings and subsequently published in the *Transactions*.

During the Session the Society resolved on the removal of the Library, for which it had no proper accommodation, and after some negotiations with University College, it was decided to transfer the books to the College Library. They have now been placed there in the custody of University College, but the members of this Society have the right of free access to them at all reasonable times.

In view of the slight diminution in membership, the Council urges all members of the Society to bring its claims under the special notice of their friends.

ORDINARY MEETINGS.

I. October 16, 1899. The President, Rev. E. N. Hoare, in the chair. The meeting took the form of a *Conversazione*, to which a large number of guests were invited. The President read his address on "Some Conditions of Progress." An interesting collection of curios, literary and otherwise, was displayed for inspection, and subsequently a concert, followed by "Tableaux," was held. 200 members and friends were present.

II. October 30. The President, Rev. E. N. Hoare, in the chair. Dr. J. Birkbeck Nevins exhibited to the Society specimens of the current coinage of the South African Republic. Mr. G. H. Ball read a paper on "George Combe's Work entitled 'The Constitution of Man Considered in Relation to External Objects,' and its Influence on the Modern Study of Hygiene."

III. November 13. The President, Rev. E. N. Hoare, in the chair. Mr. R. C. Johnson, F.R.A.S., read a communication on the subject of the November Leonids. Mr.

T. L. Dodds read a paper entitled "John Addington Symonds and the Renaissance."

IV. November 27. The President, Rev. E. N. Hoare, in the chair. Paper by Mr. Richard Steel on "The Basis of Economics."

V. December 11. The President, Rev. E. N. Hoare, in the chair. Paper by Dr. J. Murray Moore on "The Sub-Conscious Mind: Its Normal and Supra-Normal Powers," illustrated by diagrams.

VI. January 8, 1900. The President, Rev. E. N. Hoare, in the chair. Dr. J. Murray Moore introduced a discussion on the twenty-four hours division of time. Mr. Richard Steel read a paper on "The Law of Imitation in Psychology." The Prize Essay of the Society, by Miss Margaret Dickin, on "Samuel Butler and his *Hudibras*," was read before the Society.

VII. January 22. The President, Rev. E. N. Hoare, in the chair. Paper by Miss C. I. Dodd on "Some Aspects of Hungarian Education."

VIII. February 5. The President, Rev. E. N. Hoare, in the chair. Paper by Rev. W. E. Sims on "Thomas de Quincey."

IX. February 19. The President, Rev. E. N. Hoare, in the chair. Mr. G. H. Ball made a communication on the comparative physique of the Boer and the Englishman. Mr. Richard Steel read a paper on "The Law of Imitation in Ethics, Religion, and Politics, and Its relation to Heredity."

X. March 5. The President, Rev. E. N. Hoare, in the chair. Mr. R. C. Johnson read a communication on the coming eclipse of the sun. Paper by Prof. Lodge, F.R.S., on "Modern Views of Matter;" the paper was illustrated by numerous experiments.

XI. March 19. The President, Rev. E. N. Hoare, in

the chair. Paper by Mr. J. R. Bryce Muir, M.A., on "The City, Ancient and Modern."

XII. April 2. The President, Rev. E. N. Hoare, in the chair. Dr. J. Ernest Nevins read a paper entitled "Indian Famines," illustrated by lantern slides.

XIII. April 23. The President, Rev. E. N. Hoare, in the chair. The election of President for the next session took place, and the Rev. E. N. Hoare was unanimously re-elected. Dr. J. Birkbeck Nevins read a communication on "The New French Coinage," and shewed illustrative specimens. He also shewed some coins of the South African Republic, completing the series shewn to the Society on October 30. Mr. Richard Eastley read a paper entitled "Ideals, their Use and Abuse." Mr. R. Steel read a note supplementary to his paper on the "Law of Imitation."

ORDINARY MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY ELECTED DURING THE SESSION.

Miss M. Griffiths, Miss N. Griffiths, Dr. W. Gay, Mrs. Bradley, Mr. J. R. Bryce Muir, M.A., Prof. Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., Miss Hoare, Mr. B. S. Johnson, Rev. J. T. Mitchell, M.A., Dr. Wm. Permewan, Principal Dale, M.A., Mr. J. Cecil Bateman.

Attendances at the Meetings of the Society were as follows: 200, 45, 60, 24, 40, 35, 44, 31, 38, 500, 32, 68. 50.

PAPERS READ DURING THE SESSION.



SOME CONDITIONS OF PROGRESS.

BY REV. E. N. HOARE.

IF the question were to be put—Has the world really progressed, say, since the foundation of our own Literary and Philosophical Society in 1812? the general answer would, no doubt, be an emphatic—possibly a somewhat impatient—Yes. And to the further question, as to whether such progress might rightly be regarded as prophetic of the future—as a stage in an orderly and assured evolution of humanity—the affirmative response would not be appreciably less confident. The truth is, we have all been caught and are all being borne along—whether resisting or rejoicing—in the swirl of the current optimism.* We cannot open a newspaper without being informed, either editorially, or in the correspondence column, or in the reported speech of some eminent statesman or fellow citizen, that “this is a progressive

* OPTIMISM.—The word is here used in its loose, popular sense as indicating a belief that things are improving, and that they are bound (on the whole) to go on improving. It may scarcely be necessary to point out that this is not the philosophical meaning of the word. In philosophy Optimism means the doctrine, held by some of the ancients, enforced by Leibnitz in his *Theodicée*, and so cleverly illustrated by Pope that, of all possible worlds present to the Divine mind, this actual world was chosen as the best.

It may be said that these views involve one another. But this is not so. If the existing world is the absolute best it would still be the best, even though it were incapable of progress or only capable of what we call retrogression. On the other hand, the world might be progressive, even to the point of perfection, and yet not be the best of worlds—for conceivably the same goal of ultimate good might have been reached by some shorter and less thorny road.

The two views may also lead to very different practical results. The optimist of progress is encouraged to work towards betterment; but the philosophical optimist is tempted to acquiesce in things as they are. “If God could make no better world, is it for me to try and improve His work?”

A passionate, if unreasoned, belief in the future of the race is certainly characteristic of the best thought of the day. Innumerable illustrations might be given, but the following is quoted, not so much for its intrinsic weight as to show how this faith can maintain itself in the darkest places and find sustenance in the gloomiest day. It is of South Africa that Olive

age in which we live," that we must be moving on, that this or that creed, institution, or practice of yesterday is no longer "up to date," and so forth. Parties vie with one another in their professions of loyalty to this creed. Time was when the belief in progress was supposed to be a distinctive feature of liberalism; but the conservative of to-day will be hot to repudiate such an appropriation. While those other friends of ours, who are most scathing in their criticism of what we have hitherto been babbling about under the name of progress, are intoxicating themselves with splendid visions of the future. If things are not now for the best, they are soon *going to be*. Thus, whether we be all socialists or not, we are all of us avowedly—and more or less sincerely—optimistic in our outlook on the future.

Let us now inquire—(I) as to the causes that have evolved this state of popular sentiment; and (II) as to how far, and under what limitations, such a sentiment is likely to be justified by the event.

I. The persistent cheerfulness with which we face the twentieth century certainly needs accounting for, since in truth, it has survived "heavy blows and great discouragement." Regarded from the ideal point of view, the record of the nineteenth century is one of manifold

Schreiner writes:—"All earth is ours. And the day shall come when the stars, looking down on this little world, shall see no spot where the soil is moist and dark with the blood of man shed by his fellow-man; the sun shall rise in the east and set in the west and shed his light across this little globe; and nowhere shall he see man crushed by his fellows. . . . To-morrow's sun shall rise and it shall flood these dark koppjes with light, and the rocks shall glint in it. Not more certain than that rising is the coming of that day. And I say to you that even here, in the land where now we stand, where to-day the cries of the wounded and the curse of revenge ring in the air; even here, in this land where man creeps on his belly to wound his fellow in the dark, and where an acre of gold is worth a thousand souls, and a reef of shining dirt is worth half a people, and the vultures are heavy with man's flesh—even here that day shall come."—*Trooper Peter Halket*.

Such faith recalls the great prophets that were in Israel.

disillusionment. The ideas of the Revolution have had a hundred years of trial; and France, the mother of these ideas, is still held in labour pangs, nor hath she "wrought any deliverance upon the earth." The series of beneficent enactments—from catholic emancipation onward—that marked the period of whig domination in England, can scarcely be said to have realised the glowing Eutopian visions of the great men who then fought in the van of progress for the cause of the common people. The prophetic pæans of universal peace and brotherhood that heralded the opening of the Hyde Park exhibition of 1851 are but murmurings of a far-off mocking music in our ears to-day; and, after half a century of warfare and suspicion, men are asking if life and property will be safe in the Paris of 1900.

And when the sociologist looks forth to the broad lands that lie beyond the oceans he finds these young communities reproducing, in some cases on an aggravated scale, the vices, the miseries, and the cruel anomalies of their ancestral homes. No new world has as yet arisen to redress the grievances of the old. There is no very potent inspiration in the literature or the art of these latter days; nor can it be said that the churches have garnered such a harvest as might have been expected from the splendid seed-sowing of the men who, in the earlier years of the century, made religion a living power throughout this land.

Whence then comes our hope? Why is it that, despite so many discouragements, men confidently gird themselves to the task of labouring for the betterment of their fellows? And I think the answer is—this grace we owe to Science. The marvellous achievements of all the practical sciences during the last few decades have not only kindled hope for the future, but have quickened in man a strange new

sense power* in the present. He no longer grovels at the rumbling of Nature's chariot wheels: rather, with a grave smile, he lays a dauntless, albeit a cautious, hand upon the neck of her fieriest coursers. "Ye are mine," he whispers, "destined from of old to own my sway and to subserve my purposes." As a consequence, no task to-day is deemed too stupendous to be undertaken; no rumoured achievement of Science is judged incredible. We expect new surprises daily, and time after time the expectation has been justified.

And while the actual conquests of Science have thus stimulated expectancy as to the future, its most wide-reaching theory has been found to open out a path in the same direction. For the doctrine of Evolution, long regarded with uneasiness by the moralist, now bids fair to be accepted as his sheet anchor. For, if it be true (it is argued), that all things have not remained as they were since the beginning of the creation—if in the physical universe there has been a gradual, orderly, and necessary development—why should not the same principle hold good in the spiritual and moral sphere? If the human organism has been slowly evolved through a long series of transformations in the past, why should not a like evolution of the intellectual, moral, and spiritual nature be even now in progress? And if hundreds of thousands of years rolled by while the physical organism was being built up into its final form (if indeed it be final), why should we be surprised or discouraged even though we fail to detect any traces of that higher evolution within the puny limits of the brief day of which history professes to tell the story?

*"The ethical progress of society," says Huxley, "depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it." And he holds that the "solid foundation" for the hope that we may do this constitutes the chief distinction between ancient and modern times. "Our command over the course of non-human Nature is greater than that once attributed to magicians."—*Evolution and Ethics*.

You will observe that on the logical validity* of these and the like considerations I offer no criticism; I merely indicate them as factors in bringing about that cheerful and expectant state of mind that seems, upon the whole, to be characteristic of the thought and activity of the day.

II. In now passing to our second question it will not be necessary to consider in detail any of the various movements of recent years that have been generally described as "progressive," weighing them in the balance as to their immediate and ultimate results. Let it be conceded that there has been during the century a real progress, in the only worthy sense of the word—that is, not a mere movement of change, nor even a movement towards physical easement and corporeal comfort—but a movement towards essential betterment, towards the evolution of the man in man—the development, that is, of those human qualities that differentiate him from the

* There is undoubted danger in the transfer of such phrases as "evolution," "survival of the fittest," &c., from the region of physical speculation to that of morals. The "survival of the fittest" does not mean the survival of the *worthiest*, but rather of the individual that happens to be most in harmony with its environment; and evolution through "natural selection," "the struggle for existence," &c., is thought of as a purely mechanical and *unmoral* process, whether a superintendent mind be recognised or not. It is not through such agencies as these that social and moral progress can be achieved. "Cosmic nature," says Huxley, with his wonted clearness and courage, "is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of the ethical nature. The cosmos works through the lower nature of man, not for righteousness but against it." And again, "Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process."—*Evolution and Morals*.

Mr. Kidd would doubtless claim a moral quality for the Social Evolution expounded in his interesting book on the ground that "it is the crowning result of an ethical movement," *i.e.*, of that altruistic instinct which he holds to be the vital force of Christianity. But (1) it may be questioned whether altruism is the only factor at work in the evolution of society; and (2) according to Mr. Kidd it avails merely to break down barriers and to admit all, on a footing of equality, to the "rivalry" and "competition of life." Thus we are brought back to the old *unmoral* "cosmic" forces—the struggle for existence and the rest of it. The "ethical movement" seems merely to have been effectual in giving a fair start to all in the competitive scramble.

other living organisms around him. I say, let the reality of this progress be conceded and it brings us at once to the question with which I desire more directly to deal to-night: Is there any rational basis for a formulated theory of human progress? Have we anything more substantial to build on than that elation of the spirit that has come in the train of certain conspicuous scientific triumphs, or the vague theory of a moral evolution, or the promptings of a philanthropy that hopeth all things? *

* *ASPIRATION* is evidence of *something*; but of *what* it is not so safe to say. The "high *a priori* road," that the existence of an idea is a witness to some corresponding reality at the back of it, though somewhat grass-grown now-a-days, is yet a path that leads towards the palace of truth. The method of argument applicable to the idea of God and the idea of immortality is also applicable to the idea of progress. Whence comes the idea, and how can you account for it better than by the hypothesis that there is some reality corresponding to it? That man is an aspiring animal, that the desire for progress differentiates him from other sentient creatures is thus picturesquely put by Henry George: "He is the only animal whose desires increase as they are fed; the only animal that is never satisfied. The wants of every other living thing are uniform and fixed. The ox of to-day aspires to no more than did the ox when man first yoked him. The sea-gull of the English Channel who poises himself above the swift steamer wants no better food or lodging than the gulls that circled round, as the keels of Cæsar's galleys first grated on a British each." Yes, we may grant that man would not have aspired had not progress been a realisable thing. But where and how to be realised? Is it through a higher life for the race on this actual earth—a life made possible through infinite labour of the past, patient sacrifice, and heaped-up experience? Or is the result, towards which all the storm and stress has been tending, only to be grasped in some supra-mundane mode of existence of which sense has no cognizance? This is the question between yesterday and to-day, between the old religion and that which has proclaimed itself as the new. Of course we may embrace both issues, or even hold one alternative in reserve. Thus R. Browning sings

I know there shall dawn a day—

Is it here on homely earth?

Is it yonder, worlds away,

Where the strange and new have birth

That Power comes full in play?

Is it here, with grass about,

Under befriending trees?

* * * *

Is it up amid whirl and roar

Of the elemental flame

Which star-flecks heaven's dark floor?

Are these progressive movements vouchers for the existence of a great stream of tendency which, despite its dead backwaters and bewildering eddies and fantastically reversed currents, is sweeping onward with ever increasing volume—aye, even though here it be cramped between narrowing rock-barriers, or dissipated yonder over the drear surface of apparently stagnant lagoons? Or shall we say they are but as sports on the face of a fickle tide that daily ebbs and flows, with meaningless murmur and babble, around the globe, anon gaining intensity or losing it, in accordance with the conjunction or opposition of cosmic forces that lie forever beyond man's care or ken?

At first sight, the appeal to history would seem to suggest this latter view. The tide of all that we call civilization—of philosophy and faith, of literature and art, of empire and of ordered freedom—has ebbed and flowed through many an age. Human power, in the strength of its achievement or the glory of its anticipation, has again and again swelled upward and onward like the crest of a sun-touched wave, only to be presently broken, scattered, lost in the confused backwash of an ignominious retreat. "There is nothing new under the sun, and we are not better than our fathers," croaks the cynic or sighs the sentimentalist.

And yet it is in the study of the past that we find our best ground of hope for the future. For when we consider the phases of civilization that have been exhibited, either in classical or mediæval times, we soon become conscious of several points in which they differ essentially from the civilization of to-day. A few of these may be passingly referred to:—

(1). It is plain to us, looking back, that no former civilization had any real basis of stability. The great empires of antiquity—say Assyria and Persia—were of

insignificant dimensions compared to the unknown world that lay behind them. Consider Egypt, with that antique and mystic civilization that gazes upon us to-day, with its placid irony, from pyramid and sphinx and hieroglyphic tablet. What were these men but a little crowd gathered on the banks of the mysterious river that has ever been the life of their land? They were the fathers of civilization; yet were they but as a swarm of bees that depends from some bending twig in a vast garden. What was Greece, with all her splendour of philosophy and art and fulness of civic life, but a pin point—or, say rather, a diamond spark—shining forth from out a vast field of blackest night. And if Rome seemed more imposing in the plenitude of her power, what would a denizen of some other planet, looking down on the earth, have thought of her chances of enduring empire as his eye wandered northward to rest upon those vast and untamed tribes that even then were being massed, rank on rank, behind the Danube and the Rhine? Well might he sadly smile were his ear to catch the rhythmic music of the patriotic oracle with which the sweet singer of a proud imperialism won the plaudits of his people.

His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono;
Imperium sine fine dedi.—(*Æneid* I, 278-9).

But we know our world to-day. We can enumerate its tribes and estimate their strength. There is no longer the possibility of a great empire being overthrown by barbarism. No longer does any one nation, or language, or faith stand alone, holding on high the torch of light and liberty. Civilization has become international.

(2). And this remark leads us on to a consideration of the part played by science, both in securing that which has been already won, and in laying broad the foundations of a possible progress in the future. The ancients were

not our inferiors in intellectual grasp and subtlety; possibly they surpassed us in these qualities. But they lacked the material on which to build. It may be that a Greek philosopher might, by a process of mere thinking, have anticipated some of the achievements of modern science; but he could never have realised them for lack of tools (and the truth that is unrealised dies with the brain of its discoverer, or survives as a mere dry dogma on the lips of his disciples). Safe and lasting progress is only possible when it rests on the basis of physical fact. It was the invention of the printing press that rendered another eclipse of light and learning inconceivable. What science has once fairly won can never be lost; it becomes a vantage ground from which to issue forth to further victories. Short of some catastrophe (say a Martian invasion) coming on the world *ab extra*, it is practically impossible to imagine a conjunction of affairs through which all the great achievements of the mechanical and physical sciences should be forgotten or lost to mankind.

Again, we have to consider—and I venture to mark this as a most important factor—that it is modern science that has, for the first time in human history, rendered a really *human* life possible for the great mass of mankind. Ancient society was avowedly built up on slavery; and onward, even to this present day, the leisure, the ease, the refinement, the glory, the magnificence of the few has been purchased through the unremitting toil and debasement of the many. Comparisons have been made between the intellectual nimbleness of the average Athenian citizen and, say, of the average Liverpudlian; but it is too often forgotten that the worthy Attic gentleman, who spent his time in hearing or telling some new thing, in discussing politics or applauding eloquent speeches, could only do so because there was beneath him a servile class condemned

to ignorance and perpetual toil. So too with Rome. That Seius who followed Lars Porsena to avenge the wrongs of "the proud house of Tarquin" could never have cut the dash he doubtless did had it not been for those eight hundred slaves

That sickened in Ilva's mines.

And so with many a bright popinjay that has dazzled the eyes of Europe in mediæval and modern days. Many a gay crusader with his knightly following, many a lordly prince-bishop, many a splendid patron of the art and literature of the Renaissance rises before us on the picturesque field of history. We should not like to lose these figures; but we are bound to remember that they were only possible because, while they strutted on the stage, there were thousands of whom the world recked nothing, who dug the land and crawled in the mine and turned, in dumb patient ignorance, the ever-grinding wheels of labour's mill.

Such servitude and sacrifice may have been necessary to progress in the past; thanks to science it is so no longer. Human strength and skill have been multiplied a thousand-fold by the application of machinery and scientific knowledge to all the processes on which the feeding, clothing, and general comfort of mankind are dependent; so that it is, perhaps, no exaggeration to say that to-day the intelligent labour of *one* can do more for the maintenance and happiness of a hundred than in former generations the ill-directed toil of a *hundred* could do for one. There is no blinder stupidity than that which deprecates the substitution of brain-directed mechanical and scientific processes for manual labour in the production of what we call "the necessities of life"—things which, indeed, "perish in the using," but without the *use* of which man himself would perish, and the cheapness

and abundance of which lie at the root of all advancement. It is in the stupendous and growing accumulation of that result of surplus labour which constitutes wealth, that we see the potency—and we trust, too, the promise—of emancipation from that hard, continuous, soul-crushing toil that has hitherto been the lot of what we call the masses—an emancipation which is the first pre-requisite of all real progress—of a progress other than that which consists in the elevation and culture of the few through the degradation and damnation of the many.

(3.) There is a third point that suggests the possibility of a progress in the future more definite than anything that has hitherto marked the varying aspects of human affairs—that is, that now, for the first time in human history, education bids fair to become universal. Here or there people may express dissatisfaction, alike with the methods and the subject-matter of scholastic teaching; but it may be assumed that the advocates of blank, black ignorance are well-nigh extinct. That at least a moderate skill in the exercise of the intellectual faculties is as essential to human progress as is a reasonable leisure and a reasonable modicum of material comfort will probably be admitted even now. And we may hope that long before the twentieth century is in its decadence, people will have realised that the first duty of a community—and the most delightful of all its duties—is to be lavish of its wealth, its intelligence, and its love in the care and nurture of its little ones. Then may men and women look back with horror and amazement on the child labour and child slavery of the nineteenth century, just as we, the latest children of that boasted century, look back on the abominations of the Inquisition or the Slave Trade.

(4.) There is one further consideration that I would venture to put forward. It seems as though modern

civilization were bent on working out yet another emancipation than that from the slavery of labour in which the mass of mankind has hitherto been so tenaciously held—an emancipation that must affect more than half the entire human family—I mean the emancipation of woman. Whether the movement for equality of duties, privileges, and burdens, as between the sexes, commends itself to what we are pleased to think of as our highest and purest sentiments, is not the question. The question is as to the significance of certain facts, and as to the probable effect of them on the further evolution of civilized society. That “the new woman”—if it pleases anyone thus to talk—has come to stay will scarcely be questioned. The time has gone by for effective jeers at the “shrieking sisterhood;” and that the movement is not confined to a few American bloomers or English faddists the recent International Women’s Congress in London is in itself a sufficient proof. Probably, within fifty years, right-minded people will be as disinclined to raise the question of sex in connection with positions of trust, privilege, or profit as they are now disinclined to raise that of religion; the only question will be as to character and efficiency.

Whether upon the whole this movement will favour or retard the cause of progress I do not now stay to discuss; but it is evidently a new factor, and one that will tend to the abatement of certain inconsistencies and anomalies that characterise our current ideals of conduct.

So far, ladies and gentlemen, I have endeavoured to place before you certain considerations which, while they differentiate the present stage human development from those earlier stages upon which the curtain of time has fallen, also seem to justify the hope of a brighter future. As to the degree of perfectability of which man’s nature is susceptible opinions will differ—and that largely in pro-

portion to the value set on the doctrine of heredity and the transmission of acquired qualities. But however that controversy may stand, it will at least be granted that with a better environment—physical, social, intellectual, and moral—we may reasonably look to see better men and women in the world.

Nor need we be terrified by the lions* that are reported to stand in the way—even though we should lack time or ability to beard them all. I would, however, note two or three conditions on which any large, general and sustained advancement of mankind in the future would seem to be dependent.

(1.) First, then, I am bound to express my belief that there can be no real deliverance for humanity till a reconciliation† has been wrought out between Science and

* See Appendix—Note on Lions.

† Mr. Kidd, in his well-known book on *Social Evolution*, while rightly vindicating the religious consciousness as a real—nay, it may even be, the most important and significant—part of the phenomena of man as he has existed and does exist in the world, makes no attempt to reconcile Reason and Religion. Rather he proclaims them to be irreconcilable, and accepts G. H. Lewes as an ally in declaring that a Religious Philosophy is “contradiction in terms.” It is to be regretted that a book characterised by so much ingenuity of thought, and so calculated to maintain the cause of religion and right living, should be built up, as it is, from a thesis of this sort. Mr. Kidd claims to use the words *reason* and *rational* in their “ordinary or natural sense.” This is scarcely what one expects in a philosophical work; but even so, it cannot be conceded that he *does* use the words in either an ordinary or a natural sense. Reason, as he describes it throughout, seems to be little better than a brutish faculty by which the individual is impelled to seek his own immediate gain as his highest and only good. But this is not the “natural” sense of the word. Is not Reason the faculty that enables a man to *judge*—to “look before and after?” Is it not Reason that suggests some higher rule of life than that of mere short-sighted self-interest? “At the lowest,” says a recent writer, “is not reason shrewd enough to perceive the unhappiness of a selfish life—the greater gain to oneself of a life animated by unselfish and far-reaching interests? . . . It is not selfishness but moral behaviour that alone deserves to be called rational.”

And, in the last resort, it is Reason that *accepts* Religion. Mr. Kidd is right when he says that religious beliefs “constitute the natural and inevitable complement of our reason;” but it is reason that judges the “complement” to be necessary. Nowhere else but in reason—because nowhere else

Religion. And by this one does not mean the mere establishment of a neutral zone across which the occupants of either camp may exchange courtesies or even make precarious and venturesome excursions. It is not an ingenious squaring of Genesis and geology, not a rationalistic explanation of miracles, not a glib adoption of scientific phraseology that is wanting; but a philosophical synthesis that may render it possible to bring together what have hitherto been contrariant spirits—the theological spirit that has so strenuously dominated the past, and the scientific spirit that is so eargely reaching forward to the empire of the future. And when I speak of the scientific spirit I desire to extend the significance of the phrase so as to cover a whole philosophy of mundane existence. Indeed, were the quarrel of theology merely with this or that special science—with certain geological or biological speculations for instance—it would be a matter of minor importance. But too often the quarrel has been with Life—with actual facts and the world's methods of dealing with those facts. Or if an open breach has been avoided it has been at the price of an enervating

but in the mind of man—can the “ultra-rational” base itself. St. Paul must have believed in a philosophy of religion when he spoke of the “living sacrifice” of a man as a “reasonable service.” (*λογικὴν λατρείαν.*)

It was a profound saying of Coleridge's (in reference to discussions on Natural and Revealed Religion) that he “knew of no religion that was not revealed.” In the like spirit we need not fear to say there is a sense in which the supernatural is included in the natural. At all events, the reconciliation of religion and science is to be sought, not by pitting one part of man's nature against the other and treating them as though they must be at eternal enmity; but rather by a deeper realisation of the essential unity of all knowledge. And we believe that there are not wanting indications of an advance in this direction. The old-time opposition between Mind and Matter is being softened down; indeed it is well-nigh obliterated by the Monist doctrine that they are but two different modes of force, phenomenal manifestations of one fundamental reality. It may be that, in like manner, Religion and Science shall yet come to be regarded as diverse but not inharmonious modes of thought, as the “complementary” expressions of the truth which is one.

inconsistency—theology gracefully bowing to the inevitable, while at the same time maintaining its theoretical protest. It would be wrong, indeed, to tolerate the assertion that Religion is nothing but an organised hypocrisy. We all know it to be a living power, moulding the lives and kindling the aspirations of millions; and yet that there is an “organised hypocrisy” which, under the guise and title of religion broods over Christendom to-day, few who think seriously will have the hardihood to deny. Such inconsistency and hollowness are fatal to progress because they are fatal to manhood.*

As to the details of concession—from which quarter they should come and in what direction they should tend—these are topics that we dare not broach. Yet, that there have been concessions even an inadequate retrospect may assure us. Untenable positions have been silently abandoned; unfair and cruel weapons have been cast aside. The hatred born of fear and the violence born of ignorance are no longer glorified under the name of religion; while on the other side the somewhat braggadocio tone that characterised the scientific pronouncements of thirty years ago has been distinctly modified. And if the churches of to-day are beginning to exhibit a keener interest in all matters concerning the social and economic condition of the people, may we not regard that as a step towards the desired reconciliation—an acknowledgment that man is in this world to live, and not merely to die? †

“He looked on the age in which he lived as one of mingled hope and gloom, as a period of transition, to be followed either by an ‘eclipse of faith’—a ‘winter of unbelief’—or by a ‘revival of Christianity in a wider aspect,’ a ‘catholic, comprehensive, all-embracing Christianity’ that might yet ‘overcome the world.’” Article on the late Dean Stanley in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (by Dean Bradley).

† On the question of human progress, religion is not required to pronounce an opinion. Its office is with the individual and with the preparation of him for existence in some super-mundane sphere. It is true that every whole-

(2.) The mention of "the social and economic condition of the people" may serve as a link by which to pass on to our second pre-requisite of progress. Here, too, it is a *viâ media* that is to be sought—a way of reconciliation between the extremes of individualism and collectivism, egoism and altruism—in the practical conduct of human affairs. If society, as a whole, is to progress—if the millions of the people are to have share in that royal abundance that Science has won to us from Nature—it is essential that some means be found to thwart the brutal lust for purely personal gain, and to mitigate the frightful evils that have been nurtured under a *regime* of unprincipled and unchecked competition. At the same time most reasonable people will continue to believe that while human nature remains what it is—or anything like what it is—some incentive to skill, energy, and perseverance, other than that afforded by an exaggerated altruism, or by the whip of the communal taskmaster, will be necessary for the healthy development of man's highest powers.

And here, too, we are not without solid ground of hope. The steady growth of the altruistic spirit is perhaps the

some religion lays stress on a virtuous and useful life as "generally necessary to salvation;" and, of course, if all men were religious this world would be a much better place to live in than it is at present. But even this would not involve a permanent movement towards betterment, because it is of the essence of religion to be individualistic. Its work has to be done afresh for each soul, though, doubtless, in an improved society, all might start from a higher ground of vantage—just as now certain individuals "have a better chance," owing to favouring conditions, such as early training, pious example, &c. Still, religion (as hitherto expounded) has had no direct interest in secular progress; nay, it has been rather inclined to regard an enthusiasm for such progress with suspicion. If—as indicated above—a change has come over the churches in this respect during recent years, is it not simpler to attribute that change to scientific and economic influences pressing from without, rather than to the working of some evolutionary process from within? It is, of course, true of Christian principles (as of other principles) that they may be tending to results of which the individual, who makes them his rule of conduct, is utterly unconscious, and of which he might even strenuously disapprove.

most characteristic feature of all civilized communities to-day. Impelled by a sense of justice, by an imperative impulse to treat others as they would themselves be treated, we see men voluntarily stripping themselves of privileges and holding open the gates of demesnes that might have been for their exclusive enjoyment, to let the throng of their less fortunate fellows crush through. A peaceful revolution is being wrought out on all sides. Men keep their theories (for the present), but they are transforming their practice. More than half unconsciously, Parliament and the great municipalities are setting the pace for a mighty and beneficent evolution of society. By a splendid and fearless expenditure on those things that concern the true welfare of the community, they are enabling the Have-nots to share with the Haves the benefits of the accumulated and ever-accumulating wealth of the entire body-politic. In all probability we have only seen the commencement of this process; and it is in this direction that we look most hopefully for the solution of that old problem of the unequal distribution of mundane advantages—a problem that seems to have been laid, as a special burden, on this nineteenth century.

(3.) It is but one step further from the *solidarité* of classes to that of communities. And this brings us to our third pre-requisite of progress. Just as the nation can make but a poor and stumbling advance while its constituent elements are at war among themselves, so must humanity be handicapped in its progress while whole communities regard one another with jealousy and suspicion. It may be impossible to abolish war;* but if

* Mr. Pearson sees no prospect of a decline in militarism. He thinks that a state of preparation for war is "inevitable to all time." "Military absolutism will be combined with industrial socialism in the communities of the future." Yet he recognises war and preparation for war as among the chief causes in the decay of nations; therefore he is fast bound in pessimism.

it be, then we must abandon all hope of any real advancement for the race, for then must the mass of the people, in every country, be condemned in perpetuity to a living death of long-protracted and ill-requited physical toil. There can be no intellectual or moral advance except it rest on a basis of material easement and comparative leisure. But such easement and leisure are unattainable so long as the resources of nations are taxed to the uttermost in maintaining an ever-increasing class of non-productive citizens, and in providing for the appalling cost of modern armaments.

And yet, though the immediate prospect be gloomy enough, God knows, we need not despair of humanity. The beneficent influence of science has maintained, and is maintaining, peace among the nations, despite all the passions, the prejudices, the evil traditions and the manifold class interests that are consciously or unconsciously making for war. The international and catholic character of science itself; the rapid and cheap inter-communication that steam has rendered possible; the practical annihilation of time and space through the telegraph, rendering it difficult for the lie that goes forth to sow distrust and fear among credulous peoples, to get any great start of its winged contradiction or explanation;—it is these, and things like these, that are the true heralds of a world-encircling peace. Philanthropists are apt to begin at the wrong end. You may theorise about arbitration courts and interchange courtesies at Hague conferences; but ultimately it will be regenerate individuals that will produce regenerate communities; and it will be in the consensus and *solidarité* of such communities that the nations of “articulately speaking men” may yet learn to live together in peace and sympathetic amity.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have detained you too long. And were you to demand—with a justifiable impatience—what is the upshot of it all? I might be in some confusion for a reply. And yet not wholly so. When one speaks of the future, moderation is becoming; yet of this much I dare think we may rest assured. The golden age comes not through any mere “process of the suns.” There is no such thing as a moral or intellectual evolution apart from human aspiration, effort, sacrifice, and achievement. Things will not come right of themselves.* The living men of the race hold the future in their hands, as a ball of clay. In due time they will pass it on to those that are to follow them; but in the passing, it will have been shaped and moulded beneath the pressure of their clinging fingers. We too have our part to play, and the very existence of such a Society as ours is evidence of an aspiration towards betterment—towards a deeper culture

* Perhaps the conclusion allowed to us can be no better expressed than in the grave and sober words of Huxley, “I see no limit to the extent to which intelligence and will, guided by sound principles of investigation and organized in common effort, may modify the conditions of existence for a period longer than that now covered by history. And much may be done to change the nature of man himself. The intelligence which has converted the brother of the wolf into the faithful guardian of the flock ought to be able to do something towards curbing the instincts of savagery in civilized man.” Only, he adds, we must put aside the notion that “the escape from pain and sorrow is the proper object of life.”

With this compare Mr. Pearson's sombre picture:—“It may be that there will be less enthusiasm in those days, because there will be less hope; but it may be assumed that there will be less misery, more resignation and, it may even be, more content. Life in itself is an inexhaustible delight to all but a few, and the conditions of life will be more tolerable, though the sky above may be more grey.”

He assures us that “there will actually be a change for the better;” but some of us may question where the betterment comes in when we read,—“What is assumed also is that the gradual decay of faith, the diminished importance of family life, and the loss of original power as genius is deprived of its noblest fields, will be serious offsets to the material development of life; and that even physical conditions will be worse as cities grow upon the world and as the field of adventure in unsettled regions is closed.” (*National Life and Character*, p. 27).

and a broader knowledge—cherished even to maturest years. It is evidence, further, of the help that men find through association with those like minded to themselves, of the power of sympathy and the potency of co-operation. It is just on these two things that we lay the foundations of our fair castle of good hope for the future—science and sympathy. There will ever be a number of men and women who, not counting themselves to have already apprehended, will still be reaching forth towards the highest truth, anxious to clear their minds of prejudice and passion, and to see things as they really are. And the subtle law of sympathy will draw these elect souls together, uniting them in a goodly fellowship and prompting them to an ever-widening extension of the golden threads of helpful, loving influence. It is through a society and a citizenship, thus humble to learn and strenuous to help, that the problems of to-day may be wrought out to splendid issues in the future. We are the heirs of all the ages; and the inheritance that is ours—the stored-up lessons of history, the sweet amenities and consolations of literature, the unfailing support of philosophy, divine and human—this inheritance no man taketh from us, though we would gladly share it among all men. Yes, the promise for the dawn is fair; yet it may be that, while waiting in the twilight, some straining eyes grow weary and some yearning hearts turn faint.

APPENDIX.

NOTE ON LIONS.

(1.) Doubtless, the most imposing of these is the shaggy monster with which Malthus shocked and bewildered our grandfathers—the theory that the growth of population must finally outstrip the world's food supply, unless it should be checked by some “artificial” means. But this speculation depends entirely for its value on the answer to the question—“What is the minimum of decency and comfort at which human beings are willing to exist and to reproduce the species? And that question cannot be answered with any finality because it is just that minimum that the forces making for progress are ever tending to shift in an upward direction. As a matter of fact, population does *not* show any alarming increase among the upper and the “comfortable” classes. That increase mainly takes place among those who have lost self-respect, and who are “without hope in the world.” A really educated people—educated not merely to the level of Standard IV, but to that standard of decency, comfort and humanity to which their more fortunately placed fellow-citizens had stretched forth a willing hand to raise them—such a people would never again consent to gender children to bondage—to dirt, disease and abject toil.

The youngest cub of this old Malthusian lion is that trotted out by Prof. Crookes in his British Association Address for 1898, in which he endeavoured to prove that the wheat supply of the world is within measureable distance of exhaustion. But, not to dwell on the fact that the statistics and calculations on which this alarmist speculation is based have been disputed and apparently confuted, we submit that all such guesses as to the future are entirely invalidated (for practical purposes) by the existence of a host of unknown factors which that future, as it becomes present, may reveal. We have a good illustration of this in the talk there used to be about the early exhaustion of our coalfields and the relapse of England into the condition of a sparsely peopled, purely agricultural

country. In those days electricity was practically unknown as a motive force; and though it may be said that our electro-motors are driven by steam generated from coal, yet who would be so rash as to deny that we may be even now on the threshold of startling developments in regard to these matters? Is there not the force of the tide that diurnally sweeps the world waiting to be harnessed? And so with regard to food supply. Who can venture to place limits to the effects of science applied to agriculture, or indeed to the ingenuity of man in the direct chemical preparation of compounds fitted to maintain human life?

(2.) But perhaps the tawny or *yellow* lion is the most interesting—as he is the most recently introduced—of the monsters that have come forth from the den of giant Despair to bar the path of progress. The case is best put in the words of Mr. Pearson himself (*National Life and Character*, p. 84). “The day will come, and perhaps is not far distant, when the European observer will look round to see the globe girdled with a continuous zone of the black and yellow races, no longer too weak for aggression or under tutelage, but independent, or practically so represented by fleets in the European seas, invited to international conferences, and welcomed as allies in the quarrels of the civilized world. The citizens of these countries will then be taken up into the social relations of the white races, will throng the English turf, or the salons of Paris, and will be admitted to intermarriage.”

Into the arguments by which Mr. Pearson supports this somewhat startling contention it is not possible to enter. But even if all this or a part of it were to happen, would it be so very dreadful? The well-wisher of his kind must wish well to the black and yellow races as loyally as to the white (though for that very reason he might be loth to see them thronging the English turf and the salons of Paris). And if these people are to be “admitted to intermarriage,” will their offspring not cease to be black and yellow just in so far as that admission becomes general and continuous?

Ah, but it will be so humiliating.—“We were struggling among ourselves for supremacy in a world which we thought of as destined to belong to the Aryan race and the Christian faith; to the letters and arts and charm of social manners which we have inherited from the best times of the past. We shall wake to find ourselves elbowed and hustled and perhaps even thrust aside by people whom we looked down upon as servile and thought of as bound always to

minister to our needs." Well, when these things begin to come to pass we shall perhaps take it as a hint to cease "struggling among ourselves for supremacy," and may even cease to think of non-Aryan races as "bound always to minister to our needs." It is argued that the Englishman, with his high standard of comfort, will be unable to compete with the Chinaman, who is able to live on almost nothing. But why should not the standard of the coloured man be gradually raised, just as that of the white man has undoubtedly been? And is it implied that men of all races are equally intelligent and apt for work, and that for all time it is to be simply a question of the minimum you can induce a human being to accept as a "living wage?" It may, however, be allowed us to hope that the above consideration will have a sobering effect on those whose only idea of a beneficent evolution of humanity consists in the domination of one favoured race or language.

(3.) To many persons the Demos introduced by Mr. Kidd on the concluding page of his *Social Evolution*, will appear a very formidable monster—a veritable lion in the path. But Mr. Kidd is not afraid of him. He is not "the same idle Demos whose ears the dishonest courtiers have tickled from time immemorial." "His arrival is the crowning result of an ethical movement." Quite so; but whether, having so arrived, his own movements will be ethical is a question not entered into.

It might be allowable to hope that Demos, having got his chance through the altruism and self-sacrifice of others, would himself be altruistic and self-sacrificing. But here Mr. Kidd presents some appearance of inconsistency. He says that "the gradual emancipation of the people" has been "the product of a slow ethical development in which character has been profoundly influenced." Yet a few pages earlier he had been arguing at length against Mr. Herbert Spencer's doctrine that social evolution is bringing about a conciliation "between the interests of each citizen and the interests of citizens at large." This may or may not be too much to expect; but Mr. Kidd seems nowhere to explain why it is that the altruistic (Christian) instinct that affects classes of men should not be equally potent with individuals. If this instinct impels the (hitherto) privileged classes to strip themselves so that all may have the like "equality of opportunity," why will it not be equally effective in paralysing the tendency to competition and rivalry among the multitude thus emancipated? The answer is that this cannot be,

because "the evolutionist who has once realised the significance of the supreme fact up to which biology has slowly advanced, namely, that every quality of life can be kept in a state of efficiency and prevented from retrograding only by the continued and never-relaxed stress of selection, simply finds it impossible to conceive a society permanently existing in this state."

So much for a sociology avowedly based on the data of physical science.

THE BASIS OF ECONOMICS.

BY RICHARD STEEL.

POLITICAL Economy as a branch of science practically came into existence with the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. Adam Smith's great work, the *Wealth of Nations*, was indeed published in the year 1776, and there had been, prior to his time, many writers and thinkers upon cognate subjects, just as there were mighty men before Agamemnon; but though it was felt even from the first, amongst those best qualified to judge, that Smith's book marked the opening of a new era in Economics, and laid the foundation as a science of a most important branch of human thought, it nevertheless did not receive the full attention which it deserved from the general public of his day. The *Wealth of Nations* was, however, translated during the next decade into the languages of the great commercial countries of Europe. France and Switzerland, in the persons of Say and Sismondi, furnished able and ready workers in the same field, and the earlier half of the century now drawing to a close amply rectified the anomaly to which I have referred. It came indeed to be felt among philosophic minds as if a new world of thought had been laid open, and the science, especially during the second quarter of the century, came to be regarded by many thinking people as providing, if not a remedy for all the troubles of the body politic, at any rate a method of approaching and dealing with them in a scientific and satisfactory manner. And there can be

no doubt, let me say, in passing, that much of the great and wonderful development which has characterized this century above all others was due very largely in its initiation to the doctrines of the new Political Economy. As an example merely, for I do not desire to test the endurance of my hearers with details on this point, we have simply to remember that we owe to it that system of Free Trade which, even in its partial adoption, has done more economically than anything else to develop the effective enjoyment of the results of human industry, and which, politically, has become the chief corner stone and bond of union of the greatest and freest empire the world has ever seen. And as an example on the reverse side, the century was still in its early youth when the greatest conqueror of modern times—Napoleon—who by the way is said to have detested the very name of Political Economy, laid an axe, by his adverse conception of a continental system in restraint of trade, to the root of the empire which he had reared by his military genius and success.

All this being so, it is upon the surface remarkable that a science which heralded the opening of the greatest industrial era of our race, and which has so largely contributed to encourage and stimulate that industry, should in the later part of the hundred years have become rather discredited in the popular imagination. The rising generation, it is to be feared, look upon its apostles and founders to a large extent as they would upon interesting remains of a pleistocene period, which serve rather to illustrate the history of the recent past than to direct the thought of the present day or anticipate the requirements of the future. Perhaps as illustrating this trend of thought even amongst the seniors and adepts of recent times, I may refer to a public pronouncement in this direction, made by our great

fellow citizen, the late Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, who, in a speech relating to the Irish land question, delivered on 7th April, 1881, seemed to suggest that Political Economy was better suited to such anthropomorphic conditions as may exist in Jupiter and Saturn than to those of Mother Earth—at any rate so far as our planet is represented by Irish soil.

The explanation of this comparative decline in the public interest in Economical Science is probably however not difficult to give. Whilst the inhabitants of the world have been gaining wealth by industry and commerce, they have also been becoming more exact in their ideas of things and theories. This is due in part to the habits engendered by the general cultivation of what are ordinarily termed physical sciences, to which so much attention has deservedly been devoted during this century; in which approximately exact relations are sought, discovered, and acted upon, between phenomena and things which are in themselves approximately exact in character and can be expressed with a high degree of accuracy. And this exactitude of thought, imbuing the minds of the students of these sciences, has transfused itself into the mental attitude of all contemporary thinkers. So that pure Mathematics, although still necessarily the most complete expression of exact relations, are no longer the only science postulating such expressions, as is indeed evident from the fact that, until the platform of mathematical expression is reached, no physical science can in these days claim to have attained any high degree of development.

But Political Economy has made but little advance in this direction. Like other subjects to which we do not refer in this Society, it has dealt in the main with popular but inexact conceptions, and thus, like the fallen angel on

his way to Paradise, it has had to pass through a limbo of vague ideas,

A dark illimitable ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth and height
And time and place are lost.

I do not of course wish to ignore the fact that Political Economy is still taught largely, and retains its nominal importance in the curriculum of our higher educational establishments, and that eminent men in our own day make it their chosen subject of thought and dissertation. But the clear tendency seems to me to be to give away and modify the original position of Political Economy by expanding rather than limiting its area, by enlarging the frontier rather than by surveying the country within it, and by merging it as a vassal state into the wider and still vaguer suzerainty or empire of Sociology. It is not that I dispute the value of the historical and positive point of view in Economics. But this should not be allowed to supersede analysis merely because analysis presents certain difficulties. As Whately well puts it, "We are more likely to advance in knowledge by treating of one subject at a time than by blending together several distinct inquiries," and the more diffuse methods in Economics are all open to this objection. I believe, myself, that the true future of the science lies in a resumption of the analytical method, and that the nearer you can get to mathematical formulæ for the expression of its laws, the more real progress will be made. Notable attempts to do this have in fact been made during the century by writers such as Cournot, Jevons, and more recently by Professor Marshall, but I think it will be evident that, however praiseworthy these efforts have been, they have only succeeded in expressing, under symbols pertaining to the Differential

and Integral Calculus, considerations which would be more intelligible to the great bulk of students if expressed in the ordinary terms of language.

I do not desire, let me say emphatically, to undervalue either the genius or the ability of these writers to whom I allude. I would rather pay to them the poor tribute of my genuine admiration of their efforts. But they have had, amongst other difficulties, to encounter the primary difficulty of all Political Economists, which arises from the inexactness of the ideas upon which the science is based, and I am not sure that they have encountered it with full success. This inexactness is notorious to every one who has read *Political Economy* at all, and I need hardly, therefore, stop to point out that it attaches to all its principal terms, such as wealth, value, labour, capital, exchange, etc., etc.

It is to be remembered, moreover, that by a certain unwritten understanding, all these terms, and, in fact, all the ordinary terms used in the science are to be employed by Economical writers in their popular and conventional sense, and the result, as might have been expected, has been to introduce the somewhat chaotic state of things to which at an earlier stage of this paper I have alluded.

For my present purpose, however, I do not ask the Society to follow the fallen archangel in his full and devious flight, but shall approach only the basis of Economics, which, from the time of Adam Smith himself, has been regarded primarily as a science dealing with the production and distribution of Wealth. Thus, for example, John Stuart Mill, to my mind by far the most important writer on the subject of Political Economy during the present century, states emphatically that the subject of the Science is Wealth, of the meaning of which he says every one has a notion sufficiently correct for common purposes ;

in which common purposes he clearly by implication includes the subject of his treatise. But Wealth, even consecrated as a term by the leading economists, is obviously not at all definite in its meaning. It carries with it only a vague, although pleasant impression, and has not a clearly cut definition. All sorts of dialectics may, and indeed, have arisen as to whether wealth consists of commodities only, or in part of potentialities, or of personal attributes such as those derived, for example, from an education which fits its possessor to fight to advantage the battle of life. And even having regard only to the more material aspect of things an ambiguity remains. For Wealth to most minds probably, and it is to be remembered here again that in Economics we are always hampered by the necessity of adhering as far as possible to the popular use of terms, Wealth is to most minds probably represented by what we call money, and at any rate in the more highly developed communities the money value of possessions would be considered as the measure of the Wealth of the possessors. But as against this we have to set another conception of Wealth sometimes held separately, and at other times very generally interwoven with the last one, and that is the capacity of possessions to satisfy directly the requirements and desires of the possessors, and this from the natural course of human development in its earlier stages must have been the original, as it is still the most philosophical form of the idea. But whilst it is philosophical, and would be absolutely accurate for a solitary being who lived a Crusoe-like existence, it fails entirely if we are considering the economic condition of mankind as an existing whole.

We thus arrive at the position that the idea of Wealth from the general standpoint of humanity is compounded of two factors ; (1) the aggregate exchangeable value ; and (2)

the aggregate capacity of yielding satisfaction to the possessors of its component parts. Where the conditions of trade and barter are most effective, the former factor is the more important and becomes more or less predominant according to the freedom of the markets and the facility for sale and exchange of the subjects of Wealth. Where the state of life is furthest removed from trading activity, the second factor is the more important, and varies with the prevailing taste of each locality and period of time.

When, however, you come to deal with the production and distribution of a something formed by the coalescence of at least two variable factors, varying relatively to each other, and also intrinsically in themselves; and when, moreover, a law of continuity of either series of variations is difficult to assign, it is evident that that something is an extremely slippery and shady basis from which to work out general conclusions applicable to the community at large.

The inherent difficulty thus arising has been clearly apprehended by many writers, of whom I would mention for the purpose of this paper, Professor Jevons, whose untimely death cut off a brilliant and promising career, and who preferred to approach Political Economy from the point of view of Utility rather than of Wealth, and who has been in substance, though not in phraseology, followed of late years by the so-called Austrian school of Economists, of whom Mr. William Smart may be regarded as the representative in this country. Jevons differs from these later writers in banishing the term Value as a deceitful and unreliable phrase, but he of course does not get rid or really desire to get rid of the ideas lying behind it; he almost entirely rids himself also of the term Wealth, which, under his system, would consist merely of Utility or utilities in the larger sense of the term. Although he disdains the use of the word Value, whilst the Austrian

school retain and make much of it, the fact is to my mind that they are really essentially at one with him, and that the apparent difference between him and them is a mere question of phrasing. Of the Austrian school it may at any rate fairly be said that they approach Economics from the side of Value rather than of Wealth, and paradoxical though it may seem in the face of Jevons' disclaimer, I think that he practically did the same thing under a different name.

I believe that this departure is entirely in the right direction, but whilst paying all honour to these writers, I do not think they have relieved themselves by this change, as fully as they might have done, of one of the ambiguities which beset Economics. For it is evident that Wealth is, and must be, a mere multiple of Value, it being the fact that the items of which Wealth consists are valuable which makes them constitute Wealth. The ambiguity of the multiple pursues, naturally enough, the sub-multiple or factor, Value, and just, therefore, as Wealth may be regarded either as intrinsic, or as consisting of the capacity to satisfy its possessor, so also may Value as its factor be regarded either as intrinsic or as assessable by the extent to which a commodity or thing satisfies human requirements. And accordingly the school to which I have alluded (I must not be understood to include Jevons in the remark) recognise two sorts or forms of value—objective value and subjective value—answering to the terms used by the older Economists, commencing with Adam Smith himself, of “Value in exchange,” and “Value in use.”

I have no doubt myself, however, that this ambiguity in the term Value can be got rid of by carrying the analysis a stage further, and that it can be shown that these separate ideas above referred to really merge into

one, and moreover, that an immense amplification has to be made in the field covered by Utility and intrinsic or Objective Value.

The idea of Objective Value or Value in Exchange, coming back as it does to the expression of Value in money as the most convenient ordinary vehicle of the conception, can, in reality, be reduced to the same category as the other or second idea of Value, when this last is properly amplified, as I now proceed to show.

Starting to prove this, as is most convenient, from the popular money conception for reasons already indicated, we find in the first instance that money, except as regards its own subjective value, in relation to which it belongs already to the second category, is merely representative of other things, those things being the things for which it may be itself exchanged, that is to say, for all other things or some of them. There is no mystery about money in this regard, although many treatises have dealt with the subject, and I wish to state in passing the true general law which always governs it. A very great number of easily-handled commodities, amongst which are cattle, gold, silver, copper, iron, tobacco, fish, salt, shells, brick tea and others, have been used as money in different ages and different countries, and some of them will probably be so used to the end of human time, the chief modifying tendency of modern society being to use instruments of credit, which is in itself a measurable thing, as the most convenient sort of money at any rate for interchange upon the larger scale. The real law of what constitutes money is easily deducible from even these few data, and should be described accordingly in my judgment as the law of *Mutual Convenience*, and expressed in some such words as these:—*Money is always the commodity or thing which is mutually most convenient as the means of satisfying an*

exchange between the person who pays and the person who receives in any transaction.

Bearing this in mind, we see that we are at once able to eliminate from the Objective category, with which we are for the moment dealing, the idea of "money," and to substitute for it the phrase "other commodities or things." And thus Objective Value, or Value in Exchange, simply means, therefore, the capacity of one thing to become the equivalent, to those who make exchanges, of some other thing or things. But this capacity or power cannot be objectively intrinsic in the things themselves, and must, therefore, rest upon a process of estimation outside of themselves. Such an estimation might conceivably be made by any sentient being, and very possibly is made to the limited extent of their range of faculties and knowledge by all sentient beings, but in human affairs, with which alone of course we are competent to deal, this estimation must be a human estimation, or, in other words, a subjective estimation or Subjective Value, and in presence of this fact, Objective Value thus becomes reduced and merged into the second category which is that of Subjective Value in general.

And now let us deal with this second and inclusive category itself of Subjective Value, or, as the older economists term it, Value in Use. Professor Jevons, as we have seen, abandons the use of the term altogether, substituting for it the phrase Ratio of Exchange, which may be taken as answering primarily to Objective Value, but he really retains the idea of Subjective Value under the term of Utility taken in the broad and philosophic sense of that word, meaning the capacity of things to satisfy human requirements and desires. He is substantially followed in this by the Austrian school, who however retain, as I pointed out before, the word Value: Jevons'

Utility really corresponding with their Subjective Value, which they base upon Utility in his sense of the phrase. It might, perhaps, be possible by stretching this term of Utility very much to make this use of it agree with a largely preponderating number of the facts, but it is to my mind necessarily analytically inadequate, for a reason which I must now venture to point out. If Subjective Value is fixed by Utility, it is evident that a new thing such as had not been known to exist before could have no Subjective Value in its origin, for its subjective utility could not have existed at all. But the facts of experience contradict this. Whether the thing be a new commodity in the more material sense, or whether it belongs to a less material order, as a power potentiality or facility, it does certainly, even at its first coming into existence, possess a Subjective Value; and the bare fact of a supply of it being possible creates, in many cases if not in all, a demand for it which is not measured in the first instance by a Utility, which by the hypothesis is still quite unknown. The Subjective Value at first must indeed have essentially the cost of production as its only provisional measure.

It is somewhat singular that economists, even those who do not base their systems upon Utility, have never recognized the simple thesis which lies under this circumstance, that is to say that, analytically, the original supply of an entirely new thing always precedes the demand for it.* It is true that supply and demand afterwards walk largely hand in hand together, acting and reacting upon each other, but in the origin it is not so. They are not even like twins, between whom a necessary priority must

* Lord Charles Beresford, however, in an address, delivered 24th November, 1899, remarked that, "Supply creates demand despite the seeming paradox;" which is quite in accordance, fundamentally, with the view above expressed.

exist, but they may rather be said to stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. It is not until a thing becomes known and discovered to mankind that any demand for it exists at all. This seems to be so obvious, perhaps, as to be nearly of the nature of a truism, but my excuse for stating it so emphatically is that it has not been to my knowledge hitherto recognized by economists, that it renders the utilitarian theory of Subjective Value insufficient, analytically, to account for some of the facts, and that it is largely interdependent with a vitally important economic law with which I shall deal presently. For the moment I point out that it is evident that this fact strikes at the root of the analytical completeness of the utilitarian view of Value, though I do not indeed question that Utility has still a large place in Economics, as will be pointed out in detail further on. But at present I must insist upon the point that you have only got to discover a new thing and the mere fact of its existence in many cases, if not in all, creates a demand for it, and human nature in the aggregate of course, straightway adds on to itself a new requirement, although it would obviously be straining language to say that the value of the new thing consists in its capacity to satisfy anything in the first instance except possibly a love of novelty. Were there indeed no better way of accounting for the whole case of Subjective Value, it might be necessary to incur the strain of attributing it entirely to a far fetched idea of Utility, but that there is a better way, and one which goes entirely to the root of the matter, I will now endeavour to show.

One of the profoundest of natural laws, affecting probably all creation, and certainly all human beings, is that of Imitation. It may be described as *a directive tendency which exists in all natural units to imitate or follow the*

action and behaviour of other units in proportion to their natural propinquity, using the term propinquity in all its senses: a directive tendency which is absolute except in so far as it is deflected by other forces, and which, in conjunction with natural selection and the survival of the fittest, accounts for the whole differentiation of life as known to us. As we know it in human consciousness we see on the surface and at first sight that almost the whole of man's intellectual being is built up by it through the processes of education, natural observation, and continuous doing and thinking as other human beings do and think, or as they have done and thought before us. If you take out of the intellectual constitution of a human being the results of Imitation in its various forms, you have practically nothing left. Imitation, from this point of view, may be regarded as the subjective aspect of a universal directive agency, such as that, perhaps, of which gravitation is an objective function. It may be regarded as comprehending within itself all those phenomena which we class under the heads of heredity and instinct, and is well illustrated even in the unconscious so-called instincts of plants and animals, including human beings, which attend them from the moment they come into separate existence, and which are continuous in kind with those instincts of the development of which we, as human beings, are more conscious; and which rise by a continuous and unbroken series up to those habits or results of self-imitation of which we are absolutely conscious; and come finally to that purposive imitation which is a still more distinctively intellectual process. I am not now reading a monograph upon Imitation. In its many manifestations there is no breach of continuity in the various series of its all pervading action, and we are, therefore, bound to assign over to the same

generating function the results of this subtle and all pervading law, which at one extremity of things shows itself, perhaps, in the vibrations of the ether, which displays itself in molecular forces of all kinds, and which stretches through the whole of inorganic and organic existence to the highest ranges of human thought. Many pages would be required to deal at all fully with even a portion of this subject, but that is not necessary to-night. It is sufficient to say for our present purpose that it is no doubt in human experience that the law may be best verified by us, as human beings, and in this it becomes the subjective aspect of a universal world force. The efficient origin of the law, as of all other force, lies necessarily beyond our scope and intelligence. But just as we shall see that it influences Economics, so also does it pervade the whole of the human atmosphere. Whether it be in language, politics, law, the fine arts, religion, morphological and ceremonial, or in habit which finds its confirmation and rests its throne upon self-imitation, or in any or all of our intellectual phases, Imitation is always there in the final analysis as the great directrix of human life and conduct.

The bearing of these considerations upon the question of the origin of Subjective Value is obvious. Although the intrinsic qualities of things in themselves, when once ascertained as answering to certain primary requirements of human nature, will always seem to give certain things a prior claim to inclusion in the category of Subjective Value, it is really the larger and inclusive law of Imitation which brings every known thing into its purview. Every new thing creates what may be termed a new and added want or requirement of humanity taken as a whole, and it is afterwards that Utility comes in in the large sense of the term, and regulates ultimately subject to secular

changes, the relative and respective value of the new thing to all other things.

All this sounds perhaps a little abstruse, far more so than it really is, and I think I am bound to supply at this stage something of the nature of a concrete illustration. The only difficulty in doing so lies in the *embarras de richesses* which lies around us, but to throw some light upon a rather novel proposition, I trust it will not have something of the effect of an anticlimax upon you if I take in this connection the very familiar instance which is to be found in the use of the well known commodity, Tobacco. As a matter of fact, so far as I can ascertain, the herb tobacco was not known in the old world until the discovery of America. It was first observed in use by Columbus and his followers, as may be gathered from certain records, but it was not introduced into Europe until the time of Elizabeth—Sir Walter Raleigh being one of those who, by his example, brought about, or rather accelerated, the operation of the law of Imitation with regard to this humble matter. There can be little doubt that both Sir Walter Raleigh and his imitators must have suffered a certain amount of personal discomfort in the beginning of the practice of using tobacco, the laws of physiology being clearly the same in the 16th century as they are at present. But in spite of this circumstance, one not confined to these comparative innovators, but perpetuating itself in the person of most neophytes to the present day, the use of tobacco, whilst in its origin for each individual clearly imitative, has become one of the most widely extended of human phenomena. It is quite true that in a very small number of cases the habit of using the herb may be the consequent of medical advice, but it is at least equally true that, in the vast majority of cases,

a man smokes in the first instance for no other reason than that he sees other men doing the same thing, and that what is originally merely an imitation of someone else, acquires the additional force of self imitation, which we term habit, and becomes an inveterate practice from which few endeavour to release, and fewer still succeed in releasing themselves. It is a forcible illustration of the process that we may sometimes see the early genesis of its adoption repeated on the same imitative lines by urchins in the street and young boys attending school: and the imitativeness of the habit is illustrated, indirectly, in the negative fact that female children rarely go through the ordeal, just because their natural propinquity, which I use in the large sense of the term, is to the women of the community, who do not often use tobacco; the determinant as between the adults of the two sexes obviously being that its use is hostile rather than friendly to the domestic cleanliness, in the assertion of which the fair sex have always had the main charge and authority.

The history of the consumption of tea in Europe furnishes an illustration of a similar kind. The use of tea in the Old World, including, of course, China and Japan, was a matter of great antiquity. And it is a singular illustration of what we otherwise know from history of the jealous policy of isolation pursued by these two last-named countries that nothing was known of tea in Europe till about the middle of the 17th century. This fact is, I believe, generally admitted, but I happen to have a singular confirmation of it in an old book which I have brought with me here to-night. It has the important title, *Ars recta ad vitam longam*, the right way to a long life, and was published for Dr. Venner, of Bath, in the year 1650. Now one express object of this book is to give advice upon

the subject of diet and other matters, and most minutely does the worthy doctor deal with all sorts of food and beverages. He discusses learnedly the question whether we should eat two meals or only one meal per day. He has strong views upon the suitability of the different sorts of sack to different temperaments. But from first to last he never even mentions tea, and it is, I think, quite clear that, if an eminent physician, residing in Bath, of all places in England, writing an exhaustive treatise upon diet, says nothing about tea, it is because he had never heard of tea, and, consequently, that tea was unknown even in those superior social circles of which he himself was an ornament, and in which he was an adviser. As a matter of positive history I find that Pepys in his diary gives us the first notable reference to the use of tea in England, under date of 25th September, 1660, in the words: "I did send for a cup of tee, a China drink, of which I never had drunk before."

But once introduced, the imitative tendency has carried the consumption and use of tea to every household, until, like tobacco, it has long endeared itself to the heart of every English Chancellor of the Exchequer. And in its use it is to be noted that there is no differentiation as regards sex, unless, indeed, it be that owing to the method of its preparation, which requires a certain amount of domestic convenience and manipulation—(unlike tobacco, the use of which militates somewhat against indoor cleanliness, and lends itself best to outdoor treatment)—the consumption of tea is on an average greater with the fair sex than with the ruder and masculine.

It is not necessary to multiply illustrations further, although they can be drawn from every department of human conduct. Just as an African chief is said to revel

in the glories of a tall silk hat, and desires to have blue beads, red blankets, and highly colored Manchester prints as soon as they come to his view, so is a corresponding process true of all human beings in every degree of development. The mere fact of others possessing a thing which the human unit has not got, begets in him or her a desire, more or less keen, according to temperament and proximity to it, for its acquisition, and thus it comes about that the element of Subjective Value on the part of humanity as a whole, which is the true basis of Economics, at once attaches itself to everything that can be produced, even though in the most philosophical and extended meaning of the term the Utility may in the individual case be practically non-existent.

It follows then, from these considerations, that Value, which is and must remain fundamentally a subjective conception, is the one primary element upon which the Economist should build up his science, and in their views upon this point Jevons and the Austrian school are practically in the right, although Jevons, as we have seen, discards the word. I do not propose myself to attempt to act as architect of the economic temple of the future, but shall conclude my paper with certain considerations arising from the thesis, some of which may possess some elements of novelty.

All Value being, as we have seen, subjective or related to the individual or race of individuals, it follows of course that it is simply relative in itself. Individuals and communities fortunately differ, and differ more or less at different times in their estimation of this respective relativity, and it is this circumstance that acts as a constant ruling force in trade and exchange. It is here, also,

that the elements of time and geographical situation enter as variables. But, taking humanity as a whole, during a given space of time, and assuming normal conditions and unrestricted exchange as postulates, it follows that the value of every commodity or thing can, theoretically, be expressed in terms of any other commodity or thing. To reduce this to a universal method in practice would, however, be enormously difficult, because it would be necessary to arrive at the relations between each thing, and all other things, so as to make the expressed value of a thing an integration of the relative value of all others, a task which would obviously be beyond the compass of human intellect and human time. But still, in theory, a true mathematical money or measure of value would be an inverse relation of the money vehicle to such an integration, and therefore a true mathematical money is practically unrealizable in substance. It does not, however, by any means follow that the conception is unnecessary for the purpose of accurate reasoning. It is in fact essential for our purpose, just as in Euclid's demonstrations it is necessary to postulate things which are equally unrealizable in substance, as for example—lines with only one dimension, that of length, and points without any dimension whatever. The only approximation to this true money which can be reached in actual material is to take some one commodity, or thing, to which all other things may be provisionally referred. And here the law of Mutual Convenience comes in and prescribes what that shall be for each human combination. If you wish, therefore, to establish a "world-money" it is simply a question for the whole of mankind to decide and regulate; but such a process is clearly impossible until the communities of the world become completely interdependent and welded into one economic whole. And even supposing this

universal concurrence to be obtained, it would still have to be borne in mind that whether the "world-money" was constructed of gold, silver, or anything else, its own individual Value would be variable just as is that of any other thing, though, perhaps, not to the same extent as some of them. In the present economic state of the world it is clear that an immense prescriptive advantage is possessed, apart from other considerations, by the commodity which has the largest measure of freedom from tax and impost; and that commodity is, as we know, in the more highly civilized communities, undoubtedly gold.

The time element in Value is of great importance. I need hardly say that in general considerations, such as we are dealing with, we have little or nothing to do with the day-to-day and week-to-week higgling of markets taken over very short periods. The smallest unit of time that can be satisfactorily dealt with is the natural cycle of time appropriate to either the production or the periodic consumption of each commodity. Commodities again may be regarded as either simple or complex, and I shall not ask you to-night to consider the case of the more complex commodities, but only that of the more simple—such, for example, as the products of agriculture. In the case of most of these agricultural products, and in most countries, the time unit may be taken as coinciding with the natural year. In the case of metals and minerals generally, and many other commodities, both simple and complex, of the former of which the metals may be taken as the types, the natural year does not sufficiently apply except by considering the consumption or wear and tear during the year, for the production here is not governed by times and seasons in the same way as in the case of agricultural products, but varies from time to time according to con-

ditions of discovery and exploitation, the continuity of which is liable to large deviations. The larger the area of time, so long as that period is in excess of the natural unit of each, the more regular and definite will be the average ratio of Value of any one simple commodity to any other, so that in the last resort, by continually increasing the area of time, we proceed by unbroken steps to the final statement, which is obviously correct on general grounds, that, taking the whole existence of our race as a completed account, the ratio of Subjective Value of any one thing to any other thing taken over the whole time will be in a fixed and definite proportion. Taken over any averaged shorter time, so long always as that shorter time is not shorter than the natural unit, the average oscillation of relative Value for those shorter periods will be greater in proportion to the shortness of the time, this being a consequence of the law of Imitation operating in Economics, inasmuch as the demand during that time for each thing respectively would virtually be the same as for any other given time of equal duration, whilst the supply of each would vary respectively according to the physical data of the respective production of the commodities or things.

In these considerations the natural time unit of production, or the equivalent consumption, where the former cannot be predicated, is taken as the minimum unit. Fluctuations during a less period than the time unit, and already casually referred to as excluded from our main survey, are often classed under the well-known phrase of "the higgling of the market." There can be no accurate formula for these short-period changes as they are largely due to news received on one day and contradicted on the next, and to other data which it is impossible to classify, but, so far as these discontinuous variants can be excluded, fluctuations due to this "higgling" may be conveniently

considered as approximating to the convergents of a continued fraction, the mean value of which is the natural time-unit ratio, or value, during the constituted period.

In the preceding observations, as well as those which follow, it must be understood, of course, that normal conditions of trading and intercourse are assumed. War and artificial restraints upon trade, I need hardly say, introduce discontinuous considerations with no possible or imaginable law of variation, and all that we have said in this matter, and in that which is to follow, is submitted entirely subject to this present qualification.

It will be useful in proceeding to the next consideration to take, in the first place, an illustration of a concrete kind. If there were only one human being the relative value of all commodities or things available to him would be in a fixed ratio upon a given basis of time and experience. But if there were two men living in proximity to each other, and otherwise isolated—let us assume that the one is a fisherman who catches fish for his subsistence, and that the other is a grower or procurer of fruits—and to simplify the theorem let us imagine that these two produce, or obtain, only these articles I have named. It is evident that each of them would consume for his own use so much of his produce as his physical desires dictated. But what could they do with any residues? They could only consume their own desired quantities, whilst a natural decay, deterioration, and ultimate destruction would attend that which remained; and by the law of Imitation each would desire a portion of that which the other possessed. Obviously, then, supposing there was no barrier between the men created by fear or emotion of some kind, the fisherman would exchange a

part of his fish with the husbandman for a part of his fruit. And inasmuch as we have postulated two commodities only, the whole superfluity, or to speak more accurately, so much of the fish as the one could spare would be exchanged for so much of the fruit as the other could simultaneously spare. That is to say, the total overplus beyond the requirements of the constituted necessity would tend to be exchanged equally. For it would be useless to hoard any portion of either the fish or the fruit, as from their nature they would become useless, except in so far as they could be promptly consumed.

The tendency over an area of time would, of course, be for the two producers to produce just sufficient of the two commodities to satisfy their joint requirements, and to exchange on the lines already indicated. But if we now extend the supposition to three producers, and three commodities of a perishable character, a further phenomenon comes into play. There is a competition between the commodities, and a market in embryo is created. For whilst the law of Imitation still induces each person to desire to acquire a portion of the things possessed by the other persons, it is evident that, whilst all each can offer is that which he can spare from his own production, he may prefer, as compared with the other members of the trio, a larger or a smaller quantity of each of the other two things. His preference would, however, almost certainly at times clash with a similar preference on the part of another member of the trio, and thus, in the effort to obtain a larger quantity of the thing most desired, an appreciation of relative Value would be set up in favour of the thing most largely desired by the three collectively. It is at this stage that Utility, in the sense of capacity to satisfy human requirements, becomes a dominant factor. Obviously, as you enlarge the number of producers, and

the number of commodities or things, the factor of Utility becomes more and more dominant, until it actually comes to express the general relation of known things to each other so far as their general Value is concerned.

The fundamental idea of the whole of the disposable surplus of one thing being given in exchange for the whole disposable surplus of another thing, which would certainly exist in our hypothetical case of the two individuals, is never wholly obliterated, and remains as the key to the exchange of all simple commodities. Through there being a great number of these which for our present purpose we regard as simple commodities, which are obtained in varying proportions of quantity, it becomes impossible to trace the relation in its details, but this much of it always remains true, that taken over not less than the natural period of production, which is one year in the case of agricultural products, a longer period in the case of minerals, and in the case of human labour a still longer period, the purchasing power of the total quantity of the simple commodity produced is, if it could be stated in the terms of a mathematically exact money measure, practically equal for each such thing for equal times, and that thus price, expressed in similar terms of course, is simply an inverse relation of the quantity of the thing produced during that natural period of production: the disturbing influences of war and artificial restraints being here, as already stipulated, again eliminated.

An actual verification of the working of this law in practice it is not within the sphere of my paper to-night to attempt. But one expression of it, and that, perhaps, the most general of all, is to be found in the obvious fact that the whole sum total of human exertion, which of course includes labor and all other human activities, is always exchanged, considered over an adequate time area, for the

whole aggregate production of Subjective Value during the equivalent time. This may seem to some like an assertion in other terms of Mr. Henry George's theory that wages are not drawn from capital but produced by the labour; but upon an easy analysis of the terms used it will be found that the apparent resemblance in the two propositions is not a real one; partly because that which Mr. Henry George terms labour is a narrower sense of and simply an item in the larger expression of "human exertion"; and partly because Mr. Henry George disregards the time element which would vitiate a theory such as his, even if based on the more general expression, which itself becomes more and more approximately true only as a larger and larger area of time is taken.

The mathematical expression of this law is obvious. If the relation of price and quantity taken over suitable periods of time is thus an approximately exact inverse relation, then to the extent that it can be taken to be exact it follows that the product of which they are the two factors is constant. This is, we know, the relation of the *locus* of a branch of the hyperbola, expressed by its co-ordinates when the hyperbola is referred to its asymptotes. That is to say, if the quantity be measured by the abscissæ, and the mathematical price by the ordinates, the rectangle formed by the two factors is constant for all abscissæ, that is for all quantities produced in equal but different natural time units. All commodities or things of positive value might thus, theoretically, be represented for the purpose of comparison with each other graphically, allowing in each case for the varying supply of each commodity for its appropriate time unit, by hyperbolic *loci*, the number of which is as we know infinite mathematically, and practically infinite economically, for the same axes of reference. These axes of reference themselves represent from the

nature of the cases human requirements in the abstract, or what may be termed the integrated economic man, and are, as they ought of course to be under this analogy, capable of indefinite extension.

It may seem to many minds rather lowering to regard humanity even in one of its aspects as an inverse function of hyperboloidal curves, but those to whom the proposition is revolting must remember that it is an inferred relation only primarily connected with economics, and which they do not need if disagreeable to them to carry further. To those for whom the idea has no distaste it will be interesting to remember that at least one established human psychometrical law, that of Fechner, is distinctly hyperbolic in its character, and that the relations of the suggested curvature are infinite in their number and diversity.

It is an obvious corollary to the above stated theorem that cost of production and discommodity in all its forms can thus be consistently and conveniently represented, either by corresponding ordinates and abscissæ of the conjugate hyperbola, or by minus measurements on the other branch of the primary hyperbola itself.

One further qualification to the preceding reasoning remains to be made. We have, as you know, considered the case of simple commodities only. This in itself is only a provisional assumption, for of no commodity can it be said that it is in itself so simple as not to include many minor variations of quality, or so simple in its production as to exclude certain complex conditions arising out of labor and other things. We have had to postulate simple commodities exactly as in Euclid we postulate points and straight lines, and as we have postulated also a true mathematical money, whilst realizing that all these data are theoretic only. But the influence of these

considerations upon the views stated, simply renders necessary, as already verbally suggested upon a side issue, the modification of the Economic hyperbola into a hyperboloid, which, by its additional dimension in space can give facility to such qualifications as may be required for further approximation to accuracy.

NOTE UPON THE LAW OF IMITATION IN PSYCHOLOGY.

HAVING regard to the statements made above by myself as to the far reaching character of the Law of Imitation, it is probably desirable that some evidence other than that already given should be brought forward to prove its suggested universality. This is a work so extensive, however, that it can be only fully accomplished in much detail, but, as I stated in the course of my paper that it was in human experience that the law could be most easily verified by us as human beings, it is proposed in this supplement to consider how far the existence of the suggested law can be actually demonstrated by a review of some phases of its human aspects. On some future occasion I hope to address myself to the operation of the law in the other directions indicated in the foregoing paper.

In the first place, then, let us deal with the matter from the purely subjective and psychological point of view. In doing so I do not postulate any elaborate theory of the human mind or of consciousness. It appears to me that the considerations about to be brought forward are consistent with any metaphysical theory: but in order to clear the way I would define my own personal attitude in this

regard as being that of the school of Natural Realism, the views of which have been clearly exhibited by Reid and Hamilton, and which appear to me to be the only serviceable and practical form of metaphysical theory. I assume, therefore, in accordance with the doctrines of this school that things are such as they seem to be to the observing subject, and that, *mutatis mutandis*, their qualities are correspondent, at least in respect of simultaneous and dependent variation and probably in their actual nature also, to the mental conceptions which represent them in the mind of the knowing subject or person.

Under this aspect, then, mind and its processes become resolved into a certain few primary conceptions, and we are enabled to disregard the verbal subtleties which sometimes trammel systems of metaphysics. Of these primary conceptions it will be found in practice that two are especially predominant in human psychology, these being Perception on the one hand, and Memory on the other. I do not deny of course that there are or may be other primary mental manifestations, but it is sufficient for our present purpose to consider the mind of humanity in the first instance from these two points of view in order to illustrate the views propounded with regard to the Law of Imitation as affecting the mental aspect of human beings.

I take, then, the case of Perception first. It may be assumed clearly that all Perception in the sense of natural observation comes to us through the channel of the senses, and that we can only observe in so far as we see, hear, feel, smell, or taste. It is not necessary to our proof, however, to show that this is absolutely so without any exception, for every one would admit that in any case it is through these channels that the great bulk of observations reach humanity.

Everyone will probably admit also that the most important of these avenues of sense is that of sight. By means of sight most minute and complete details are conveyed to our apprehension, and it is through the medium of sight that we are most conscious of a world external to ourselves. How then are the impressions of sight produced? They are produced, as we know from the construction of the human eye, in the same way as an image is thrown on a screen by a camera or magic lantern. And thus there is an actual picture or Imitation of the objects which are seen upon the retina. It is of this picture that our mind is conscious, and thus every process of sight is based upon an Imitation or copy of the external objects seen manifested upon the retina. Nor, indeed, do we stop here. If we attempt to describe in terms those things which we see, we at once find that we do so in language which proves a comparison between the object now seen and some other object or objects which we remember to have seen before. This implies in addition to the present image created by observation a recollected image resulting from previous observation, although we may be unconscious of any effort in the recollection, and this the more when it is the generalised resultant of a great number of previous impressions. So that we come to this, that all observation by vision or sight implies in each act an Imitation of the objects observed, and in most cases an imitative recollection of objects observed previously.

The case with regard to the sense of hearing is not quite so clear. We know, however, that sound consists of vibrations of the medium through which the sound is conveyed. These make themselves manifest to the organism as sound, and though it may seem to be rather straining language to say that we hear vibrations, it is

nevertheless certain that the subjective thing, "sound," and the objective things, "vibrations," vary simultaneously, and are absolutely interdependent; it is evident, therefore, that in the case of sound, as in that of sight, it is the effect of the physical facts as impressed upon the sensorium that is reflected in consciousness. Whether this effect is the same in kind as the vibrations themselves is not material, inasmuch as the mental state produced is undoubtedly a subjective presentation of the sound vibrations. A record remains of them, moreover, which is made use of whenever the human being desires to reproduce sounds, as is instanced familiarly in the cases of language and music, which are both purely imitative uses of sounds previously heard. And it is clear that, if the reproduction is imitative, so must the original impression which is reproduced have been imitative also. For in speaking, the human being always repeats, under either new or old combinations, some of the sounds he has already heard: and in producing music, which is a sort of language, he also repeats sounds which he has heard either in their original shape or recombined as nearly as his imitative powers will permit.

I do not propose to deal in detail with knowledge derived through the other senses of taste, smell, and touch. It is not unlikely that these three are really in some sort one, since taste and smell are both a sort of touch; in the former case of a direct character, and in the latter directly due to the emanation of subtle exhalations, whose impact upon the sensorium conveys the sensation of smell. Of all of these, however, it may be said that the impressions which they convey are imitative of their objects in the sense in which we know those objects at all, that is to say, they are subjective presentations of the material data furnished by the objects, and are therefore imitative of

some of their properties. So that, to sum up, each sense has its special sphere of imitative presentation and the aggregate of what we know by sense perception of anything external to ourselves is the collective result of all the total presentations derived through the different sensory channels.

We know all things, then, primarily by imitative perceptions. And it is true of all of these that they are remembered with a strength proportional to the degree of attention which we have bestowed upon them. The sense impressions are stored away in an impalpable storehouse, the position of which we cannot define, and are there for use as may be required. There is no more wonderful fact in the mental constitution of man than that there should be this enormous capacity of retaining past impressions of all kinds lying quite dormant and unobserved until summoned by an effort of recollection. There can be little doubt that the memory is the real *continuum* in which the identity of the *Ego* consists. But for our present purpose, all we have to note is that the representations in the Memory are always purely imitative of the original impressions. In cases where the use of a recollection is very frequent, we become unconscious of any effort in recalling the individual impression, but where it is less frequent, the effort is of all degrees of arduousness in an inverse ratio to the frequency of the effort.

I do not know that it is necessary to give any illustration of the purely imitative character of memory, but it may perhaps be not impertinent to do so. Take the case, for example, of a poem which you have learned by heart, as the saying goes, and which you afterwards repeat from memory: what are the psychological processes involved? In the first place you have read or heard the poem, and the exact impress or Imitation of that poem has become

stamped upon your memory. When you repeat the poem afterwards you are giving voice to an exact Imitation of those words as recorded in your mind; and this is so completely true that if you have learned the poem by hearing instead of reading, you would most probably repeat it with something of an imitative effect as regards manner and emphasis, in addition to the verbal imitation which consists in the use of the words themselves.

Take the further illustration of the memory of persons or places. The record in your mind is a more or less complete image of the salient appearances which have drawn your chief attention, and is, in fact, an Imitation of them. When you recall the place or the person the imitative picture returns, and it is these very original salient appearances which come out most strongly in the review. But it is, I think, unnecessary to labour the point further, as the purely imitative character of memory is a fact within the experience of everyone.

We have thus seen that human beings observe by means of Imitation, and that they remember by means of Imitation. I now propose to deal with another psychological process of a slightly more complex character—that of reasoning.

All reasoning depends upon comparison, and the true canon of the affirmative logical process is, in my opinion, reducible to the following expression:—

That which is true of a thing is probably true of its like; the degree of probability depending upon the extent and thoroughness of the resemblance.

But whether you agree to this canon or not, everyone will admit that without comparison there can be no reasoning. Comparison then, as the term implies, means the comparing one thing, fact, or judgment, with one or more other things, facts, or judgments. Now the mental

presentation of each such thing, fact, or judgment, can only be obtained either by direct Observation or by recollection through the Memory. But we have seen that all Observation is a result of an imitative process, and that the Memory is only a record of an imitative process. So that the whole of the data upon which the process of reasoning by comparison is based are imitative, and consequently the law of Imitation is its psychological foundation.

There is one other psychical form with which I will proceed to deal—that of Imagination. The term is sometimes used in a restricted sense as applying to efforts of recollection which call up to the mind scenes and so forth which we have actually witnessed, but in this sense it is a simple imitative presentation of the memory such as has already been dealt with. But the term Imagination is also used as representing the mental process by which we place before our minds something new in point of combination, the details of which are all, however, the result of past perceptions which we have made. Thus the work of the most imaginative writer of fiction or artist is simply a recompounding of ideas already derived from observation and preserved in the imitative *continuum* of Memory ; and thus, in fact, it is universally recognised that the criterion of excellence in any imaginative work, whether of the author, the actor, or the painter, is its truth to nature, that is to say, its imitative quality, so far, at least, as the natural things we view with most interest are concerned. We can only imagine in terms of past experience, though we can shake the mental kaleidoscope and recombine the terms. And, therefore, as Observation is accomplished by imitative sense processes, and as Memory is imitative also, and as the imaginative result in its highest excellence is imitative too, it follows that in imagination from start to

finish we are in the presence of a remarkably clear exhibition of the imitative law in human psychology.

I shall deal in conclusion with only one of the more concrete illustrations of the operation of the law of Imitation in human life, and that is in the processes of Education. I pass over those halcyon years in which parents watch over the early life of the children whom God has given them, and in which children learn to talk by imitating their elders, and acquire many fundamental ideas which will influence the whole of their lives from the tender precepts and examples which are afforded to them: it is sufficient to say that in this period all the psychological development is from the necessity of the case imitative. But let us send the child to school and what do we find? Of course in its games it imitates its fellows: but in the schoolroom it also imitates, in order to learn. First there is the alphabet: the child by repeated efforts of sight becomes familiar with the letters, that is to say, it has an imitative picture of each of them on its memory. It is then taught by the sense of hearing that certain combinations of letters represent certain sounds, and so it goes on in the imitative path until it can read. Then there is also the writing lesson. From *pot hooks* carefully imitated it rises through the gradations of large hand, round hand, and small hand, and by copying beautiful copper-plate moral axioms, but always by Imitation, to the status of a writer. And then there is the arithmetic, in which the child begins by learning to count, by learning its multiplication table, and so on through a long continued vista of imitative operations, until it becomes an arithmetician. And, not to weary you with detail, so the process goes on continually in relation to all the branches of knowledge with which the mind is stored, not only until school is left behind, but far into the years of mature life,

and even, indeed, to its end. And who can say that in the life to come a new cycle of Imitation will not follow, whereby poor humanity will rise to a far higher and nobler development than any which the conditions and limitations of our earthly career hold within the range of possibility.

THE LAW OF IMITATION IN ETHICS, RELIGION, AND POLITICS, AND ITS RELATION TO HEREDITY.

By RICHARD STEEL.

It must not be supposed that by Imitation, when we speak of a law* of Imitation, is meant conscious imitation only. This becomes obvious from the very fact that in the assertion of the law it was suggested as being true of inanimate as well as animate nature, and is clear indeed also from the consideration that in living beings instinct, one of the dominant but in its origin unconscious incidents in biology, is likewise referred to as exhibiting a phase of its action. I am not, indeed, fond of the word Imitation, partly for the reason that it is apt to be taken in a narrower sense than that which I desire to ascribe to it, but there is no other term known to me which so nearly describes the all-pervading imitative influences which are induced in natural units by other natural units. And there is no etymological inaccuracy in this use of the term. Like many other words it has a recognized variety of meanings, all of which are legitimate and closely allied to each other, though the primary sense of it in popular usage, and in the usage of some well-known scientists as well, would, if that stood alone, be perhaps open to the limited construction referred to in my opening sentence.

It has been suggested to me, further, that in dealing with the law as relating to psychology, it would be more

* I use the word "law" without any intention of connoting too much by the term, but simply as the most convenient and legitimate expression for a nexus, analogy, or generalization, binding a number of varied facts and phenomena within one conception.

correct to have described the ideas derived from the senses as "presentations" rather than "imitations." But this objection will hardly hold the field when we remember that "presentation" is simply a less definite term which does not connote the essential circumstance that the sense presentations referred to are of the nature of *resemblances* or *copies* of the things observed. It is of course possible to assume that we really know nothing of the objects we become aware of through the senses, and that it is impossible, therefore, to be sure that mental presentations are really imitative in their character. But this is simply to abandon the doctrine of Natural Realism upon which, as a philosophical foundation, all positive knowledge of external objects is necessarily based. It *may* be true that "things are not what they seem," but if this pronouncement is to be taken as the basis of reasoning, it evidently destroys all external knowledge, and resolves everything which we *think* that we know into a body of disconnected indeterminate equations: and reduces the world around us to a chaos without form and void, in which we human beings simply inhere like molluscs, each individual imprisoned within the dungeon in which his self consciousness has play.

To revert, however, to the meaning of the term Imitation. In a comprehensive theory such as we have in hand, where many different phenomena of different kinds are referred to the one law, it is clear that the widest definition, so long as it is coherent and reasonable, is the best, for the wider includes the less wide, and thus takes in phenomena which a narrow definition would exclude. And I think that the recognised use of the term in the science and art of music gives a useful suggestion as to the possible legitimate range of its meaning. Herein, we learn that Imitation "is the process or act of repeating a

melodic phrase or theme either at a different pitch or key from the original, or in a different voice part, or with some rhythmic or intervallic modification so great as not to destroy the resemblance.*” In this conception of Imitation we have a degree of elasticity greater than any I have hitherto assumed, and it is interesting in passing to note that, under this authoritative construction of the term, we have a present illustration of how the law contended for could be made to apply directly within a sphere of sense impressions which has conveyed delight and intellectual satisfaction to humanity from the days of Jubal and of Orpheus.

Apart from making provision for the immediate physical requirements of nature, the subjects of thought, which occupy by far the largest part of most men’s minds, are three in number, that is to say, Ethics, Religion, and Politics. And, whilst putting Ethics in the front rank of the triad, I do not hesitate to admit the fact that the great majority of mankind would disclaim any such statement so far as they were concerned. For just as Molière’s celebrated character had been talking prose all his life without being aware of it, so also does it happen that the term Ethics conveys to a large number of persons a distasteful idea of vague philosophizing upon which they would not wish to spend any portion of their thought, but which they would rather leave to learned professors, as they would the allied subject of metaphysics.

Under the more familiar aspect of a theory of *that which is right and that which is wrong*, which, after all, is the whole real core of Ethics; and without conceding anything further in the dread direction of abstract thought, it will be found, however, that men will generally

* *Century Dictionary.*

admit that such considerations do indeed play a large part in the operations of their minds; and thus it comes about that our initial proposition is true of Ethics, although the technical term does not always commend itself to the public taste.

It is evident, moreover, that these three subjects of Ethics, Religion, and Politics, are largely interdependent with each other. There is no form of religion which does not assert pretty definite ideas of right and wrong as associated with it. Indeed, to many, if not to all, religious form in one important aspect is essentially a doctrinal teaching of what constitutes right and wrong, possessing at the same time a supernatural and divine sanction or authority. I do not, of course, say or believe that such a view of religion is complete in any sense, but it is correct so far as it goes, for there is no existing form of religion which does not lay down authoritative precepts to guide the conduct of its adherents, and which does not indicate within broad limits that which is right and that which is wrong.

So again with Politics. However much the lines of political thought may vary, there is always one idea running through all their modifications, and that is the good of the political unit or community. Even a despot, and the supporters of a despotism, whilst reserving to themselves primarily the personal advantages of their positions, do no doubt, so far as they think outside those positions at all, honestly believe that their modes of administration are, all things considered, best for the community of which they form parts; and, on the other hand, in all representative and democratic communities, the idea is certainly dominant that in such a degree of democratic institutions as they possess is to be found a clear advantage to the general good. There is thus here

again a tacit appeal to a standard of right and wrong, though it is not necessarily the same standard as the religious one. For it is only in a theocracy that the two standards, the religious and the political, merge into one, and under all other forms of government the divergence is more or less complete. Broadly speaking, the political standard is that of expediency; that is right which is good for the community, and that is wrong which is adverse to its good.

It is thus clear that Ethics lie near the roots of both Politics and Religion, and may indeed be regarded from the non-controversial point of view of these subjects as an original element in both. In this limited aspect, Religion becomes simply a derivative of Ethics, and Politics a more complex derivative: for whereas, in Religion, the standard of right and wrong is in the main authoritative, the standard in Politics is mixed; this last appealing partly to the various religious standards in the minds of men, but also still more largely to the expediency to which we have referred. It is not that there is necessarily any inconsistency in this attitude as regards politics. For whilst all men would willingly admit in theory the superior authority of the religious standard, most men would in practice agree that, in large and complicated matters of public policy it is very difficult to apply the religious standard at all, and that for all working purposes communities must look to probable results, that is to say, to expediency, in a fair and honourable construction of the term.

An easy illustration of this may be found, for example, in the views of all civilised communities with regard to war. It is evident that war in the abstract is a hateful and terrible thing, which in its action violates all the fundamental precepts of Christianity, and would therefore

be condemned by the positive and authoritative code of Christian morality. But the question of conducting a war being a political one, expediency comes in as the further standard of what is right or wrong in the special case, and thus, whilst we have the two standards interfering with each other in the judgments of even the most religious men, it is the doctrine of expediency that comes to the surface as the practical rule of conduct.

For our present purpose, however, all we have to observe is the intimate relation existing between these three subjects of human thought. I now desire to point out the origin of our ideas in relation to them, and to consider each of them separately in order to obtain some further illustrations which can be obtained by doing so—not forgetting, however, that as Ethics enter into both Religion and Politics, so it must be in the department of Ethics that our main demonstration must necessarily lie.

As regards then our notions of good and evil, it is well known that there are practically two ways in which such can be viewed. Either the standard of right and wrong is a matter of authority or it is a matter of ultimate Utility, defined as the greatest good of the greatest number. But however good these aspects may be as giving to us a logical theory of the sanction which lies behind systems of right and wrong, it is quite clear that in actual practice, upon the part of the great majority of the human race, neither theory quite fits in with the facts of conduct. For, on the one hand, no one really weighs up probable consequences to the community as a whole in all their possible developments as the criterion of right and wrong in his action; nor is anyone on the other hand solely guided in his sentiments as to right and wrong by any authoritative standards, whether of religion or of law: these last do, no doubt, govern a great deal of the ground

of his ethical decisions, but in few, if any cases, do they control the whole of them. For there is a vast area of action and behaviour in regard to which dogmatic authority has nothing to offer in the way of mandate, and it is nevertheless true that within this area the consideration of right and wrong still pervades the mind, and causes the conscientious man to think that he is acting rightly or otherwise, ignoring the fact that he is outside of the region of any positive code unless, indeed, in some cases it be that of the opinion of the society in which he moves.

All this is true of even the most reflective minds: it is still more true of the vast majority of mankind. And it will be found that the real working law upon which mankind base the rightfulness and wrongfulness of conduct is at bottom purely imitative. For if there is anything innate in such notions, it is clear that in so far as they are innate they are necessarily imitative of pre-existing ideas of a similar kind in either an ancestor or in the Creator. And in so far as they come into existence during life, the primary foundation must be laid in the teaching of parents or those who stand in that capacity; the infant and young child are taught that certain actions are wrong, and that others are right; and with the impressionable docility of early life, these ideas become indelibly fixed in their youthful minds; being really imitative presentations of these same ideas as conveyed by the parental authority. And so again, in later life, the teachings of the elders, and of religion, make further impressions, and the standard of right and wrong grows by a continuous process of accretion. But, coincidentally with the whole time, there is a further influence at work in the example of those with whom the human being is brought into favourable contact. This begins even in the nursery, is very active during the school age, and is one of the most powerful influences in

moulding character, and with it the standard of good and evil. The innate tendency to imitate is such that there is an unwritten code growing up with and at times interfering with the more positive code, and though this growth is most vigorous in early life, the process goes on continuously afterwards; thus, in the adult, we get a complex standard, which is partly the result of precept, but has been and continues to be further modified by example and associations. Thus if a child is brought up amongst those who violate the positive code of morals as known to him in any respect, just in so far as the relations of propinquity are pleasing to the child of those who violate the code, so will he too look upon the offences as venial or as no offences at all. Brought up amongst smugglers he will think it right and manly to smuggle. If amongst those who drink to excess, he will view the positive crime of drunkenness, unless the reverse side of the medal happens by circumstance to be forced upon his notice, as a matter for mirth rather than for blame. If amongst poachers he will long for the time when he may share in the noble practice of stealing hares and pheasants, although he would scorn the idea of picking a pocket. And to pass, *per saltum*, to a more advanced period and more complicated relation of life, the youth or young man who has been so unfortunate as to learn his business or vocation in life, subject to the examples of those who practice evasion and chicane, will, if the general relations between him and them are complacent, come to look upon such things as practically right, because, as he will say, "others do them"; and it is due far more to this than to any conscious graduation in dishonesty that there is so much shady and really wrongful conduct practiced in many departments of active life by some men whose theoretical moral code is of the strictest character. Even amongst

the "gilded youth," who might be supposed to be lifted by their position in life above the region of sordid considerations, there will be found those whose notions, acquired perhaps amongst the associations of the turf, will induce them to regard a gambling debt of so-called honor as of a higher degree of sanctity than an obligation due to a tradesman for a more legitimate liability. The inference from these data, which might obviously be much amplified, is then clear, and that is that the practical working idea of that which it is right to do or wrong to do is not the result of any reasoned theory of morals, but is an imitative process of the mind, originating with positive instruction at an age when the mind is still very plastic, and afterwards modified continually by a reflection of the current opinions of those with whom the human being is brought into contact, or by what may be termed, in fact, the complacent part of his environment. All this process of reflection is obviously imitative in its nature, and thus the law of Imitation is complete in its ethical sway under the combined influences of both primary instruction and subsequent modification.* If further evidence of a collateral kind to this effect is desired, it can obviously be produced abundantly from comparative Ethics, that is to say, from the comparative but largely varying standards of right and wrong which have existed at different times and among different nations. For actual illustration of this point I shall, however, for the sake of brevity, refer only to the history of the institution of slavery on the one hand, and that of the practice of duelling on the other; both of which exhibit in a very clear manner the comparative difference of standards referred to.

I take then the history of slavery first. Slavery is one

* It is interesting in this connection to note that the well-known golden rule—"Do to others," etc., is obviously imitative in its method.

of the most ancient of human institutions, and was in its origin in all probability a distinct step towards a higher degree of civilization in the human race. The more savage tribes have rarely kept slaves. They destroyed their captives, and in many cases it is to be feared added cannibalism to slaughter, and thus primeval slavery actually represented an amelioration in condition of both the conquerors and the vanquished. Moreover, the slave trade was probably the first form of the beginnings of that commerce which has been one chief civilizing agency in human affairs. But the cruelties of the incidents attending slavery were always, to our modern notions, very great, and yet mankind for many hundreds of years never thought there was anything of wrong in the institution. Aristotle, the foremost representative of Grecian intellect in the palmy days of Greece, looked upon it as necessary and proper. Even Homer, although a great poet is always much in advance of the time in which he lives, whilst laying down in the *Odyssey* the maxim that—

Jove fixed it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

evidently did not regard the relation as being in itself a violation of right. Nor, indeed, has slavery ever been explicitly condemned by any of the great religious systems of the world, certainly not, at any rate, by the Jewish, Christian, or Mohammedan, all of which recognised it, although some of the loftier precepts of Christianity would be construed in the present day as antagonistic to it in spirit. But as a matter of fact, slavery in almost its worst and most cruel form existed late on in the eighteenth century, and also in countries otherwise civilized during a considerable part of the present century. The horrors of the slave trade never reached a greater

pitch than during those years in which slaves were still exported from Africa to the Brazils and to the United States: when the supply was kept up by natives on the dark continent by the burning of villages in order to capture helpless fugitives, who were afterwards packed beneath the hatches of trading vessels, and jettisoned like cargo if occasion arose. It was, indeed, these extreme cruelties attending the transport of slaves which first led the modern conscience to the idea that there was anything wrong in slavery at all, and it was by a tardy and slow process, extending from 1792 to 1864, that one country after another completely rectified its standard of right and wrong upon this subject by abolishing first the trade, and subsequently the institution itself; so that now in all civilized countries slavery represents one of the most heinous of crimes against our common humanity. No doubt there may have been at all times some, and in later times many, who objected to slavery in principle, but so far as the great bulk of mankind, and even the recognized teachers of mankind were concerned, the standard of right and wrong in this matter coincided with the positive legal code of the country in which they lived, and was indeed imitative in their minds of that which the law of the land permitted, and which was practiced by the communities of which they formed part. I do not know that there is a more conspicuous illustration upon record of the varying standard of morality than that which is offered by the institution, now happily becoming obsolete, of human slavery.

The history of duelling is our second illustration, and though narrower in its scope, casts a side light upon comparative ethics which even the practice of slavery does not give. And this is due to the singular but incontestable fact that just as the sanction of slavery might be regarded

as an inadequate view of Utility, and therefore essentially political, so that of duelling was originally religious. The duel was the natural successor of the old system of trial by combat, which in ruder days was regarded as a direct appeal to the justice of heaven. It was really also a comparatively modern practice; for such episodes as that of Menelaus and Paris in the third book of the *Iliad*, and of David and Goliath in Scripture, can hardly be regarded as of the nature of duels, but were rather instances of those single combats of which, upon the large scale, from the nature of the weapons used, ancient battle necessarily consisted. The judicial combat, of the preliminaries of which Shakespeare has preserved a picture in his play of Richard II, as between the son of "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," and the Duke of Norfolk, was, of course, in accordance with the higher moral standard as then held, in its origin, and by a process of natural succession the duel of honor succeeded to it. And there can be no doubt that, to men with whom a certain chivalric sentiment was as the breath of their nostrils, a duel in maintenance of the fancied obligations of honor appeared to be the fulfilment of a duty. Although the law of England even down to 1817 actually sanctioned judicial combats in certain cases, the private duel was always contrary to the law: and those who hazarded their lives in this manner ran also the risk of being punished for murder. Yet, the influence of the opinion of society, and the inherited opinion of the day, though in opposition both to the plain precepts of religion, and to the common law as well, was such that men of the first rank, such as Fox, Pitt, Canning, O'Connell, and the Duke of Wellington, all in their time took their places in the duelling field. Sheridan was out twice, and perhaps we have no finer illustration in English literature of the feeling of his day

on the subject than is to be found in his admirable comedy of *The Rivals*, in which the obvious arguments against the personal expediency of duelling are placed only in the mouth of the meddlesome serving-man and mentor of Bob Acres.

I need hardly add that, whilst obsolete in England, duelling is still practised on the Continent: in Germany, as a military duty; in France with chivalric politeness and great frequency, but happily very rarely with serious consequences; and in both as a duty which men of honor owe to themselves and the society to which they belong. In our own country no indulgence would now, however, be shown by her Majesty's judges and juries, or by public opinion, to either principal or accessory in a duel. And here again, therefore, we have proof of that variability of the standards of right and wrong to which I have referred in illustration of the fact that, however philosophers may theorize, the real working principle in this regard of human conduct is essentially imitative.

Let us now consider Religion shortly from a similar point of view to that from which we have regarded Ethics, remembering always that in dealing with Ethics we have already dealt with one of the positive aspects of religion, and need not therefore deal with that aspect any further. Religion in its highest sense has for its motive and essence the worship of a Superior Being, and the subject is so sacred that there is always a danger of hurting susceptibilities in referring to it at all. But as a matter of fact all we desire now to do in this review is to deal with religion in its lower and purely morphological aspect. And I have no hesitation in saying that, so far as this is concerned, religion in its special form and dogmatic faiths is necessarily, both as a matter of theory and actually as a matter of fact, thoroughly imitative. There are two broad

facts which are sufficient in themselves to prove this. The first of these is that, historically, the special forms assumed by religion have been almost purely a matter of race and descent. In the received classification of the older religions this is quite the fundamental fact, and even in the present experience of modern times, when freer intercourse and associations have done much to obliterate the old race lines, we still find that religious beliefs vary in the main according to the stock and origin of the peoples who hold these faiths, showing, as indeed we know, on *prima facie* grounds, that they are handed down from one generation to another by a traditional process which can only in substance be a continued imitation of ideas hallowed to the recipients by the assured faith of parents and ancestors. The other fact to which I referred, is correlative to the foregoing, and that is the small number of people who change their religious faith. Conversions do no doubt take place from one creed to another, but the number of such cases proportionately to those in which no such change takes place is very small, and they are simply of the nature of exceptions to the general rule; which is, undoubtedly, that an overwhelmingly preponderating proportion of mankind live and die in the form of religion in which they have been brought up.

And now we have to deal with the distinctive proof of Imitation in Politics as the remaining item of our associated triad. Here again we have to remember that Politics are overlapped by Ethics, and that so far as this is the case we do not need to go over again ground which we have already traversed.

Political opinions are very much less stable than religious faiths, and one reason for this is to be found in the fact that new combinations in public affairs are continually being formed. So much so, indeed, is this the

case that anything like a satisfactory analysis of political thought would occupy much time, and, indeed, as it happens, such a process is unnecessary for the further elucidation of the matter in hand. For it is all the more obvious as we regard the whirlpool of all sorts of opinions on a great variety of subjects which circle and tumble within the vortex of politics, that one chief fact only emerges as a permanent factor, and that is the nature of the government and administration of public affairs. The origin of the word Politics, indeed, primarily relates to this conception. And it is evident, as a matter of both historical and present political morphology, that there are in principle only two real modes of Government, absolutism on the one hand, and government by party on the other. Of course in actual practice there are all sorts of more or less complete compromises between the two, but I do not know of any further permanent element.

Now, Absolutism is a clear case of imitative method derived from remote antiquity, originating probably in patriarchal life, and consolidated by the requirements of military service. But its imitativeness is perhaps still more clearly evidenced by viewing its actual operation in our own days, in, say, a country like Russia. Why is it that nearly every Russian subject as he grows up submits with unquestioning docility to the autocracy of the Czar, and the authority of those who administer affairs in his name? Because, of course, he is taught to do so by his parents and tutors, and by all the administrative institutions of his country, until the idea of unquestioning obedience becomes engraved in his very nature. That there are some exceptions to this proves nothing, for they are exceptions only; and the same conditions are true, *mutatis mutandis*, of all despotically ruled countries, whether civilized or barbarous.

And where Government by party comes in exactly the same proposition is true. I have never yet heard of a representative assembly in which there were no parties; and the completeness with which party programmes, or platforms as they are sometimes termed, sway the members of the party is notorious. For one original thinker who weighs and measures the planks of the party platform, there are scores who follow the crack of the party whip with complete obedience. And if this is true of representative Chambers, constituted mainly of men of selected intelligence and ability, how much more is it true of the rank and file of the electorate itself. The political or party bias of the voter was originally derived in an imitative fashion from some of his associations, perhaps from relatives, perhaps in his workshop, perhaps from the newspaper which came most easily to his hands. But once the party bias has been established, it is in the great bulk of cases never changed, and it is indeed of the very essence of that which the large majority of voters look upon as a primary obligation of party loyalty to vote "straight" as it is called, that is to say, in the way which the leaders of the party desire. The adage that in political life one should sink minor differences is almost an axiom, and we should be quite within the mark in saying that ninety per cent. of most electorates adhere steadily to their party, and march as if with something like organized discipline to record their votes in the ballot box. It is not that the great majority of them have reasoned out their views, but because they have become imbued with them by the working of the great law of Imitation, both conscious and unconscious, with the result that even the symbolism of a party color—blue, red, green, or orange—is quite sufficient to lead a large number of voters to the polling station, and to determine the manner in which their marks upon the ballot paper shall be placed.

I claim therefore the right to summarize as a sound conclusion that, in these three important departments of human thought with which we have dealt, we find the law of Imitation as the chief primary directive influence, remembering always that, so far as regards religion, we have dealt with the matter only from the lower and morphological point of view.

It was my original intention to end this paper at the point we have now reached, but there is another phase of the operation of Imitation of so much importance and interest that I feel justified in trespassing for a few minutes more upon the time of the Society in dealing with it briefly. I refer to the influence of the law in Heredity, using that term, of course, in its biological sense. At first sight it may appear that in this regard Imitation, used in the sense I have attributed to the term, is only another and less desirable word than Heredity for expressing the same meaning. But this is not really so. By Heredity we mean the circumstance that like produces like: that characteristics of the parent are inherited by the descendant, and so forth.

And no doubt this is a special form of Imitation*, but then it only expresses a part of its action. The propinquity in this case of Heredity is the strong propinquity of descent, one of the most dominant forms that propinquity can assume. But it still remains true that descent is only one form of propinquity. There is no necessary clashing, therefore, whatever between Heredity and Imita-

* It is of course evident that the Imitation of descent connotes and refers to the whole physical existence of the *natural units* affected. The chick differs very much from the egg, but egg and chick are stages or terms in the existence or life series of the same being; and it is the aggregate of this physical existence which constitutes the biological natural unit: in which the Imitation by the bird of one or both of its progenitors is completely exhibited, as the primary directive influence in its life history.

tion, the relation of the two being simply that the former is a special case of the latter, in my sense of the term.

When, however, we come to the theories of Heredity, which have been put forward by Darwin, Galton, and Weissmann, the case is rather different. It is quite true that Imitation is not at all inconsistent with any one of these theories, for the mechanical methods by which Heredity is accounted for in detail by these well-known biologists would, if accepted as correct, simply represent the way in which the general law operated in the special case. But then it is equally true that, if we are able to postulate a law of Imitation as a universal law of nature, which does not necessarily require the machinery referred to, the explanations given by the biologists became to that extent less necessary, and must be judged simply by their inherent probabilities as related to known facts, and without any *a priori* prepossession. And the difficulties arising out of these theories, having regard to the facts, appear to me to be practically enormous. Whether, as in Pangenesis, we are taught to think that there is a gemmule from every cell of the parent present amongst the protoplasmic cells from which the new being derives its origin; or whether, with Galton, we adopt the doctrine of stirps containing similar gemmules; or whether we adopt the theory of a continuous germ-plasm, it seems to me that we are confronted with the vast mechanical difficulty of so much incipient capacity of differentiation being inherent and contained in so small a space. Indeed, if we suppose the whole fauna of the world, leaving the vegetable kingdom out of consideration altogether, to be derived from one original protoplasmic source, we have to admit, if any one of the theories referred to be taken as correct, that one original unit contained within itself, as a sort of microcosm, all the incipient roots of differentiation

of the myriads of creatures, and their distinctive functions also, which have succeeded it. Having regard to the vast number of these creatures and their distinctive functions, and to the fact that the differentiation is still going on apparently without limit, this would be in effect to assert that the original molecule or molecules of the first protoplasmic cell were practically infinitely small in bulk, which, mathematically, no doubt, is a perfectly reasonable conception. But then, on the other hand, authorities upon molecular physics contradict flatly such an assumption. We are told that the size of a molecule may be definitely expressed between limits. Thus, for example, Lord Kelvin tells us that if a drop of water is magnified to the size of the earth, the molecules or grannules would each occupy spaces greater than those filled by small shot, and smaller than those occupied by cricket balls.

The reference here is no doubt to chemical molecules, not to the biological primitive unit; but then we also know that protoplasm is a compound of chemical molecules, carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen being always present; and therefore each primitive unit of protoplasm cannot be less than, say, four chemical molecules, and is therefore not infinitely small.

I cannot but, therefore, come to the conclusion that as changes due to the law of Imitation (and in using the term "law" here I use it now as always in this paper in the sense of a rule or method to which things continually tend to conform), imply a law which does not necessarily act through the vehicle of gemmules, stirps, or plasma; and as, moreover, it will account in a fashion for all biological differentiation when taken in conjunction with the laws of natural selection and survival of the fittest; so also do the theories of heredity to which I have referred lose any

element of probability which arises from the *prima facie* fact that the course of events implied by heredity does actually take place, and the suggested supposition that there is no other way of accounting for this. The assumed existence of gemmules, or of stirps, of which no microscope has ever shown any trace of evidence, becomes an unnecessary assumption, and is therefore disallowed by the law of parsimony; and I think also by the corresponding natural truth that nature attains her ends in the simplest manner available. The probability of the types of all future differentiation being contained within the limit of the primitive jelly speck of a protozoic cell is less than that of a theory which does not necessarily imply anything of the sort, but simply assumes Imitation as an inherent function of things in themselves, without asserting that the method of its action is either absolutely intrinsic, or to some extent extrinsic in its character.

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I am quite aware, let me say in conclusion, that it is impossible to treat the problem of Heredity at all completely without also taking into consideration the relations to it of the phenomena of habit and instinct: these also, however, will be found to furnish very clear evidence of the influence of Imitation* within their purview. But it is not possible to adventure upon so wide a field upon the present occasion, and therefore the foregoing remarks may be taken to apply to Heredity, primarily though not exclusively, in its more morphological aspects.

* Since writing the foregoing, I have become aware that the term Imitation has been largely used by Romanes and others in a much more limited sense than that in which I have used it. This does not, however, affect the argument in the text, nor preclude the desirability of giving to the word, as I have done, its fuller etymological scope.

NOTE UPON HABIT AND INSTINCT IN RELATION TO IMITATION.

By RICHARD STEEL.

THERE is no other influence the action of which upon human behaviour is so universally recognised as that of Habit. The word has several accepted meanings, being applied to clothing and also to physique, but the principal use of it undoubtedly relates to the familiar fact that human beings acquire a tendency to act in a particular way almost automatically from the mere repetition of what were originally acts of full consciousness and volition. Even the most trifling details of existence, as well as some of the more important, become largely controlled by Habit; the hour at which we rise in the morning; the times at which we take our meals; the manner in which our daily time is distributed, whether in business or pleasure; all become so influenced. Habitual functions such as these are essentially periodic, that is to say, they tend to recur at approximately regular intervals of time, and whilst some of them may be regarded as almost vital and necessary, Habit, as such, does not recognize much distinction between those acts which are advantageous to the human being and those which are injurious in their consequences. Of these last, for example, the craving arising out of intemperate habits is a sufficient illustration; and thus, indeed, the statement that man is a bundle of habits becomes a formidable truth, which meets with much exemplification from the experience of every one.

The genesis of Habit is simple. It arises out of an

innate tendency, more especially conspicuous in the young, who are always overflowing with superfluous activity, to repeat an action if its first result has not been unsatisfactory; and from the further tendency which is engendered by frequent repetition for that act to become easy and even necessary. By a sufficient amount of repetition it ultimately becomes a confirmed habit, and becomes almost built into the very constitution itself of the individual. And we have in habits of this order an excellent illustration of the two-fold way in which the phenomena of human action can be viewed. In consciousness each of us is aware of the individual voluntary acts by which habits are set up, and we are conscious when they are fully acquired of the desire or craving which arises when the periodic time arrives at which the self-created requirement asks for satisfaction. And in direct correspondence to this recurring *series* in consciousness, there is in some cases a physical adjustment which has been set up in the material which constitutes the bodily framework.

There are in addition to these, which are always regarded as habits, a number of other habitual forms of human activity to the origin of which the term "Habit" is not usually applied, but which, nevertheless, are of the same nature as the better recognized conscious habits, though in them the conscious foundation has been so completely obliterated by frequent use that we have come to look upon them as reflex actions. That some of them are true habits, however, becomes evident if we examine them by a method of series or gradual approach. Consider, for example, with this object, the locomotive activities of a human being, and let the series be represented by walking, swimming, and some other movement of an artificial character, as, say, skating. In all of these alike

there is a wonderful co-ordination of nervous and muscular effort, which in the expert has reached the status of practical unconsciousness. But in skating, to take first the most artificial item of our series, we know very well that the form of activity and the necessary co-ordinations are acquired very consciously, for they are dependent upon highly artificial conditions, and everyone who has practiced it can remember the time when he was less proficient in the exercise, and is aware that it has been by frequent practice, that is to say, by repetition of effort, that he ultimately acquired the natural and easy poise which enables him to conduct those complex evolutions which it gives him so much pleasure to engage in. In the case of swimming, however, the circumstances are simpler than in those of skating, for here there is no artificial condition necessary, and yet here also it is only by repeated and well-recollected effort that anyone acquires the muscular and nervous co-ordination that enables him to become a swimmer. And now, as I particularly wish to observe, the same fact is true of walking, the last item of the series, that is to say, this art also is acquired by practice and repetition, but in this case the lesson has been learned so early in the life of each individual that no one ever remembers having learned, as he nevertheless did, by repeated efforts to toddle across a room. The fact thus becomes clear that some processes which, like walking, appear to be practically reflex and automatic even early in life, are really cases of Habit built up by repetition.

Before we go further, let me point to the conclusion already deducible from the consideration of these few forms of habit to which we have referred. They are all due, as habits, to repetition. But what is repetition? It is the doing again that which the human being has done before; that is to say, it is, in the large sense which I con-

nect with the word, due to a process of Imitation of self in previous actions, and thus Habit in its processes is an exemplification of the law of Imitation in one of its clearest aspects. This is true of the human unit itself; it is also true of the physical components of which his body is made up; for when nervous and muscular tissue are consumed by exertion, so also are they replaced by new matter specially charged with an imitative resemblance to that which has already done its work and passed away in the perpetual round of nature's activities; the resemblance being a definite inference from the fact that the new tissue comes into existence to do precisely the same kind of work as was done by that which it replaces.

There are, of course, very many habits to which I have not referred, and there are also bodily functions which may, on evolutionary grounds, be regarded as survivals of anciently formed habits of organisms very far distant in that long line of descent which leads from protozoic life to the status of humanity. Such is the process by which food and food products pass through the body; commencing with the conscious acts by which food is placed in the mouth and masticated; followed by the act of swallowing, which becomes automatic only when the food has reached a certain position at the back of the tongue; and followed further by the peristaltic action which takes place in the alimentary and other receptacles, and by which it is passed on continually until absorbed or eliminated. There is the breathing, which is still partly under the control of the will, but which at a certain stage of necessity, escapes from that control. But it is not necessary for me to enter into further detail with regard either to unquestionable habits, or processes analogous to them. The broad fact to which I wish to draw attention is that just as the life-history of a human being is of the nature of a series

varying from term to term, so also many of the processes, both mental and physical, of which that life is the integrated total, are of the nature of series also, auxiliary to the main series of the life-history of the individual, and related to each other by consequence both directly and indirectly.

All these processes partake obviously of the nature of Habit, and as Habit is built up by Imitation of self, we see at once how important is the bearing of that principle upon human behaviour in a way quite outside of those other matters in which I have previously traced its influence.

I now take Instinct as a further example of the action of Imitation. And *here* it is evident that we at once take leave of the purely human standpoint which we have hitherto adopted in discussing the operation of the law. Human beings have indeed no monopoly of Habit itself, but so far as Instinct is concerned they have not only no monopoly, but they have, in fact, to use a common expression, to take a back seat, the instincts of the lower creation far surpassing those of man in relative volume and keenness.

The general position of naturalists with regard to Instinct is that it is congenital, and that it in this respect contrasts with Habit, which they regard as acquired by the individual. But it is also held by eminent writers, among whom are Darwin, Wallace, and Romanes, that *some* habits are inherited. Now it is quite clear that if some habits are inherited, this is only another way of saying that such habits are congenital; and so far as they are concerned, the distinction between them and Instinct disappears, for I do not see how any distinction can be maintained between an Instinct and a congenital Habit.

Romanes, moreover, goes further, and defines Instinct as reflex action, into which there is imported the element of consciousness,* and as the perfected effect of Habit is ultimately to establish just this exact condition of reflex action accompanied with the element of consciousness, the identity of inherited Habit with Instinct is upon his theory surely evident. It is true that Romanes discriminates instincts into two categories; those which originate, like incubation, under the law of natural selection; and those which are set up by the effects of Habit in successive generations; but to my mind both of these are reducible to inherited Habit; avowedly so in the one category, and clearly also by inference in the other; the only difference being that in the case of natural selection only having been at work, the habit *may* have been unconscious in its origin; but whether the origin of the habit is conscious or not, its inheritance is still the foundation of the instinct.

It must be admitted, however, that Romanes does not express the unanimous opinion of naturalists on the inheritance of habits. Weismann does not, under his theory of Heredity, admit it; but a recent writer, Professor Lloyd Morgan, who, I think, agrees with Weismann generally in his views, nevertheless speaks of acquired habits being transmitted through *tradition* like, as he says, so many of the social customs of mankind. It is true that there is a distinction here between tradition and inheritance so far as habits are concerned; but for my purpose this is not material. Tradition is evidently a case of Imitation. So that when summarized our argument runs thus. All habits arise out of Imitation of self; instincts are resultants of inherited habits; and therefore instincts are the result of Imitation; and, moreover, in so far as we substitute the idea of tradition for that of

* *Mental Evolution in Animals*, p. 159.

inherited habit, this* also is an obvious case of Imitation in the large sense in which I use the term. So that all the phenomena of Instinct, as well as of Tradition, are incidents arising from the same general law of Imitation, just as we have seen is the case with Habit itself.

I do not see how it is possible to escape from the conclusion just stated, but my dissertation would not be as complete as it can be made if I did not point also to the corroboration which these views receive from the expressed views of some great naturalists on the subject of Imitation in their own senses of the term.

First I take Wallace. He frequently refers to imitation in his *Theory of Natural Selection*, and it is to be noticed that in his use of the word he does not at all restrict himself to *conscious* imitation, but uses it frequently in cases where any conscious element of copying cannot be supposed to exist. Thus he tells us, *inter alia*, of Lepidoptera "imitating" other species; that certain Coleoptera or beetles "imitate" other Coleoptera; that some moths and beetles "imitate" other insects, and insects of other orders "mimic" beetles. He deals with the facts of mimicry in most interesting detail, and dwells upon the general harmony in nature between the colours and markings of animals and those of their habitation. And he distinctly comes to the conclusion "that the peculiar notes of birds are acquired by imitation, as surely as a child learns English or French, not by instinct, but by hearing the language spoken by its parents."

Romanes formulates the influence of imitation very distinctly. With him it is on the whole a conscious process, but he assigns very great importance to it as being "a mode whereby intelligence may change or deflect an instinct." He points out that some birds are able to imitate songs having a proper musical notation, and observes

that a child begins to imitate very early in life, and that the faculty goes on developing during the first year or eighteen months; and concludes generally "that the faculty of imitation is one very characteristic of a certain area of mental evolution, and therefore that within this area it must conduce in no small degree to the foundation of instinct." *

Professor Lloyd Morgan goes still further in the importance he assigns to imitation; but with him the use of the word is limited to the more conscious varieties of the function, and under these heads he assigns very great importance to it. I may fairly indicate his view of the matter in his own words:—"That imitation, or what we are accustomed to regard as such, is an important factor in animal life, especially among gregarious animals, is scarcely open to question. But the biological and psychological conditions are not easy to understand. Some forms of imitation are often spoken of as instinctive; but some are voluntary and under the guidance of intelligence. . . . And the exact nature of the connection between this conscious and voluntary imitation and the involuntary instinctive process to which we apply the same term, requires careful consideration." †

The fact that men so well able to judge have recognized the importance of Imitation in a more limited sense of the term is a very material corroboration of the theory I have ventured to put forward.‡ It is true that the term Imitation is used by these naturalists in more limited senses than I have assigned to it; but although the senses

* *Mental Evolution in Animals*, p. 225.

† *Habit and Instinct*, p. 166.

‡ As applying to another part of the subject, with which I dealt in my last paper, I have been interested to find that the late Walter Bagehot, in his *Physics and Politics*, draws attention to Imitation as a factor in nation-making. The essay will well repay perusal, and I am glad to find that it is quite in harmony with my own theory.

are more limited, they do not fail to be included in my own idea, and thus all that they say of Imitation becomes relevant to the suggested law, for although not the whole it is part of the truth. The only difference is that the factor which they consider to be of great importance becomes amplified in my view, and is thus invested with a still more extensive sway.

That the principle of Imitation holds good also in the vegetable kingdom, from which the whole existing protoplasmic matter of animal life is derived, is equally demonstrable, but the next step *outwards* necessary to illustrate this must be taken upon some future occasion.



MODERN VIEWS OF MATTER.

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INTRODUCTION AND ABSTRACT.

THIS autumn, the British Association will meet at Bradford. Twenty-seven years ago it met at Bradford, and one of the evening lecturers was Clerk Maxwell. His lecture was much more than a lecture, it was an eloquent popular exposition of the state of our knowledge concerning Molecules, by a master and one of the founders of the modern science.

If secondary education in this country were what it might be, a classical memoir such as this should be, so to speak, taught in schools and be familiar: but we are far indeed from any such ideal, and one of the difficulties in expounding recent progress in science is a difficulty not felt in expounding recent progress in other subjects, for instance, in History; and a great aid it must be to a lecturer on recent historical discoveries or political affairs that so much of the elementary ground is already common knowledge. But in scientific subjects at present, alas, there is no common knowledge. Nothing has been learnt at school, or next to nothing; and only here and there, in an audience such as this, can we find persons who have the initial information enabling them to appreciate recent advances.

It was my privilege to attend that meeting of the British Association in Bradford, and to hear Clerk Maxwell's lecture on Molecules. With the possible exception of

a much more elementary lecture of Tyndall's on Heat, at some years' earlier date, it was the most absorbing lecture I ever listened to. Its introductory paragraph will serve as an introduction to my paper this evening.

"An atom is a body which cannot be cut in two. A molecule is the smallest possible portion of a particular substance. No one has ever seen or handled a single molecule. Molecular science, therefore, is one of those branches of study which deal with things invisible and imperceptible by our senses, and which cannot be subjected to direct experiment.

"The mind of man has perplexed itself with many hard questions. Is space infinite, and, if so, in what sense? Is the material world infinite in extent, and are all places within that extent equally full of matter? Do atoms exist, or is matter infinitely divisible?

"The discussion of questions of this kind has been going on ever since men began to reason, and to each of us, as soon as we obtain the use of our faculties, the same old questions arise as fresh as ever. They form as essential a part of the science of the nineteenth century of our era as of that of the fifth century before it.

"We do not know much about the science organisation of Thrace twenty-two centuries ago, or of the machinery then employed for diffusing an interest in physical research. There were men, however, in those days, who devoted their lives to the pursuit of knowledge with an ardour worthy of the most distinguished members of the British Association; and the lectures in which Democritus explained the atomic theory to his fellow-citizens of Abdera realised, not in golden opinions only, but in golden talents, a sum hardly equalled even in America.

"To another very eminent philosopher, Anaxagoras, best known to the world as the teacher of Socrates, we are

indebted for the most important service to the atomic theory which, after its statement by Democritus, remained to be done. Anaxagoras, in fact, stated a theory which so exactly contradicts the atomic theory of Democritus, that the truth or falsehood of the one theory implies the falsehood or truth of the other. The question of the existence or non-existence of atoms cannot be presented to us this evening with greater clearness than in the alternative theories of these two philosophers.

“Take any portion of matter, say a drop of water, and observe its properties. Like every other portion of matter we have ever seen, it is divisible. Divide it in two: each portion appears to retain all the properties of the original drop, and among others that of being divisible. The parts are similar to the whole in every respect except in absolute size.

“Now go on repeating the process of division till the separate portions of water are so small that we can no longer perceive or handle them. Still we have no doubt that the sub-division might be carried further if our senses were more acute and our instruments more delicate. Thus far all are agreed, but now the question arises: Can this sub-division be repeated for ever?

“According to Democritus and the atomic school, we must answer in the negative. After a certain number of sub-divisions, the drop would be divided into a number of parts each of which is incapable of further sub-division. We should thus, in imagination, arrive at the atom, which, as its name literally signifies, cannot be cut in two. This is the atomic doctrine of Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius, and, I may add, of your lecturer.

“According to Anaxagoras, on the other hand, the parts into which the drop is divided are in all respects similar to the whole drop, the mere size of a body counting

for nothing as regards the nature of its substance. Hence, if the whole drop is divisible, so are its parts down to the minutest sub-divisions, and that without end. Every part is like the whole. This is the doctrine of homogeneity. The doctrine of atoms and that of homogeneity are thus in direct contradiction.

“But we must now go on to molecules. Molecule is a modern word. It does not occur in Johnson’s *Dictionary*. The ideas it embodies are those belonging to modern chemistry.

“A drop of water, to return to our former example, may be divided into a certain number, and no more, of portions similar to each other. Each of these the modern chemist calls a molecule of water. But it is by no means an atom, for it contains two different substances, oxygen and hydrogen, and by a certain process the molecule may be actually divided into two parts, one consisting of oxygen and the other of hydrogen. According to the received doctrine, in each molecule of water there are two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen. Whether these are or are not ultimate atoms I shall not attempt to decide.”

It is precisely that question that we attack to-night.

Are atoms, the atoms hitherto known, really indivisible and ultimate atoms, or are they not?

I must preface my account, however, with the proviso that the new territory is a very recent conquest indeed. Some of it is held on very insecure tenure; the fighting, so to speak, is still going on. I do not wish to represent as established anything which is still liable to successful hostile attack, yet I shall represent what seems to me to lie in the direction of the truth, though at the same time fully admitting that hostility to some of it will be felt by some physicists, and probably by many chemists, for a long time to come; for it lies on the frontier of both

sciences, and no doubt will form a battle ground between Physics and Chemistry for a good many of the early years of the twentieth century; just as in the early years of the present century there was a long discussion and controversy as to the acceptance or rejection of the atomic theory of John Dalton. For the older statements of the atomic theory rested on philosophic speculation. It was Dalton who adduced experiments and observations in support of it in a very precise and modern form, and so revolutionized the theory of Chemistry.

It is not to be supposed for a moment that because the atomic theory generally has made its way into universal acceptance, therefore every detailed view of Dalton was correct and substantiated; clearly there must be distinctions. Where Dalton touched on Physics he was less admirable. Dalton's view of the elasticity of gases, for instance, was a statical view, based on the idea of molecules at rest, each surrounded by an elastic atmosphere and so pressing outward against each other and against the sides of the vessel, raising a piston or the lid of a vessel, after a spring jack-in-the-box fashion. This was really no explanation of elasticity at all, but it might have served as a statement of the fact of gaseous pressure had it been true: had it been true that the atoms of a gas were stationary and surrounded by infinitely expansible elastic atmospheres or repulsive forces.

But, as is well known, these things are not true; and gaseous pressure and elasticity are now explained, not statically at all, but kinetically, as due to a bombardment of free atoms, particles of matter perfectly disconnected from one another except during moments of collision, and flying in all directions at high speed, comparable to the speed of bullets. This molecular bombardment is certainly the cause of the pressure of the atmosphere.

Nevertheless, this is a detail, and the general doctrine of the existence of atoms is universally accepted. A lump of matter is as surely composed of atoms as a house is built of bricks. That is to say, matter is not continuous and homogeneous, but is discontinuous, being composed of material particles, whatever they are, and non-material spaces. There is every reason to be certain that these spaces are full of a connecting medium, full of ether; there is no really *void* space; and the question may be asked, Is this ether not in a manner itself "substance"? Is it not matter in another form? To this I should reply, and I suppose all physicists would reply,—substance it may be, matter it is not. Not matter as we know it, not matter in the sense we use the term. That term is limited, I take it, to the material bodies which are built up of atoms, it does not extend to the substance or medium, whatever it may be, occupying all the rest of space. This is only a question of nomenclature, and therefore of no great importance, but that is the sense in which the terms are, here at any rate, employed. When I say that matter is certainly atomic, I by no means mean that ether is atomic. I hold that ether is most certainly not atomic, not discontinuous; it is an absolutely continuous medium, without breaks or gaps or spaces of any kind in it,—the universal connector—permeating not only the rest of space as I have just said, but permeating also the space occupied by the atoms; the atom is a something superposed upon, not substituted for, the ether; it is most likely a definite modification of the ether, an individualisation, with a permanent existence and a faculty of locomotion which the ether alone does not possess. Matter is that which is susceptible of motion. Ether is that which is susceptible of stress. All energy appertains either to matter or to ether, and is continually passing from one to the other.

When possessed by matter the energy is called kinetic; when possessed by ether the energy is called potential. All the activity of the material universe is due to, or represented by, or displayed in, the continual interchanges of energy from matter to ether, and back again, accompanied by its transformation from the kinetic to the potential form, and *vice versa*.

And having asserted this, which I have said at greater length elsewhere; and adding the proviso that not by all physicists is it as yet, so far as I know, universally accepted; I shall henceforward discard further reference to the ether in this paper, and shall deal with matter alone.

Matter consists of atoms, or molecules; for present purposes there is no need to discriminate. Chemically it is convenient to attribute slightly different meanings to the two terms, but the distinction is of the easiest and most elementary character; a molecule is the smallest complete and normal unit of any substance, it consists usually of two or more atoms, though it may consist of one; and what we have to say here relates essentially to the atom.

Is the atom an ultimate atom? Is it really and truly indivisible, is it an ultimate element or unit which cannot be split up into parts; or does the customary postulate of its indivisibility mean no more than that we have not yet succeeded in discovering a way of decomposing it: or again, does it mean that if we did by any means break it up into fragments it would no longer be an atom of matter but something else? Suppose for a moment that the atom was a vortex ring in ether, for instance, it could not be split up without destruction; the splitting up would not destroy the substance of which the ring is composed, but it would destroy the motion which constituted it a ring,

which gave it individuality; it would destroy everything which entitled it to the term "matter."

If broken up it would be resolved into ordinary ether, as a smoke ring loses its individuality in common air. A common vortex ring of air or water contains within itself the seeds of its own decease; it is composed of an imperfect fluid, possessing, that is to say, viscosity, and, accordingly, its life is short; its peculiar energy being dissipated, its vortex motion declines, and as a ring it perishes.

But imagine a ring built of some perfect fluid, of some medium devoid of viscosity, as the ether is; then it may be immortal; it can neither be produced nor annihilated by known means; and it is just this property, combined with other properties of elasticity, rigidity, and the like, that led Lord Kelvin originally to his brilliant hypothesis.

In the crude form here suggested, the hypothesis has not turned out exactly true; that is to say, no one believes now that an atom is simply a vortex ring of ether, and that the rest of the ether is stagnant fluid, in which the vortex rings sail about. Any quantity of difficulties surround such a hypothesis as that. Its apparently attractive simplicity is superficial. Nevertheless it is not to be supposed that every hydro-dynamic theory of the universe is thereby denied. It is quite conceivable that a single fluid in different kinds of motion—some kinds of motion not yet imagined perhaps—may possibly be found capable of explaining all the facts of physics and chemistry; whether of biology, too, is a much larger question. But these hydro-dynamic explanations are a step beyond anything that I propose to discuss now. I have only said as much as this in order to make it clear that what we now go on to, even if it were completely true, must not be held

to replace and negative all the attempts that have been made, and that still will be made, to account for material phenomena by the motions or strains of a perfect fluid. I may as well say, however, that the motions that must be postulated will have to be of a far finer grain, the individualisation on a far smaller scale, than the original vortex atom view:—one vortex ring for each atom, and differently shaped or tangled rings for the different elemental atoms. If there is to be vorticity at all, it would appear that the whole ether must be full of it; it cannot be a simple stagnant, structureless homogeneous fluid, for that would not transmit light, would not account for optical phenomena even, still less those of static electricity and magnetism.

Unintentionally we have drifted back to the ether again, whereas I want to concentrate attention on the atom of matter. Is it indivisible, or does it consist of parts? If so, how many? Can one of them be detached from the rest of the atom and observed? Can the motion of a fraction of the atom be detected and measured? Can the atom be broken up and its constituent parts dealt with? If different kinds of atoms are broken up, will they yield fragments of different kinds, or will they all yield fragments of the same kind? Can the fragments move at a measurable speed, and can an effect of bombardment, when they are stopped, be observed? Are the fragments all alike, and can they be weighed? Are they, or can they be, charged with electricity; and, if so, what properties do they possess when so charged? Can an atom be charged, and if so, how? When a current of electricity is conveyed, by what mechanism is it transmitted? Can its phenomena be always accounted for by the transport of an electrostatic charge? What is meant by the inertia of matter? Has electricity an existence

apart from matter? What is the relation, if any, between a unit of electricity and an atom of matter?

All these questions appear likely to be capable of receiving an answer; they also appear to me to be in process of being answered now; and I would not say too much about the impossibility of an answer being given to some further questions before long, but they are in a different category to these, and involve a higher order of difficulty. The question, What is the nature of an electric charge, for instance, is not among the questions which are in process of being answered with any certainty, or with any simplicity, just yet; it will probably remain for some years yet a question and a challenge. Nor is the answer, when it comes, likely for a long time to be an easy one, such as it is possible to state in general terms and ordinary language.

The existence of an electrical charge we must assume: a charged body is a fact; whether a charge can exist without a body is doubtful, but in any case we shall assume that the properties of an electric charge are those which we know and are familiar with by experiment.

The lecturer then proceeded to exhibit some of the fundamental phenomena of an electric charge, and explained that an electric charge possessed electric inertia analogous to that of matter, so that electricity in movement possessed kinetic energy just as matter in movement possesses kinetic energy. More is known about the recently discovered property of electric inertia than of the old material inertia, and its locality is also known; it is not concentrated where the charge is, but extends throughout space wherever the lines of force extend. The energy of a moving charge or current resides in the medium round that current.

The question arises, then, whether there are two kinds of inertia. Can a charge exist without matter? Dr. Johnstone Stoney and Dr. J. Larmor have argued that it can, and have named the hypothetical isolated electric charge an "electron."

The differences between metallic and electrolytic conduction were then illustrated, and the phrase "electro-chemical equivalent" explained, and the value of the ionic charge, or charge associated with the travelling atom of matter in electrolysis, determined.

Reference was then made to the radiation phenomena recently discovered by Professor Zeeman, of Amsterdam, and to Lorentz's theory of the same, whereby the electro-chemical equivalent of the matter emitting radiation in a luminous flame can be determined and found to be about a thousand times smaller than it is in electrolysis.

The familiar phenomenon of cathode rays in Crookes' tubes was then exhibited; and when a determination of the electro-chemical equivalent in this case is made, it turns out the same as in the Zeeman effect.

Another phenomenon shown, which leads to the same result, is the discharge of electricity from a metallic surface when ultra-violet light falls upon it.

Thus it appears that, although it is a whole atom which travels in electrolysis, it is not a whole atom, but something like the $\frac{1}{1000}$ part of an atom which operates in radiation, in cathode rays, and in the discharge of electricity by ultra-violet light. The researches of Professor J. J. Thomson, which lead definitely to this conclusion on direct experimental evidence, and his method of estimating the charge and the inertia of each of the moving particles concerned in these phenomena, especially in cathode rays, were then explained; and the conclusion was arrived at that the flying particles in Crookes' tube were not atoms

but corpuscles or fragments of atoms, that the atoms of the so-called elements are not simple but compound, every atom being built of many similar parts or corpuscles, that a hydrogen atom is composed of 500 corpuscles, a sodium atom of about 10,000, and a mercury atom of about 100,000 corpuscles; further, that the corpuscles which constitute the different atoms are all of the same kind; and that each corpuscle is electrically charged, either positively or negatively, with the ionic or electrolytic charge, which turns out to be the fundamental unit or indivisible *atom* of electricity. When a material atom has an equal number of positive and negative corpuscles it is neutral, but if it has an excess of either it is charged: a monad atom is one that has an excess of a single corpuscle, a dyad atom of two corpuscles, a triad atom of three.

There remains the question whether these corpuscles contain anything but an electric charge, whether they have any material nucleus at all, whether electric inertia is not the only inertia there is; whether, in fact, the atom of matter does not resolve itself simply into an aggregate of isolated electric charges or electrons. These questions appear likely to be answered in the affirmative.

The lecture concluded as follows:—

It is not to be supposed that I have here presented an epitome of all the evidence that can be adduced in favour of a certain view of the constitution of matter. The idea has not come upon physicists suddenly: the ground has been prepared by many indirect hints and suggestions through the last ten years. The facts that originally suggested the idea of an electron, for instance, have hardly been referred to; the evidence of spectroscopy and a study of stellar spectra has not been so much as hinted at; only the most salient and strongest features of the edifice have

been represented, and it must suffice to say that there is other evidence—some appealing more to chemists, some to astronomers, some to mathematicians—in favour of such theses as the composite structure of the atom, the building up of the elements, the unification of matter, and the possible unification of matter and electricity.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

BY THE REV. W. E. SIMS.

ENGLAND rode upon the crest of what has been called a "tidal wave in literature" when Her Majesty Queen Victoria ascended the throne. There were living then a host of writers, the best of whom challenge comparison with any English authors of the past, Shakespeare and Milton perhaps alone excepted. The French revolution, with its terrible sequel, the wars of Napoleon, lasted about twenty-six years. Its effect upon human thought was profound; an old and effete civilization perished in the tempest; a new world arose like a phoenix from the ashes of the old; a new world with new hopes, new aspirations, new ideals, and a new literature. England felt the impulse and responded quickly to the influence of the new spirit. There was a shaking amongst the dry bones, an awakening of intellectual energy that found expression both in poetry and prose. Many great writers had passed away in the interval between the battle of Waterloo and the Queen's accession, but a glorious company remained to welcome the beginning of the present reign. Keats, Byron, Shelley, Scott, Lamb and Coleridge had crossed the bar, but Queen Victoria was called to rule a nation that included among her sons Wordsworth, Southey, Campbell, Sidney Smith, Thomas Moore, Samuel Rogers, Thomas de Quincey, Landor, Macaulay, Carlyle, Newman, Keble, Maurice, Martineau, Tennyson, Brown-

ing, Dickens, Thackeray, and many others of hardly inferior reputation; and among her daughters Joanna Baillie, Miss Edgeworth, Mary Somerville, Harriet Martineau, Elizabeth Barrett, and the sisters Brontë.

One of the most original and extraordinary of these writers was Thomas de Quincey, who was born at Manchester, in 1785, and therefore has an especial claim upon the sympathies of a Lancastrian audience. He claimed descent from an ancient and honourable family, an alleged ancestor, Richard de Quincey, was a companion of William the Conqueror; and others were splendid in their day—Earls of Winchester—mildly interesting to the genealogist. De Quincey's immediate progenitors, however, aspired to no particular distinction. He says:—

My father was a merchant, *not* in the sense of Scotland, where it means a retail dealer, one, for instance, who sells groceries in a cellar, but in the English sense, a sense vigorously exclusive; that is, he was engaged in foreign commerce, and no other; therefore, in wholesale commerce, and no other; which last limitation of the idea is important, because it brings him within the benefit of Cicero's condescending distinction, as one who ought to be despised certainly, but *not too* intensely to be despised even by a Roman Senator. He, this *imperfectly despicable* man, died at an early age . . . leaving to his family, then consisting of a wife and six children, an unburdened estate producing exactly £1600 a year. We, the children of the house, stood in fact upon the very happiest tier in the social scaffolding for all good influences. The prayer of Agar, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," was realised for us. That blessing we had, being neither too high nor too low. High enough we were to see models of good manners, of self respect and of simple dignity, *obscure* enough to be left in the sweetest of solitudes, amply furnished with all the *nobler* benefits of wealth, with extra means of health, of intellectual culture, and of elegant enjoyment, on the other hand we knew nothing of social distinctions. Not depressed by the consciousness of privations too sordid, nor tempted into restlessness by the consciousness of privileges too aspiring, we had no motives for shame, we had none for pride.

Materials for the biographer of de Quincey are abundant, he has left us a volume of autobiographical sketches, another volume of confessions, and a great deal of personal matter scattered up and down his recollections of eminent contemporaries. There are, besides, innumerable notices of de Quincey in the writings of his literary friends which help us to correct impressions produced by the somewhat imaginative medium through which he permits us to study the circumstances of his life. And these materials are readily accessible in Dr. Japp's *Life of de Quincey*, in Professor Masson's smaller work in the *English Men of Letters* series, and in James Hogg's interesting collection of souvenirs and anecdotes, entitled *De Quincey and his Friends*. The lives of most men of letters are uneventful, their chief chronological landmarks the dates of the publication of their books, but the career of de Quincey, an erratic person full of astonishing vagaries and eccentricities, furnishes an exception to the monotonous rule. His earliest years were passed at Greenhays, then a pretty rural place in the vicinity of Cottonopolis, but long since covered by a network of mean streets. He was a diminutive child of a dreamy nature, and the picture he gives of his childhood—no doubt highly coloured by the reflections of later years—is sufficiently remarkable. When he was six years old he lost an elder sister, Elizabeth, to whom he was especially devoted, and the sad event made an impression upon his mind so profound that it affected his whole existence; when he died, 67 years later, his last words were "sister, sister, sister!" He describes his visit to the death chamber. "I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me, and whilst I stood a solemn wind began to blow. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand years." With equal pathos he describes the funeral, the rattle of the gravel on

the coffin at the words, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and the awful loneliness that followed. "Deep is the solitude of millions who, with hearts welling forth love, have none to love them. Deep is the solitude of those who, under secret grief, have none to pity them. Deep is the solitude of those who, fighting with doubt or darkness, have none to counsel them. But deeper than the deepest of these solitudes is that which broods over childhood under the passion of sorrow." Soon he passed out of the "afflictions of childhood" into the "world of strife." His elder brother, William, "my horrid, pugilistic brother," came home from boarding school, and the two lads were sent to a tutor living about two miles from Greenhays. On the road they had to pass a factory, and William, a courageous youth with a talent for mischief, became embroiled with the factory lads—there were daily skirmishes, battles with stones and sometimes with fists—this was a source of real enjoyment to the elder boy, but the younger passed his days in agonies of apprehension. "Once having begun it followed, naturally, that the war should deepen in bitterness. Wounds that wrote memorials in the flesh, insults that rankled in the heart—these were not features of the case likely to be forgotten by our enemies, and far less by my fiery brother—I, for my part, entered not into any of the passions that war may be supposed to kindle, except only the chronic passion of anxiety."

The war was terminated by the removal of the de Quinceys to Bath. Mrs. de Quincey, after the death of her husband, grew tired of Greenhays, the house and grounds were sold, the establishment broken up, the war-like William sent to London, where shortly afterwards he died, and Thomas "entered the arena of a great public school, the Grammar School of Bath." Here immediately

he became famous as a precocious Latin scholar, and at eleven years of age his verses were held up as models for the imitation of lads of eighteen on the verge of transit to Oxford. This made matters unpleasant for him—greatness has its penalties. “If you are superior to another,” says Schopenhauer, “never let him know it.” One burly youth ordered him to write worse verses under pain of annihilation. “I was to write worse than my own standard, which, by his account of my verses, must have been difficult, and I was to write worse than himself, which might be impossible!” He paid unusual attention to his next copy of verses, “double-shotted his guns,” and reaped from the master double applause. The annihilator paid his respects to him again. “You little devil, do you call this writing your worst?” No!” replied de Quincey, “I call it writing my best.” Unfortunately, after two years, his career at this school was cut short by an accident that invalidated him for a time, and on his recovery he was sent to a private school at Wingfield, “of which the chief recommendation lay in the religious character of the master.” This was a matter of supreme importance in the opinion of Mrs. de Quincey, who was a friend of the once celebrated Hannah More, and shared that lady’s religious sentiments. She was shocked to hear of the praise so lavishly bestowed upon her son at the Bath Grammar School, and resolved to remove him from the contaminating influences of flattery. His sojourn at Wingfield came to an end in a year upon receipt of an invitation to spend a few months in company with an aristocratic friend of the family, young Lord Westport, a grandson of the Marquis of Sligo. He joined his companion at Eton, saw Windsor, had a characteristic interview with King George III—amusingly described in the autobiography—and paid a short visit to London. He has

left upon record the impression the vast city made upon his imagination. "It was a heavenly day in May . . . when I first beheld and first entered this mighty wilderness, the city—No! not the city, but the nation of London—where nobody sees you, nobody hears you, nobody regards you, you do not even regard yourself—in fact, how should you—at the moment of discovering your own total unimportance in the sum of things, a poor shivering unit in the aggregate of human life."

From London the two young friends proceeded to Ireland, and de Quincey's account of his adventures there are mixed up with characteristic digressions on Irish history and politics; meanwhile, he was enjoying himself at the seat of Lord Westport's father, and coaching the son in classics. Returning to England he stayed for some time at Lord Carbery's house at Laxton, teaching Lady Carbery the Greek Testament, and revelling in the large and valuable library. He says:—

Now at Laxton the books had been so judiciously brought together, so many hooks and eyes connected them, that the whole library formed what one might call a series of strata, naturally allied, through which you might quarry your way consecutively for many months. On rainy days, and often enough one had occasion to say through rainy weeks, what a delightful resource did this library prove to both of us! And one day it occurred to us that, whereas the stables and the library were both jewels of attraction, the latter had been by much the least costly. Pretty often I have found, when any opening has existed for making the computation, that in a library containing a fair proportion of books illustrated with plates, about ten shillings a volume might be taken as expressing upon a sufficiently large number of volumes, small and great, the fair average cost of the whole. On this basis the library at Laxton would have cost less than £9,000; on the other hand, 35 horses (hunters, racers, roadsters, carriage horses, etc.) might have cost about £8,000, or a little more. But the library entailed no permanent cost beyond the annual loss of interest; the books did not eat and required no aid

from veterinary surgeons; whereas, for the horses, not only such ministrations were intermittingly required, but a costly permanent establishment of grooms and helpers.

De Quincey was now 15 years old, and it became necessary that he should return to school until he was old enough to be sent to Oxford, his patrimonial inheritance amounted to £150 per annum, the Grammar School at Manchester possessed some exhibitions to Brasenose College, Oxford, worth £40 or £50 per annum for seven years. Mrs. de Quincey and his guardians determined, much against the boy's will, that he should go to Manchester and study for one of these exhibitions. He was to remain there three years, and then proceed to the university. There was nothing in the arrangement that would have been unsuitable for an ordinary boy, and de Quincey's mother and guardians, failing to recognise the fact that he was not an ordinary boy, allowed themselves to be guided by what seemed to them commonsense principles. But de Quincey's recent experiences in society made the prospect of a return to the drudgery of school intolerable, and his extraordinary acquirements, already far in advance of the standard required for entrance at the university, filled him with intolerance of the companionship of mere schoolboys. Speaking of his "intellectual expansion," he says: "No longer did it seem to move upon the hour-hand, whose advance, though certain, is yet a pure matter of inference, but upon the seconds-hand which visibly comes on at a trotting pace."

Manchester Grammar School realized his gloomy anticipations, and in spite of alleviating circumstances, the visit of Lady Carbery to Manchester, and an acquaintance he had formed with a club of *literati* in Liverpool, which included Roscoe and Dr. Currie among its members, he determined to leave, and his guardians turning a deaf

ear to his solicitations, he borrowed £10 from Lady Carbery, and walked home to Chester where his mother was then residing. That lady was naturally scandalized at his flight, but her brother, Colonel Penson, taking a kindlier view of the escapade, it was arranged that de Quincey should receive an allowance of a guinea a week and follow his bent. He spent the next five months in rambling about Wales, half tourist, half vagrant, sometimes indulging in the extravagance of a table-d'hôte which dissipated half his weekly allowance, but generally seeking the simple accommodation furnished by the cottages of the peasantry, and occasionally reduced to sleeping under a hedge and breakfasting off wild berries. At least he was free from Manchester and its odious associations. "No huge Babylonian centres of commerce towered into the clouds on these sweet sylvan routes, or fever-stricken armies of horses and flying chariots tormented the echoes in these mountain recesses," but he pined for books and literary society, and at length determined to cut off all communication with home, journey to London, and raise upon his expectations sufficient money to maintain him until his majority. But like many otherwise well-informed persons, he knew really nothing about the world, and in London he was soon reduced to the direst straits. He lived parsimoniously in mean lodgings until he had broken into his last guinea, and then begged permission to sleep in the house of a low attorney named Brunell, the factotum of a Jew from whom he hoped to borrow money. The only other occupant of the premises after business hours was a poor little girl, a hunger-bitten waif like himself, and these strange companions, the friendless child and the wandering boy—he was barely eighteen—passed an indefinite number of nights together in the lonely house. "We lay upon the floor with a bundle of law papers for a pillow,

but with no other covering than a large horseman's cloak ; afterwards, however, we discovered in a garret an old sofa-cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles which added a little to our comfort."

Misery makes strange bedfellows ! One other friend he made in London, a member of that pariah class, the product of a heartless civilization, a poor girl of sixteen summers, if age can be measured by summers that knew no sunshine, and this unhappy creature, not lost to every virtue, pitied the forlorn youth. They wandered together up and down "stony-hearted Oxford Street," a strangely assorted couple, with absolutely no suspicion of blame, poor guilty-innocent girl, poor foolish-innocent boy, the one shunned, the other ignored ; and once when he was fainting from starvation and exhaustion she ran and brought him a glass of port wine, purchased with her last sixpence, saving his life as he always affirmed—strangest of good Samaritans, as it were, casting her all into the treasury, doing what she could. Few passages in de Quincey's writings are more affecting than those in which he speaks of this unfortunate girl—Ann of Oxford Street—his natural eloquence fired by gratitude, his stately prose tremulous with sadness as he speculates upon her probable after fate.

Perishing gloomily, spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity, burning insanity,
Into her rest.

At a later period he exhausted every means in the attempt to trace her whereabouts, but failing completely, consoled himself with the hope that a cough she suffered from pointed to the prospect of an early and merciful grave.

It was owing to the gastric disorders occasioned by de Quincey's miseries in London that he became an

opium eater, and no doubt, as Professor Masson suggests, "that eccentricity which was to be a life-long characteristic, and even that form of eccentricity which was to be peculiarly his in after life, a constant shy timorousness, a perpetual looking backward over his shoulder for some terrible danger that he had escaped, but that was still dogging him, seems to have been first developed in those days of his strange London experiences in his eighteenth year." After a time, by some unexplained means, he was discovered by his friends, and went back to Chester, where arrangements were made for him to complete his education at Worcester College, Oxford, here it might have been imagined that a man of his attainments would have made a considerable reputation, but he seems to have neglected the ordinary curriculum and made no mark at all. "He was generally known as a quiet and studious man, remarkable for his rare conversational powers and extraordinary stock of information upon every subject," but he was not the kind of student appreciated by the authorities, and after spending several years at Oxford learning Hebrew, German, studying Kantian metaphysics, English literature and other subjects not indispensably necessary, he astonished the examiners by the brilliancy of his paper work in the final examination, but shirking the *vivâ voce* in consequence of constitutional timidity, left the university without taking a degree. The bar next claimed his attention, and he began reading law, but it is hardly necessary to say that he never became a barrister. Often the victim of circumstances, he was yet more frequently the victim of his own constitutional incapacity for the ordinary routine of life.

It was unfortunate that his mother, by removing from Manchester to Bath, deprived him of a tutor under whom he was making phenomenal progress in his studies. Even

more unfortunate was the arrangement that checked a promising career after two years at the Grammar School of Bath, and sent him to waste time for twelve months in an inferior academy at Winkfield. Then came the agreeable but singularly inopportune year of travel and desultory private reading with his friends at Westport and Laxton. At Manchester he seemed to be on the right road for eighteen months, but deliberately abandoned his prospect of a scholarship at Brasenose by running away. For about a year he lived the life of a tramp among the Welsh mountains, and an outcast upon the streets of London, and then proceeded to Oxford, where five years spent in multifarious studies, the greater part of which were outside the regular course prescribed by the authorities, came to an abrupt end in flight from the terrors of an examination. It is idle to speculate upon what might have been de Quincey's position in the world had ordinary firmness and judgment controlled the course of his education, but in any attempt to arrive at a fair estimate of his powers and achievements, the broken, irregular and erratic career he led while nominally under the care of guardians, who lamentably failed in their duty, must be taken into account.

Neither in promise nor performance can he be fairly compared with other men, his characteristics and destiny are probably unique. He left Oxford apparently in good financial circumstances, having succeeded to his inheritance, and some time after, renting a cottage in the Lake district to be near Wordsworth and other members of the so-called Lake School, he surrounded himself with thousands of books, and led the life of a private gentleman of independent means, somewhat eccentric habits and scholarly tastes. Here he lived for seven years as a studious bachelor, and when he married it continued to be

for twenty years more the home of his wife and children. And here he became the slave of that vicious indulgence responsible mainly for the ruin of his life and the foundation of his reputation. After the manner of his friend Coleridge, also an opium eater, de Quincey projected important literary schemes that, like *Castles in Spain*, were imposing architectural triumphs when seen through the mist of imagination. One was to be a great philosophical work, another actually begun, but never finished, was entitled *Prolegomena to all Future Systems of Political Economy*. It is conceivable that he might have attained exalted rank as a thinker, but nature's mysterious law of compensation apparently refused to associate in one personality the learning and genius that de Quincey undoubtedly possessed with the practical power necessary for its complete presentation. It is probable that, but for the pressure of poverty, which roused him at length from his dreams and forced him into literary activity, no fruit whatever would have been produced as the result of his omnivorous reading and years of indefatigable study. But the wolf was at the door, his patrimony exhausted, children growing up around him, debts accumulating, and at the age of 36 he drifted into literature through the only portal immediately available—the pages of popular magazines. For nearly 40 years he contributed papers upon almost every conceivable subject to the periodicals of the day, and a collection of the best of these, in fourteen volumes, constitutes the works of Thomas de Quincey.

Of late years a considerable change has taken place in the bill of fare provided by journals of this class, their contents are less purely literary, the more expensive kind are full of matter intelligibly formulated and intelligibly expressed, but it is not the species of matter that ultimately finds its way to the permanent library. Imagine

that an essay of Charles Lamb's found its way by some accident into an ordinary magazine, how out of place it would appear in company with articles on the South African question, on Irish land reform, on Hydrophobia, Genesis, Steam-tramways, Sugar bounties, American tariff, and the National debt! It would look as whimsical as an Elizabethan courtier in slashed doublet and silken hose trying to cross the road from the Mansion House to the Bank of England. Nor would the productions of a Lamb or de Quincey be much more at home in the cheaper kind of periodicals, with their snippings, cuttings, pastings, odds and ends, fragments, tit-bits, scraps, snicks, snacks, filings, scrapings, maxims, jokes, anecdotes, paragraphs and personalities, the Turkish dinner—bewildering, chaotic, indigestible—offered as mental diet to the desultory reader of to-day.

For the magazine of fifty years ago de Quincey was an ideal contributor. Although not a scholar in the very limited technical sense of the term as applied to men engaged in the minutiae of classical criticism, he possessed a thorough knowledge of Greek and Latin literature, and an acquaintance hardly inferior with most of the best European authors. His reading was omnivorous, prodigious. If not born in a library, like the younger Disraeli, he practically lived in one, and incidentally betrays in his notes and digressions a learning astonishing in its depth and compass. No doubt there have been men more learned than he was. We have had Bentleys, Porsons, and Parrs, but their writings can only appeal to a select few. No doubt there have been men as widely read as he was, Macaulays and Emersons, but they were not scholars in the sense that de Quincey was a scholar. Professor Masson is of opinion that a month given to de Quincey's writings, at the rate of

half-a-volume a day, would "stretch one's mind!" and there can hardly be any doubt that the athletic person who undertook this exercise would smile at any intellectual five-barred gate for some time afterwards, for here we have the net result of a life time spent among books, the quintessence of libraries, distillations of years of reading, crystallizations of accumulated hours of thought, a mental menu sufficiently varied for the most exacting literary epicure. Here are some of the titles, a dozen picked out quite at random from a couple of hundred or more:—*Joan of Arc, Modern Superstitions, The Revolt of the Tartars, Judas Iscariot, John Milton, Greece under the Romans, National Temperance Movements, The Theban Sphinx, California, Historico-critical Enquiry into the origin of the Rosicrucians, The Art of Conversation, The Logic of Political Economy.* Into the consideration of these varied subjects he poured the wealth of an inexhaustible memory, stored with a readily accessible knowledge of "the best that has been thought and said in the world." But he was a great deal more than an universal student with a capacity for prolific production, he possessed a marvellous imagination, the contemplation of which has been dangerous to admiring imitators who supposed the secret could be found in a bottle of laudanum. He built cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces, he saw visions, he dreamed dreams; in the miserable Patmos of cheap London lodgings the seer evolved his secular apocalypse. Indulgence in opium might qualify an average mortal for success in realizing de Quincey's gastric sufferings, but to rival his imaginative power would pre-suppose the possession of de Quincey's brain.

In addition to learning and imagination these multifarious writings contain a peculiar vein of humour which invades his treatment even of gruesome subjects, as in the

essay on *Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts!* but whether learned, imaginative, or humorous, whatever might be the material, it is produced with all the resources of an accomplished master of style. The principal defect of de Quincey, according to the critics, is an inveterate tendency to digression. It is impossible to say by what route he will take us between any two given points; he turns continually off the main road, allured by tempting by-ways, interrupts the orderly progress of his ideas to discuss subsidiary topics, the derivation of a word, the origin of an allusion, the source of a quotation; he glances at sidelights as they shine across the path, and incorporates into his text matter usually relegated to foot-notes; he adopts the principle of the military strategist, who leaves no cover unexplored and no fortress in the enemy's hands upon the line of march; he is not an allusive writer, with a belief in the reader's intelligence, he insists upon exhausting the subject, and occasionally the reader's patience. It has been also alleged as a defect of de Quincey's, that there is no serious moral purpose running through his books, but I am not sure that this is a serious blemish. He was a writer to charm rather than to inspire; he did not live to reform anything, to make "the crooked paths straight and the rough places plain;" he had no gospel to proclaim, no message to deliver; he was not a prophet like the seer of Chelsea, not a preacher of righteousness like Kingsley, not a social reformer like Ruskin, not a slayer of abuses like Dickens; he struck no rock in Horeb for living waters to refresh wearied souls, he held up no law-giver's hands while God's battles were fought and won, but he belonged to a class of writers pure, lofty, elevating, and refined, who add very considerably to the sum of human culture and enjoyment.

No paper on de Quincey would be honest, much less

complete, if it left out of sight the hideous spectre that haunted his footsteps in life, the deadly self-indulgence that warped and twisted, bowed and distorted his wonderful mind. The use of opium was at first perhaps a necessity, then a pleasure, but at last an agony stinging like an adder. It grew upon him until his daily allowance was 320 grains of solid opium, or 8,000 drops of laudanum, about seven wineglassfuls! When, in 1816, he married Margaret Simpson, the daughter of a small farmer, he made a desperate attempt to break the chain that bound him, and for a year almost succeeded, but the vicious habit gradually re-asserted its mastery. His will became paralysed; he suffered incessant nightmare. Life became an intolerable curse, a shuddering horror. His dreams, as described by himself, alternately delight and appal the imagination. He revelled at times amid scenes of unimaginable splendour, at other times endured the tortures of a Dantean hell. But he never ceased to struggle against the demon that possessed him, and it is gratifying to know that, although the snake was never killed, it was severely scotched. An opium-eater he continued to the end of his life, but his indulgence became more moderate as years advanced. To this terrible habit must be attributed in part the fragmentary nature of his literary works, consisting of perhaps two hundred papers contributed to periodicals. Upon this miscellaneous collection his fame rests. When we attempt to sum up the life of de Quincey, to estimate fairly his gigantic powers of mind, to balance these with his singular and ruinous infirmity of will, the intellectual success that might have been so noble, the moral failure that, like "a canker eating at the root turned the fair flowers black," we need a double portion of that charity which "thinketh no evil," but is "long-suffering and kind." We might think, but for our

knowledge of his life, that a couple of hundred reviews and magazine articles was a poor out-put for a great scholar who had nothing to do but to read and write, who enjoyed a long life of unlimited leisure, free from business cares or professional duties.

But what a broken life it was! Can we say that he ever received what is called a good education? A year here, a year there, two years elsewhere, and these not continuous but interrupted by months of wandering and years of inactivity. What a broken life it was! No strong hand to guide the steps in early youth, no strong hand to grasp the reins in manhood. Broken, alas! by indulgence in the most baneful of habits! long years obscured or partially obscured by the deadly mists of opium. And yet withal was the result so very small? What a scholar he was! His learning shines in every page, there seems to be nothing he did not know, not a province his keen eye had not explored, and he made this scholarship available for the use of those less gifted than himself. There are hundreds of learned sponges in our colleges and elsewhere, if we could only squeeze them! Meanwhile their principal faculty seems a talent for unlimited absorption. The world is no wiser, no better, no happier for their existence—intellectual misers who hoard their glittering treasures of knowledge and gloat over them only in secret! Mental camels of almost infinite storage capacity! Walking encyclopædias with locked covers! Knowledge is a grand thing only when in some way it is used for the benefit of mankind, otherwise its acquisition is hardly more than a refined form of selfish indulgence. Hidden Golcondas and Potosis are of no value to man. Lordly parks with high enclosing walls are no benefit to the people. De Quincey displayed his wares, helped on the education of the race, but he was no pedant, he had a fine creative faculty, he

brought out of his treasures things old it is true; he brought out also things that were new; he touched the dry bones of buried lore with his magic wand and they sprang into life, he breathed upon the slain things of other days, and "lo! they stood upon their feet an exceeding great army." And every subject he dealt with he clothed in matchless language. When you begin to read him, his style seems so pellucid, so clear, you think it easy to write like that. Try! Try to invest the details of a subject with de Quincey's charm of style, and your ideas of simplicity receive immediate correction. Not that he always appears simple, passages abound that are full of sublimity, they roll like the rhythm of organ music, they march in stately order like a Roman legion. He has none of the rugged picturesqueness of a Carlyle, we think not while reading his pages of rocky glens and wild upland moors and sea-girt towering cliffs, beetling crags and frowning precipices. He never smites the white-hot metal upon the anvil until the eyes are dazzled with flying sparks and blinded by glowing heat. There is nothing stormy and tempestuous about him. He never could have written such passages as *Teufelsdröckh's View of the City by Night*; or the *March of the Women on Versailles*. He has none of the glittering brilliancy that characterized Macaulay, the short breathless living sentences, the rapid energetic step, the constant allusiveness, the continual reference to names, places and persons, the vast wealth of historical detail, the summary decisiveness of judgment, the piled-up crystallisations of sparkling periods. Nor has he, unless very rarely, the wonderful richness of a Ruskin—richness as of cloth of gold, or fine Indian needlework. He is not a seer interpreting nature and art in language that suggests by its tropical luxuriance the glories of some primæval forest where fire-flies glitter amid a wealth of floral magnificence.

But he builds us the stately cathedral, with its long vistas of columned aisles, its lofty pointed arches, its dim recesses, its mellow lights, its massive towers, its heaven-piercing spires. He rears, stone upon stone, the mighty temple with its pinnacles, minarets, and domes where the voice is hushed with awe and the spirit humbled by a sense of vastness. And every portion of the work seen in detail is complete, there is not a sentence that could be safely altered. He does not depend upon broad effects and rough suggestiveness, every inch of the elaborated tracery is smoothed and polished with a perfect finish. Oh the pity of it! that powers such as de Quincey's should have been shattered by a pitiful indulgence. Surely nature is strangely capricious, endowing men like de Quincey and Coleridge with regal minds but feeble wills. They stand, these friends and companions, monuments of shattered grandeur like the Parthenon at Athens, like the Coliseum at Rome—majestic mutilations, sublime ruins.

The personal appearance of de Quincey was singular, he had a finely shaped head, a curious wizened face, dim dreamy eyes, except when excited by conversation, a tiny frame, little more than five feet in height—a “wee intellectual wizard.” It must have been a strange sight to see him walking with Christopher North, the two were nearly inseparable while he lived in the Lake country. North, gigantic, massive, athletic, the frame of a gladiator, the head of a lion—and de Quincey, diminutive like a child stricken in years. He was the shyest and most absent-minded of men, would do anything rather than face a dinner party, fled precipitately if he thought anyone was looking at him, he loved to walk at night, and used to traverse the hills and valleys of the Lake district and the environs of Edinburgh, where his last years were spent, when all sensible people were in bed asleep. Sometimes

on these nocturnal expeditions he would carry a small lantern, but as a rule, the night to him was as the day. Sometimes, it is said he did not trouble to return home for rest, but curled himself up to sleep at any convenient place beneath the stars. His daughter admitted that he was a provoking person to live with; to say nothing of his irregularities with respect to opium, or his inconvenient habit of nocturnal rambling, he was the most untidy of men, he littered every room in the house with papers, periodicals and books; he wrote letters and lost them amid rubbish heaps of literary memoranda; he seldom knew the precise situation of any of his belongings, leaving them here and there, and then forgetting where. A story is told how on one occasion he was taking two boxes of papers to a friend's house, but the man who carried them having some dispute with him on the way, abruptly threw up his commission and left the trunks in their owner's care. Unable to manage the load himself, he left his precious cargo at a bookseller's shop, and when he reached home, had quite forgotten the name of the custodian and the street in which he lived! Happily, however, by the assistance of his friends, he ultimately managed to recover his abandoned treasure. He was a serious trouble to his publishers—always late, always procrastinating. It was with the greatest difficulty that he ultimately achieved the task of collecting his scattered writings for the complete edition. It engaged him several years, and even then the work was not fully accomplished, additional papers frequently come to light, and there must be many a contribution of his lurking in dusty corners where the mummies of literature, the volumes of defunct magazines, lie waiting for the coming of the Coccigrues. He died at Lasswade in 1859, the same year as Macaulay, and lies in the West Churchyard at Edinburgh beside his wife, where a simple tablet

on the wall is the only memorial of him. But he needs no monument of bronze or marble to keep alive the recollection of his name. While the English language lasts in its present form he will hardly be forgotten. Generally popular, or widely appreciated perhaps he will never be, probably his audience will always be a comparatively select few, but as culture widens and lingering wisdom comes, and the temporary fashion of the fleeting hour fades and a truer taste is formed, and the contemporary sandhills of literary reputation melt away under the surf of time, whatsoever things written in books that are pure and strong, wise and gracious, will become more and more appreciated, and among them it is not overbold to prophecy will be many an essay of the "intellectual wizard" who charmed and delighted our fathers when the century was young.

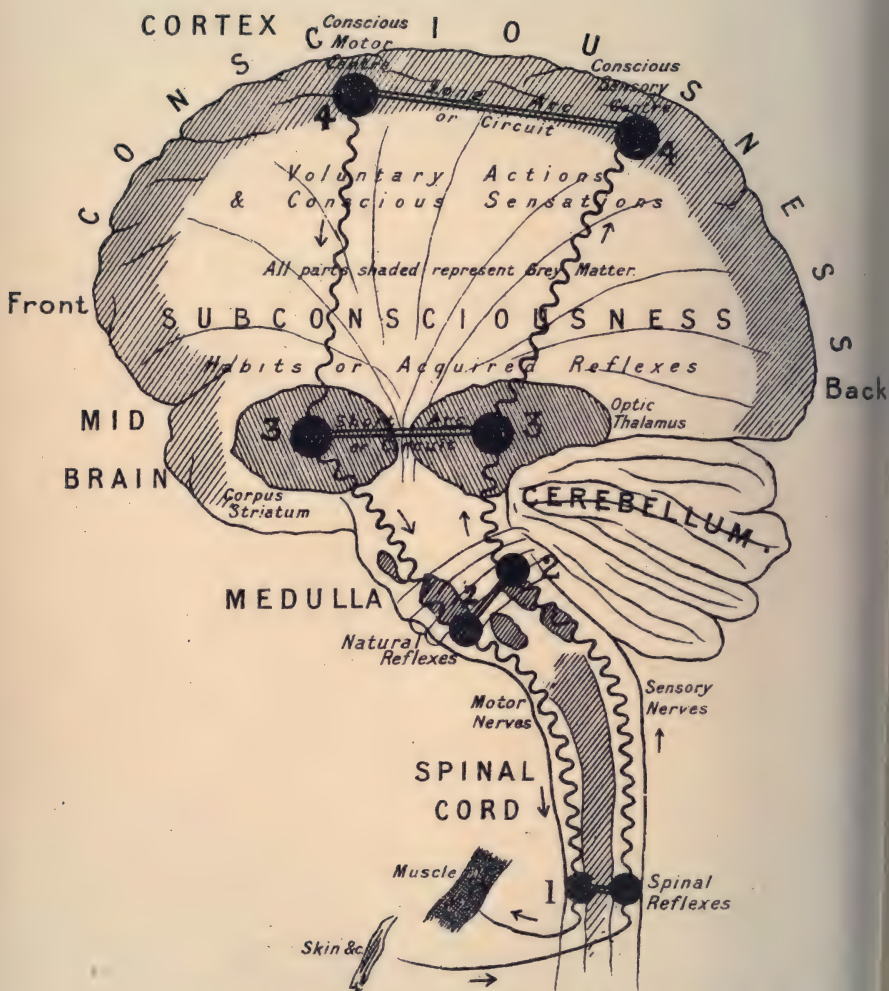


DIAGRAM OF SENSORI-MOTOR ARCS.

(Schofield.)

THE SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND: ITS NORMAL AND SUPRA-NORMAL POWERS.

By JOHN MURRAY MOORE, M.D., F.R.G.S., &c.

THE constitution of the complex being called man, whether viewed analytically or comprehensively, whether regarded from the different standpoints of the theologian, the psychologist, the physiologist, or the physician, affords to all thinkers and seekers after knowledge a life-long study of the greatest possible interest.

The nearest approach to an accurate and comprehensive definition of man's nature—a definition which all Biblical scholars accept, and which is being confirmed by the most recent discoveries of psychology—is that of St. Paul (1 Thess. v, 23), namely, spirit (πνεῦμα), soul (ψυχή), and body (σῶμα).

Man is thus a trinity in unity. His spirit is a spark of the Divine Essence—"the light that lighteth every man;" his soul, mind, or life (all of which are connoted by the Greek ψυχή in the N. T.) is purely *human*, yet *linked* to the intelligence of the higher animals; and his body is a new creation, specially designed by the Creator for the habitation of the first two elements—the *perfected form* of a very long series of evolutionary types, ascending from a globule of protoplasmic jelly up to the anthropoid apes. Here, however, I part company with Darwin, Huxley, and Wallace, for there is a vast gap, not yet filled up or bridged by the fossil man of Cro-Magnon, or the "*Pithecanthropus erectus*," between the *homo* and the highest *quadrumana*. The human mind is certainly not

the product of cerebral evolution. Furthermore, his *πνεῦμα*, or immortal spirit, is a distinctive endowment. Lastly, it is revealed to us in the Scriptures that the dignity of man has been conferred upon him by God, who created him in His own image, placed him on a habitable earth, in rank "a little lower than the angels;" and gave him "dominion over all the works of His hands."

The various theories propounded by modern philosophers, such as Professor W. James, of Harvard, Mr. Leonard Hall, and others, with a view to avoid the miracle which is postulated by the creation of each human spirit-soul, are merely revivals of Platonic or Pythagorean hypotheses, long since refuted by both science and revelation, though still beloved by poets and poetical writers. Prof. James, in his *Human Immortality*, conceives that a portion of the cosmic soul is implanted in each child at birth, and quotes Emerson's remark—"We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us receivers of its truth, and organs of its activity." Mr. Hall, in his recent book "*Man, the Microcosm*," holds that the *ego* or personality of a man is compounded of an immense number of individual monads, each possessing a mind or soul of its own—even "involuntary" actions being guided by consciousness—and a work of its own to perform for the corporate good.

The general subject of consciousness having been ably treated by our esteemed President, the Rev. E. N. Hoare, in his valuable paper read to this Society in March, 1897, this paper will be limited to that portion or department of human consciousness termed by Dr. A. T. Schofield, Beneke, Hartmann, and other authors, the "unconscious mind," but far better named "the sub-conscious mind" or "sub-consciousness." For the brain is always, during life, receptive to impressions, therefore "unconsciousness"

should be used only of those morbid states of the central nervous organs to which it is strictly applied in medicine. Now human consciousness exists in two states or conditions:—(1) Full, active, or primary consciousness, in which a man is wideawake, alert, attentive, and fully master of his own will and reasoning powers; and (2) Passive, secondary, or sub-consciousness, in which impressions are received by the senses, and stored up by the brain, without arousing attention, or putting the will into conscious exercise. A more comprehensive analysis of consciousness is that of Professor Baldwin, who, in his *Handbook of Psychology*, draws a diagram in circles (the area of which represents the whole mind-capacity), the outer circle being the unconscious, next the sub-conscious, then passive consciousness, then active consciousness or perception, and, innermost of all, apperception. And there may be even a supra-consciousness, wherein impressions, not tangible to the senses in their normal state, are received and stored up. These regions of higher soul and spirit-life, of which we are only occasionally conscious, link the mind on to the eternal as surely as our sub-consciousness is attached to the temporary body. "We may call the supra-conscious mind," writes Dr. Schofield, "the sphere of the spirit-life, the sub-conscious mind the sphere of the body life, and the conscious mind the middle region where both meet."

Let us take three familiar illustrations of the workings of our sub-consciousness:—1. A friend meets me in the street, and asks me for a name and address once perfectly familiar to me. By no effort of recollection can I possibly, just then, recall them. But they are, I feel certain, stored up somewhere in memory. A few hours or days afterwards some trivial link of circumstance causes them to flash into my mind.

2. One has lost a beloved relative, and for a long time grief occupies the whole conscious mind. But the busy activities of life, and Time the great Consoler, gradually soothe the mourner, until his sorrow ceases to be perceptible even to himself. But the anniversary of the death comes round, or a book is opened wherein the dead hand had traced his name, or a mutual friend in conversation recalls the happy days of yore, when, from his sub-conscious mind, gushes forth the torrent of grief, and he suffers again.

3. A man walking in the crowded streets of a city may be so engrossed in thought as neither to recognise a passing friend, nor to observe the vehicles, shops, &c. Yet he goes on his way without jostling fellow-travellers, or colliding with the lamp-posts. In this case his full consciousness is occupied with some absorbing mental process, while his sub-consciousness regulates his movements in safety. As our active consciousness can only grasp one idea quite clearly at any one instant of time, it follows that thousands of other ideas and impressions, both objective and subjective, are received on the "ever-sensitive photographic plate" of our brain, and sink into our passive consciousness, thus enriching and extending our knowledge. In the present condensation of my original paper, I can but repeat some of the considerations, facts, and inferences I therein adduced to prove the importance of the sub-conscious mind in the development of infancy and the education of children; in the formation of habit; in the phenomena of memory, sleep, and hypnotism; to show its anatomical seat by a diagram; and to add a few remarks upon psychical endowments. It is intensely interesting to students of human nature to observe, as Professor Baldwin has so accurately observed, the dawning faculties of an infant. At birth the brain is

larger proportionally to the body weight (one-tenth) than that of any other of the mammalia; yet its instinctive movements are so clumsy, and its skin so sensitive to cold, that it would perish if not carefully tended. Flechsig explains this by the incomplete development of the nerve-cells, of the grey matter of its brain, of the white nerve-fibres, and of the "association areas" which regulate the movements of the body and limbs. The senses develop in the following order:—Taste, smell, touch, sight, hearing; then the faculty of co-ordinated movement. As early as three months some infants can distinguish persons from objects, gaze at bright or moving articles, and listen to sounds. From this age too, there is some ground for believing that infants of unusual intelligence have begun to *think*, and that their *sub-conscious education* has commenced. At six or seven months, an infant's attention can be aroused and fixed for a time, and it can distinguish one person from another, its behaviour being different to nurse and to mother. The sense of distance and that of direction next develop, and about the age of three years self-consciousness is established. Then (says Baldwin) follow personal affection, the social feeling, and imitation, which is the beginning of volition.

All the above faculties enrich the domain of the sub-consciousness, and the influences under which they are trained chiefly determine the *tendencies* of the infant's moral nature. From six years old, however, voluntary conscious education commences, and the conscious mind is forced, often painfully, into grooves of new ideas and facts, at first acquired much as a parrot acquires human speech. During the next eight years of school life a boy's brain enlarges so rapidly that it often attains, at fourteen, the average weight (48 oz.) of that of an adult man!

True education should follow nature's processes of

mental evolution. Under an observant and sympathetic teacher the sensations received by, and the faculties budding forth in the child's sub-consciousness, should be trained, corrected, and vivified by its own active or full consciousness and will. Much of child-nature is learnt in the nursery or the play ground. The universal success of Froebel's kindergarten system is due to its happy combination of education and recreation by dramatic and rhythmical exercise games which *train without fatigue* three or four senses simultaneously. That genius, Froebel, noticed that the essence of young children's play consists very often in the acting of a part, and the realising of a made-up scene. One of the charming features of child-life is its genuine happiness and fun amid the most squalid environment. Hence it is probable that a child's happiness springs more often from psychical than from physical causes. From their sub-consciousness spring the two deepest and earliest awakened moral qualities of children—Affection and the sense of Justice, or of Right and Wrong. Parents and teachers should be impressed by the *necessity* of being (or seeming to be) strictly *impartial*, and also faithful in the bestowal both of *promised* rewards and penalties. The scientific education of young children will be greatly promoted in our city by two recent movements:—(a) the opening of a School for Children of Defective Mental and Physical Organization; and (b) the formation of a Liverpool branch of the British Child-Study Association.

Among the faculties or mental qualities which have their springs in the sub-consciousness of man are the following:—1st The æsthetic sense. The sense of the beautiful is part of a man's nature; it is *unconscious* and instinctive in the true artist, poet, or musician, but is cultivated *consciously*. A genius evolves from his sub-

consciousness grand ideals, awakened usually by the sights or sounds of nature which are new to mankind; but to conform to the canons of Art, prolonged and earnest *conscious* work is also required.

2nd. Tact, which is the psychical analogue to the physical sense of touch.

3rd. The ethical element in man (according to Schofield), some persons being unconsciously gentle, kind, generous, and forgiving; others just as unconsciously rough, rude, and harsh.

4th. Intuition, upon which women act more often than men, and which is often successful—in connection with which I would remind you of Tennyson's shrewd question—

Is it so true that second thoughts are best,
Not first and third, which are a riper first?

5th. General synthesis, by which is meant the estimation by the intellect of the total sum of impressions received from any person, object, scene, or event. As there is time in this for the faculty of judgment and of comparison, general synthesis springs partly from the active and partly from the passive consciousness. Some persons can explain why they like or dislike, and others cannot; the former exercising general synthesis, and the latter intuition. For a man to act as an automaton he must be in a non-natural or unusual state, such as when hypnotized, when insane, or in a state of alcoholism, delirium, or that crazy enthusiasm which sometimes seizes crowds. I therefore hold that the Will is never "unconscious" (or even "sub-conscious"), as held by Dr. Schofield.

The accompanying diagram, by Dr. Schofield, which I have his kind permission to reproduce, shows not only what he considers to be the anatomical seats of our sub-

consciousness and full consciousness, but also, by Dr. Hill's plausible theory of sensori-motor arcs, demonstrates how large a proportion of nerve-impressions and nerve-actions are received and responded to by our *sub-conscious mind alone*.

Suppose the human brain taken out of the skull, and a drawing of a section made through the right half, near the centre, where the two valves ("hemispheres") unite, showing merely the nerve-tissue and centres, and omitting bloodvessels, membranes, &c. The shaded part, called "cortex," consists of grey nerve-cells, and is the seat of consciousness. Its folds are not represented here; they dip down into the white area where the seat of "*sub-*(not un-) consciousness" is placed by Dr. S., I think with probability. The large "ganglia" at the base of the brain also are composed of grey nerve-cells, and are concerned in both sensation and motion. The pairs of black dots, 1, 2, 3, 4, represent supposed nerve-centres, the right of each pair being "sensory" or *receptive* of nerve-sensations, and the left being "motor" or *initiating action* in response to a message from its companion, to which it is joined by black lines called "arcs." Now the process of receiving and acting upon a nerve-sensation is as follows:—1. An itching or tickling of the sole of the foot, for example, flies to the grey matter of the spinal cord (hinder portion) and reaches No. 1 pair of nerve-centres; from the "sensory" it is instantaneously passed along to its "motor" fellow, and the foot is moved in response. 2. Next, a more complicated sensation, such as involves coughing, sneezing, or winking in response, is transmitted from the spinal cord up to No. 2 pair, where the same process is gone through, perhaps in not more than one-fifth of a second. 3. A more elaborate series of sensations and motions, such as those involved in riding, skating, swimming, etc., will

reach pair No. 3 of the nerve-centres, and it is thought that these great ganglia, the *optic thalamus* and the *corpus striatum*, preside over our habits or acquired reflexes, and are the seats respectively of sensory and of motor memory. None of these three classes of nerve-impressions has as yet reached the cortex, the seat of thought. But now one reads a book, or writes a letter, and pair No. 4 are set in action, resulting in both sensations and movements of which we are *fully conscious*, and which are in no sense instinctive or automatic. This "arc" is the longest of all four, and I may illustrate it by the facts observed by Dr. Cattell with very delicate apparatus, that whereas it only takes one-tenth of a second to *feel* a hot or cold object, it occupies a second and a half to *see and read* a word.

The constant repetition of a voluntary action initiates a *habit* which is now scientifically termed "an acquired reflex." If of a useful and benign nature a habit is an economizer of nerve-waste, for it uses up the interest rather than the principal of nerve-force; but if of a baseless or mischievous kind it impairs and eventually ruins both nerves and character. The ease of a habit or acquired reflex—such as playing well on an instrument—is explained by Sir Michael Foster and Dr. Alex. Hill in this way. *At every repetition* of the special voluntary action which initiates a new reflex, the *motor* nerve-impulse *uses the same path* through the brain and spinal cord, because the original route offers the least resistance to the nerve-current set in action. This theory explains the marvellous feats of Robert Houdin, who trained himself when young to read aloud while juggling with four balls in the air; and of the accomplished musician, mentioned by Sir James Paget, who could play the most brilliant *prestissimo* passages on the piano, involving 720

muscular movements of the fingers per second, while conversing animatedly with those around him.

The part played by the sub-consciousness in memory, recollection, sleep, and dreams is an important one. Memory is well defined by Sir W. Hamilton as "the power of retaining knowledge in the mind, but out of consciousness;" and recollection as "the faculty of recalling what we know out of the un- [I should say *sub*-] conscious into the [actively] conscious mind." It is probable that the physical seat of memory is in the grey cortex of the brain, and in the large ganglia at the base. Post mortem examinations of the brains of persons of exceptional memories and great acquired knowledge show that the "convolutions" or folds of the cortex are unusually thick and deep-set. The remarkable arrangement into five layers of the grey nerve cells and filaments will some day be found to explain the reason why, in old age, the gradual decay of the faculties is often accompanied by a vivid recollection of far-past events, while the impressions of the previous day or week cannot be recalled. It seems impossible to overload some memories, and yet others again can but retain, apparently, very few facts, observations, or ideas. A man who can read or converse in four languages has stored up in his sub-conscious mind from 160,000 to 200,000 words, and, if in constant practice, can call up into his conscious mind any of them at short notice. Our sub-consciousness, then, is a receptacle into which are poured, from hour to hour, thousands of sense-impressions, only some of which are noted by our full consciousness. So great is the number, and so varied the character of these "sensations" which reach our brain-cortex during the day, that no human being could long retain a sane mind were it not for that blessed and absolutely necessary boon,

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.

During healthy sleep, the active waste of the brain-substance going on all the time we are awake is repaired by specially-annexed nutrition from the blood-vessels; the surface of the brain has been observed to be more pale and less mobile than in the waking state; and the five special senses are quiescent. All sense impressions being excluded, and the will being temporarily suspended, the sleeper's thoughts rearrange themselves, and mingle, often in *bizarre* fashion, with the stored-up ideas of our sub-consciousness. Of these mixed combinations, some may prove useful in our active life. Experience proves that it is generally well to pass through a night's sleep before making a very momentous decision: for a difficulty or an intricate problem is frequently solved in sleep. The most conscientious of our judges postpone a sentence until the morrow of the trial. It is a sign of "brain-fag," however, to dream constantly of incidents or subjects connected with one's daily toil: the environment of dreams should be far different, if sleep is to be refreshing. As to the much-disputed question whether perfectly normal sleep is *dreamless*, or always attended by dreams which the sleeper cannot recall on awaking, or sometimes one, and sometimes the other, I hold that Sir Wm. Hamilton's experiments on himself prove that the brain is active during sleep, and that if one is awakened artificially, whether suddenly or slowly, a dream of some kind will be consciously interrupted. But it is not a process involving tissue-waste of the brain-substance. I conclude, therefore, that our sub-conscious mind is in action during sleep, though not in a laborious manner. Somnambulism is an example of the sub-conscious mind in action unchecked by the conscious will.

From hypnotic phenomena we learn much of the operations of the human mind, in its conscious, sub-conscious, and supra-conscious phases.

So utterly separate are the workings of the sub-consciousness from the consciousness in deep hypnotism, that the psychologists, Dessoir, Janet, and F. W. H. Myers formed the hypothesis of a dual (or in some rare cases multiple) personality, a double *ego* in every human being. But this is untenable, because *identity of personality* is an essential normal condition of birth, even though one grant the *possibility* of occasional "obsession" by spirits, *e.g.*, in homicidal lunatics. These investigators scarcely allow enough scope for the uncontrolled influence of the *hypnotizer*, who can infuse, *voluntarily*, and *even involuntarily*, thoughts, ideas, and promptings to action into the mind of the subject without utterance, by "suggestion." Just as hysterical and maniacal attacks can be cured by a powerful hypnotizer, so ludicrous, mischievous, and even criminal acts may follow, by his suggestions, the awakening from hypnosis. The agent has only to strongly assure the subject that he can easily remember on awaking the suggestion made to him during hypnosis. The analogy to normal sleep of an *hypnosis without suggestion* is corroborated by the fact made known to me by an experienced hypnotist that the subject, if let alone, will sleep for eight hours, and then awake spontaneously and feel refreshed. But if suggestions are made, the awakening is accompanied with lassitude. Möll states that forgotten dreams are sometimes reproduced in the hypnotic state; this fact being a link between natural and hypnotic sleep. Dessoir knew a man who dreamt a dream which was abruptly cut short, and *on the next night took it up at the point where it had ended*, finishing it. Wolfart (of Berlin) reports the case of a woman who remembered, in the hypnotic state, all that had taken place in a similar hypnosis *thirteen years previously*, though totally oblivious of it during all that long interval. The explanation is, that it had all been

stored up in her sub-conscious mind. What is called "automatic writing" sometimes reveals reminiscences of a previous hypnosis; and four eminent investigators—Janet, Möll, Myers and Gurney—are of opinion that this phenomenon reveals the thoughts of the sub-consciousness, and should not be ascribed to the external agency of "spirits." Möll's experiment (described, p. 247 of his work on *Hypnotism*) certainly strengthens this view of "automatic writing." To a man, called by Dr. Möll "X," was given a sheet of paper, and a pencil which he was ordered to hold quite passively in an upright position, with its point lightly resting on the paper. No hypnotism was used. After asking "X" the question, "What had you for dinner yesterday?" to which "X" could not give an immediate answer, having totally forgotten, Dr. Möll engaged his whole attention by a lively chat about the weather, the theatres, &c., during which conversation "X" unconsciously wrote with the pencil the words "roast veal," which was a correct answer to the doctor's inquiry. Here it is only rational to suppose that the intelligence which moves the pencil is *innate*, and not external to the man. Similarly, automatic writing in "X's" case and others revealed the impressions made during hypnosis, which could not by conscious will be recollected. It is probable that this "automatic" mode of using a pen or pencil would aid us in recalling names, dates, or words, urgently wanted, but forgotten for the moment, by bringing them up from our "secondary consciousness."

"Sub-liminal consciousness" is a term much used of late, from *limen*, Latin and Greek for "a threshold," first used by Prof. Fechner. What he calls the Wave of Consciousness, or stream of psychophysical sensations and actions, rises above this threshold or boundary, marked by

natural sleep, as soon as we wake; remains above it during our waking hours; and sinks below it as soon as we become sound asleep. There are, besides, several moods or states of half-active and half-passive consciousness, such as reverie, and such unconscious conditions as catalepsy, trance, ecstasy, &c.: and to cover all these, F. W. H. Myers has invented the convenient phrase, "sub-liminal consciousness." He says:—"The range of sensation covered by our ordinary consciousness resembles [in its limitations] the range of temperature in an ordinary thermometer, which is a mere segment of cosmic temperature." "Each of us has an abiding psychological activity far more extensive than he knows. All is, I hold, conscious; all is included in an active or potential memory below the rest of our habitual consciousness." For all which lies below this threshold, "sub-liminal" seems the fittest word. I have drawn this diagram* to shew most of the phases or states of human consciousness which *are* passed through in a working day, or which *might*, in certain morbid or artificially-induced conditions (such as hypnotism, narcotism, alcoholism, trance, &c.) be experienced by any man or woman. Rising up from below the *limen* of sleep, the line A, B, representing the wave of living consciousness, passes through drowsiness into the normal alertness of the mind. It goes higher during the business of the day into mental tension, which may be followed by reverie, or "a brown study," such as cost Archimedes his life at the taking of Syracuse; afterwards, mental fatigue is felt, and drowsiness again comes on, followed by that exquisite draught of Lēthē—natural sleep. Below the threshold of sleep I have placed trance, trance-phenomena (clairvoyance, &c.), and ecstasy. Dreams I have not marked down, as they are but accidental accom-

* Necessarily omitted on account of limited space.

paniments of sleep, and do not directly modify or affect the life-wave of consciousness.

The "supra-normal powers" of the sub-conscious mind include trance-states with their phenomena of clairvoyance, clair-audition, somnambulism, obsession, and ecstasy: all states in which the spirit and soul, especially the former, dominate the body, and exalt the special senses, while suspending the vital processes of waste and repair. Poets are often of the "psychic" temperament, and much of the transcendental subjective poetry of Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Tennyson we owe to their moods of ecstasy and reverie. Fully a century before hypnotism was analyzed and understood, Coleridge wrote in his wonderful *Ancient Mariner*:—

He holds him with his glittering eye,
The wedding guest stood still, etc.

and

I pass, like night, from land to land,
I have strange powers of speech,
The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me,
To him my tale I teach.

Tennyson was not only a powerful hypnotizer of others, but had the rare gift of self-hypnotism, which he mentions in four of his poems.

To persons gifted with the powers above-mentioned, the term "psychics" (from ψυχή, the soul) is given, because in their trance-state the soul and spirit seem to completely dominate the body and its senses. Perhaps many of us have these powers latent in us, but it is unsafe to cultivate them as long as we have practical work to do. Heredity accounts for some "psychics." I know a son who inherits it from his maternal grandfather, and a daughter whose father had this endowment.

Psychics or "mediums" I have met are usually divisible into two classes, whether male or female. 1st—robust, muscular persons with grey or grey-blue eyes, who are strong hypnotists; 2nd—pale, delicate-looking persons of slight frame, with dark-brown or black eyes, which have usually a restlessness in them, but sometimes a dreamy "far-away" look. In the trance-state, a psychic's senses seem to be so exalted in power as to perceive, or as they call it "sense," things that are happening at a distance, or even detect who has touched or worn any article submitted to their scrutiny. In this clairvoyant state they seem to have a seventh sense, which I may call "Interpenetration." The psychic seems to detach a portion of his immaterial organism, and cause it to float into a distant room (even previously unknown to him) and describe its furniture, etc., and what is taking place there. I have known one who could correctly describe internal diseases, as if his eyes had the power of "X-rays." Telepathic waves certainly exist in the ether around us, and I find the psychic specially sensitive to them, even to the extent of sometimes receiving premonitions of impending danger. It is to be regretted that so much imposture has gathered round the display of these powers as to discredit their existence in the minds of the scientific majority, and also that their exercise should be made a matter of £ s. d., and not *gratis* for the benefit of man.

It is my belief that the demonstration of these supra- or extra-normal faculties has been reserved by the Almighty for this "consummation of the age," to convince the "scientific" agnostics of the "powers of the age to come." Down here in this mundane sphere, man's triple nature is limited by a perishable body and half-developed sense organs. The greatest genius among men can but "see as in a mirror, in an enigma," as St. Peter

puts it, the secrets of nature, and the glories of heaven. With its imperfections, its brevity, its frailties and sins.

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

But man is not without a guide in the maze of life.

The conscious will and mature intellect, when exercised under the control of a Christian conscience (a triple union, again) become, under God, both the arbiters of man's destiny, and the source of his supremacy. It behoves us, then, to guard both conscious and sub-conscious minds from all that is evil, so as to store up in the memory only that which it will not shame or grieve us to recall. For memory, as it is inseparable from personality, assuredly survives the death of the body. Those who accept the divine revelations in the Bible have the hope, nay the knowledge, independent of psychical experiments, that "beyond the veil" an eternal home awaits them, where these rougher forms of matter that we know, these crude senses, this inadequate marriage of brain to mind, and this frail, yet heavy and gross body, will all be exchanged for far more perfect conditions of being. We shall up there attain to complete mastery of soul over sense, of the *ego* over its faculties, and of the spirit over its environment. Then will the spirit-soul, united for ever to the etherealized body, fully exercise its transcendant powers in loving obedience to Him whose service is perfect freedom. There will be but one language—or it may be that thought will respond to thought without vocal utterance; intuition will be infallible; to conceive will be to achieve; to dream will be to realize; to imagine fresh symmetries of character will be to embody them

In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought.



ON INDIAN FAMINES.

BY J. ERNEST NEVINS.

Nobody doubts the existence of frequent famines in India ; but most of us in this land of plenty do not realise how frequently our fellow-subjects suffer from these disasters. The Government Report of the Indian Famine Commission in 1898 reviews the various occasions of extreme scarcity or famine since the previous report in 1880, and the record is terrible. There was extreme scarcity or famine in different parts of India, sometimes over very large areas in the years 1884-5, 1888-9, 1890-1-2, 1896-7, and now 1899 has closed, and 1900 has begun with wide spread distress, the most severe distress that has been known. At present, there are over 5,000,000 receiving relief, and several millions more who are feeling the pinch of hunger more or less severely.

Now, what are the causes of these frequent famines ? In old days, devastation from war, or from marauding bands, played an important part, and as lately as 1804 an important element in the cause of the famine in Bombay was the destruction of crops by the troops of the Maharaja Holkar. Other causes which have acted occasionally have been plagues of animals.

The great famine of 1876 was followed by a plague of rats. They appeared suddenly over an extensive area just before the ripening of the late harvest in February, 1878. They eat up the silky ears of wheat and millet, and laid the fields bare. Again, in June, 1879, a similar plague

occurred, the rats eating up the seeds as fast as the fields were sown. When the time for the October sowing came, the same thing happened. Everything that could be thought of to destroy the creatures was done, but without success. Amongst other things, a reward of a rupee was given for every 100 rat tails. Rewards were paid for sixteen million rat tails, but still the plague continued, till suddenly, about December, the rats disappeared as mysteriously as they had come.

Locusts have also destroyed the crops. The last visitation was in 1882-3. In that year the rain, due in June, came too early, and stopped the flight of the locusts to their customary breeding grounds. They deposited their eggs all over the ground, and in July, countless swarms appeared amongst the sprouting crops. All the measures taken were unable to get rid of the plague, till winds came to carry the locusts away. In both these plagues the peasants looked on with apathy, their idea in the case of the rats being that those animals were the reincarnations of people who, in a previous existence, had fallen victims to famines.

Occasionally, severe floods have caused local distress, but the most common cause of famine is drought.

India depends for its water supply on two sources, first, the melting snow of the Himalayas, which fills the great rivers of the north; and second, the rains brought by the S. W. monsoon, early in June, and by the N. E. monsoon, in November.

The sowing and harvesting of crops is regulated by the rains. The agricultural year begins with the advent of the S. W. monsoon. For a couple of months before that (that is, April-May) the land lies baked up, as hard as a rock. After the arrival of the first showers, in June, the ground is ploughed, and the rain crops are sown. These

are grains and pulses of various kinds, and rice. These should be sown by the end of June, or very early in July. About the second week of the latter month there is generally a break in the rains, and if this lasts too long the young shoots suffer. The harvest from this summer sowing is gathered in September. Generally about the end of September and in October there are rains, the last of the S. W. monsoon, and with their help the second or winter crop is sown. This consists largely of wheat; matures under the heavy dews of early spring; and is gathered in February-March; after which comes the dry resting time during the hot season of April-May. To get a good agricultural year there should be the early monsoon rains in June; the break in the rains in July should not last long, not more than a fortnight; and there should be the late S. W. monsoon rains in September-October; and the heavy dews in February. The failure of any of these conditions leads to more or less damage of crops, and in India it is specially necessary that the rains should come at the right time, rain at the wrong time being useless, and often harmful.

So much for the causes of famine dependent on nature's peculiarities. But we all know that India, during an average year, produces a great deal more food (grain and rice) than it needs, and even during a famine year India, including Burmah, produces enough food for the population, whilst here, at home, our own island does not produce a tithe of the food necessary for the people, yet we do not have famines. What are the conditions which lead to famine in India, when the country, taken as a whole, produces food enough for its wants, whilst we do not have famines in this country which never produces food enough for its wants.

One important condition is that the natives of India are

mostly agriculturists, and if their crop fails, everything is gone, whilst the bulk of our population produce articles for which food or its equivalent is received in exchange. A famine of coal or iron with us would be more comparable to the famine of wheat or rice in India. Moreover, we have such excellent arrangements for the import of food to our country, that we can hardly realise the conditions of a country which is starving, whilst the next country has an abundance of food to spare, but no means of sending it. This was the case in the Orissa famine in 1866. That province had not been visited by scarcity for a century, and its officials were untrained in watching the state of the food markets and the likelihood of distress. The prices of foodstuffs only rose slightly, so nobody realised what was happening, till suddenly they woke up to the fact that they had eaten up their reserves, and the new crops were being killed by drought. When they realised this it was too late to import food. The monsoon gales prevented the import by sea, the only road to Calcutta was an unmetalled one with two or three unbridged rivers, which were made unfordable by heavy rains (which came too late to save the crops), so that, though there was plenty of food to spare in Bengal, it could not be got to the starving district. It is estimated that a million people died before relief could be brought.

Another very important matter is the chronic poverty of the agricultural population of India. Those who admire the "good old days," say that there is actually more poverty under the British rule than under the old native kings. In their days there was no fixed taxation. When the maharaja wanted money he sent out a band which took what it could get. If the harvest had been good, the takings were good; if the harvest had been poor, there was nothing to take, but the farmer was not obliged to borrow

in order to meet the tax-gatherer's claims. Now-a-days the annual tax is a fixed amount. In a good year the farmer has a good surplus, but instead of saving it he has a wedding or funeral or some other feast, and spends his money in royal style. Next year, when the harvest is bad, he has nothing to spare, but the tax collector demands the fixed amount, and the farmer turns for help to the village money-lender. Or if the wedding or funeral comes on a bad year, the aid of the money-lender is again invoked, and the good crop of the next year is mortgaged. Now, in India, the unit of society is the family, not the individual. The debt of one is a responsibility on all members of the family, and descends from father to son. The result is that gradually a very large proportion of the village population has become in debt to the money-lender. Many farmers are really the slaves (practically) of the money-lender, who takes the produce of the land and allows the nominal owner the necessaries of life. If the produce of the land is nothing, the money-lender gives nothing, the farmer has nothing saved, and starvation stares him in the face.

This is what the admirer of the good old days says; and as regards the large number of agriculturists who are in debt, the statement is true, but we have no evidence that things were any better in the old days.

Having now reviewed the causes of famine, the question arises, "How can we prevent their recurrence, and mitigate their horrors when they do recur?"

We can do something for future generations by educating the present one, but the main agencies for fighting famine are irrigation works, increased railways, and other means of communication. Irrigation canals have been made in many places with great success. Wherever possible, the canal draws its supply from a river, and in

those highly-favoured districts through which flow snow-fed rivers, such as the Indus, Ganges, Jumna, etc., the success attending irrigation canals has been very great. When summer comes the snow melts, and the river and its canals are full, no matter how great the drought. But the country south of the snow river tracts is not so fortunate. Its rivers themselves depend on the fall of rain, and in time of drought, when their canals most want water, they have least to supply.

Where no rivers are available to feed canals, artificial lakes are made—as in our own Vyrnwy supply—by carrying a dam across some suitable place to intercept as much water as possible during the rains.

In this country we have never to go very far to find something deserving the name of “valley,” which, by a comparatively small dam, can be made into a more or less deep lake; but on the great Indian table-land, the engineers have to be thankful for mere depressions in the country, which require enormous dams, and provide only shallow lakes of very large area. Such lakes suffer to an appalling extent from evaporation in the hot, dry Indian climate, and the loss of water by this means increases in proportion to the severity of the drought. The third means of supplying irrigation canals is by wells, but these are only available for canals on a very small scale. One sees them everywhere, with various plans for raising the water. Besides the irrigation works, which help to save the crops, the famine-preventing agents are those which facilitate the imports of foods into affected districts, namely, railways and metalled roads, both of which are being pushed forward by the Indian Government as fast as funds permit.

India has many splendid roads, but large areas of country have still only unmetalled tracks, almost useless in bad weather.

Let us turn now from the prevention of famine to the measures taken for dealing with it when it does occur. In the good old days, as far as can be learnt, nothing was done. The people regarded the calamity as the act of God, and waited apathetically till their time came. Fatalism ruled both Hindoo and Mahometan. The Britisher believes in works as well as faith, and if Britain has nothing else to boast of, she may justly be proud of the splendid devotion and self-sacrifice of her sons and daughters, official, missionary, and private, during Indian famines.

The Indian Government has been studying famines since 1791, when relief works were first used in Madras, and has organized the most perfect system of relief that the world knows. One plan after another has been tried, and either approved and developed, or else been found bad by bitter experience and abandoned. For instance, in the famines of the early part of the century, Government imported food. This was found not to be a good plan, and the supply of food was left to the ordinary grain dealers for a time. But in the Behar famine of 1873-4, the old plan was tried again—Government imported 480,000 tons of grain from Burma. Three million people were kept for seven months, till rain came and the distress ceased. But when that happy time came there were still 100,000 tons of grain left, which Government had to dispose of at a loss. Since then the supply of food has been left to the ordinary traders; whilst Government has provided the people with the means of buying, in some cases, and with rations in others. In early days, Government only gave work and pay to those who could work, whilst non-workers were left to private charity. Now, provision is made for all, even for the ladies who may not be seen by men, and must, therefore, have food supplied in their own homes. In the

early days no provision was made for a day of rest. Now-a-days, the rest-day is allowed, with pay, in all except special cases, called test works.

By the regulations of the present time the possibility of famine is ever before the eyes of the District Officer. He has to keep a constant look out on the prices of food-stuffs, and if these rise more than a certain amount above normal (generally 20–25 per cent. above normal), he has to report to Government. The agricultural official has to send in constant reports on the cattle and crops of his district—how they are at the moment, and what is likely to be the yield of the harvest. The meteorological official has to send in reports of weather, with forecasts for the future. The irrigation official has to report on the water supply, rivers, lakes, wells, etc. The police department has to report on crimes pointing to scarcity, and on any unusual wandering of the people, which is often an early indication that wages are bad. It has also to take care of wanderers who are suffering from shortness of food, and direct them to the proper place to get relief.

And last, but by no means least, the Public Works official has to keep always ready plans for relief works in his district. For instance, if from the information of other departments it is feared that relief works will be necessary, he has to send in plans for works profitable to the country in some way which will employ hundreds or thousands of people for three, six, or nine months, as the case may be, or if there are no such works possible in his district, he has to know where work can be got. In many cases, too, he has to arrange for the housing of the labourers.

These relief works are the backbone of the famine code, the principle being that everybody who can work must work, and must receive pay sufficient to keep them from

starvation, according to the actual price of foodstuffs at the time. As the applicants for relief are all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, who are not skilled, the relief works are mostly earth works which anybody can do, such as excavating reservoirs (or tanks, as they are called), making earth dams for artificial lakes, digging irrigation canals, making railway embankments, roads, etc. Many of these works would have to be done some time, famine or no famine, and in such cases it is calculated what the work would have cost under ordinary conditions, this is deducted from the actual cost, and debited to the Public Works department, the balance only being charged to the famine fund of the government (not the famine funds raised by private subscription). No work may be done by contract. The labourers must work directly under government officials, who are responsible for regulating the task according to the worker's strength, and for seeing that the workers get their pay without deductions by overseers, foremen, etc. The pay is sometimes given in money, sometimes in food, and is regulated in different classes, the lowest being the minimum that will keep a person in health without work, and the highest, that which will keep an able bodied man, doing a good day's work, in health. If the able-bodied man does not choose to do his proper work, he is fined part of his pay or ration; but the ration of severest penalty must always be enough to keep him from starvation. The regulations for the conduct of these relief works, their nature, whether they should be large public ones or small village ones, etc., are most elaborate, and so are those for the classification of sufferers, ranging from the able-bodied skilled workman to working children under 12, and non-working children under that mature age, the pay or ration for each being carefully calculated and fixed. With the workers, who are

men, women, and children, come various dependents. These are mostly children, but they include the old and infirm, imbeciles, etc. In most parts of India during the earlier stages of famine, they, or the workers on whom they are dependent, receive a money or grain allowance, but in many cases, especially as the distress becomes more severe, they are given cooked rations at Government Kitchens. These are established at the relief works, central kitchens for districts are also provided to supply groups of villages, for there are always left a number of people in the villages who are too weak or old to leave their homes, or are attending to the sick, the babies, and the village business.

Another agency is the Poor House. In this country the Poor House is always with us, and always full, but in India there is no equivalent for our workhouses (except one or two for the use of Europeans). It was mentioned before that the unit of Hindu society is the family, and each family supports its own poor as much as possible. The poor who have no families to support them are practically kept by their caste fellows. A famine poor house is for the reception of those who have no homes, or who cannot be sent to their homes, or who, on arrival at the works, are too starved to work. Food is provided till their health improves sufficiently to enable them to work, or to return to their homes if they have any. Another class of people who are sent to the poor house are the lazy able-bodied people who will not work. Discipline is made very strict, and food is kept very short, so that sooner or later they come to the conclusion they had better work.

Another very important institution is the Famine Hospital, which receives all sick people and those so starved that they are too bad even for the poor house. The

mortality amongst these badly starved people is very high, even if they are treated with the greatest care after reaching the hospital.

Special efforts are made during famines to keep the children alive and well. Of course, if the children can work even nominally, and Indian children do work in the fields from very early ages, they have to comply with the great principle, those who can work must work. The small or weakly ones are generally put for the day in a sort of nursery enclosure under the charge of some old lady, whose whole duty is to see them fed and returned to their parents at night. Many are rescued after being deserted by their parents, and many have lost both parents from starvation or sickness, so they become the permanent children of missionaries or of government, both of which bodies have to support large famine orphan-ages.

Besides all these forms of relief, gratuitous relief is given to many people. Those who have come down in life and would rather starve than go to public relief agencies, those who from social or religious reasons cannot work at the relief works or mix with the general applicants at the kitchens and poorhouses, and those who are tending the sick, or, for various causes, cannot be relieved in other ways. It is very necessary, with gratuitous relief, to beware of fraud, or of pauperising the people. Mr. Ozanne* gives an example of the kind of fraud practiced. A certain Brahmin said he had eighteen dependants, womenfolk and children, etc., in his family, but as the women could not be seen by men it was impossible to verify this. Mr. Ozanne demanded to see the backs of the eighteen if he could not see their faces. This was refused,

* E. C. Ozanne, Esq., C.I.E., the late head of the Bombay Agricultural Department, and one of the most experienced Indian Famine Officials.

and when a senior officer arrived, the Brahmin complained to him that his family was starving to death through Mr. Ozanne's cruelty. The senior backed up Mr. Ozanne, and in course of time the Brahmin came and said one of his family had died of starvation. Mr. Ozanne replied, "show me the backs of the seventeen who are left." The Brahmin refused, but as he did not show signs of starvation, Mr. Ozanne remained firm. At last the Brahmin was persuaded to take some wool for his women to spin, and wages were given for this. All gratuitous relief was refused, but wool given. The Brahmin remained fat, and Mr. Ozanne felt that he had defeated one attempt at fraud.

The more one reads of the Famine Codes, the more one is struck with the care and kindness which have actuated the members of the Indian Civil Service in drawing them up, care not only for the people, but also for the cattle, special arrangements being made for taking them to Government Reserved pastures, and for providing water and fodder on the way.

As has been mentioned more than once, the principle on which all the Famine Codes are based, is that everybody who can work must work, even if their work is merely nominal. The advantages of this are numerous. First, work and the discipline that must go with it, act as tests of the need of the applicants for relief, and keep away those who are not really in need. Secondly, it has been found that it is much better for the people to have definite occupation, which at all events keeps them in the fresh air, in contact with scenes of life and energy. Many of the sufferers have lost their money, cattle, children, parents, and what not, and are in a depressed mental condition, and we all know that for such people a life with nothing to do but mope and brood over sorrows is bad. Work, in many cases, is quite nominal, and special pro-

vision is made for all those who, for any reason, cannot work, *e.g.*, Zenana ladies, the infirm, the able-bodied who cannot leave their home duties, etc., but in all such cases strict enquiry is made, and the recipients of the gratuitous relief are visited personally by officials. I was going to say the "applicants" for relief, but in a large number of these cases, especially amongst the ladies in Zenanas, the relief has to be forced on them, and in their cases the government would be powerless without the help of the lady missionaries of the various Zenana missions.

Indiscriminate charity has been found worse than useless, as the following description by Mr. Ozanne of such charity in the Mysore famine will show.

My first duty, on arrival at Bangalore, was to convert a large open "kitchen," as it was called, into a relief poorhouse on the Bombay system, and stop the indiscriminate charity with its bad results. Twice a day the doors were opened, and about 4 000 wretched beings crowded in. Some were still strong, but many were emaciated, and many more were suffering from diseases brought on by exposure, and by eating raw grain, etc. The crowds were seated in rows, and the cooks marched along these lines, throwing into each lap the allotted dole of cooked food. Often the numbers were greater than expected, and the food did not go round. Always there was a scramble, the strong trying to seize the portion of the weak. The din was terrible, and the confusion worse. As soon as the food was distributed, the people were driven out again. Many went as hungry as they came; many were injured in the struggle to keep their food, and sometimes dead were found, who were tied to a bamboo pole and carried off to the burial ground, just as they were found, without any covering. The same scene was re-enacted in the evening, and afterwards the crowds went to wander about the city, and sleep in the streets.

About that time, no less than 200 corpses were picked up daily in the streets of Bangalore. The Famine Commissioners doubted the numbers, and I had the melancholy duty of counting the corpses twice a day, and seeing them put into carts to be taken to the large grave, daily prepared, where they were thrown in, one on another,

and covered hastily up. Now these poor victims were not the degraded paupers of the state, but people who, a few months before, had been respectable peasants. They had been driven from their villages by starvation, leaving the sick and aged behind to die; they had wandered from kitchen to kitchen, diminishing in numbers—child separated from parent—wife from husband—as one or other could continue the weary trudge to Bangalore. As they moved on, they sold what they could sell, including their clothes, and, when they reached their goal, they found nothing but the terrible daily fight for food at the kitchen. Most became wholly unhuman, wholly unmanageable, except as brutes by fear or the hope of food. The conversion of the kitchen into a poorhouse took some days. First, two other poorhouses were got ready, and the most emaciated from the daily gatherings were quietly conveyed to them. Some few who had homes in Bangalore were put on the gratuitous relief register to receive a daily dole of uncooked food, and thus be kept away from the kitchen. Meanwhile, an engineer had prepared a road-work close by, and collected tools and clerks.

On the day fixed for closing the kitchen two British officials came to help me. We opened the doors as usual; no one having any suspicion of our intention. When 1,400 were in we closed the doors. There was a terrible howl, and it was long before we could set to work to divide the able-bodied for work, the sick for the hospital, and the feeble for the poorhouse. As each batch of able-bodied was separated it was forced to the door, and the people were told they would receive a tool outside, and wages for work, but no further admission to the poorhouse as long as they kept well. Next the sick were placed in carts, and sent to the hospital, where doctors, food, and medicine were waiting, but everyone able to resist, resisted with all his might, for they saw they were being deprived of their freedom.

Each day the same system of separation was carried out, till in time order was fairly restored.

The next question is:—"If the Indian Government is doing all this, what is the use of private subscription"?

The Indian Government has undertaken the responsibility for famine relief, but its duty to the taxpayers requires that that relief shall be the minimum which will keep people from starvation; and that it shall be hedged

round with enquiries, and tests, and precautions which may prevent pauperism or fraud. Outside the Government action there is wide scope for private charity, or rather, for the use of private funds administered by private people in co-operation with Government officials.

The uses to which private funds are put are various. During the famine, providing extras for workers beyond the Government mere subsistence pay, clothes, blankets, medical comforts; extra attendants in hospital, in the poor-houses, and for the babies; distributing medicines, food, and comforts to wanderers not under government care; keeping extra poorhouses and kitchens on the roadsides; maintaining and educating orphans; giving relief to Zenana ladies, and those whose pride prevents their accepting Government help; providing work and wages for the above in their own homes; supplying food at cheap rates to those who are not actually poverty-stricken, but very much pinched.

And after the famine is over, private charity can give seed, implements, bullocks to agriculturists who have lost their all, and provide subsistence between sowing and harvest; start the broken-down artizan again with tools and work; supply food for cattle; send sufferers to their own homes; provide for orphans and those who have lost their breadwinner.

SAMUEL BUTLER AND HIS *HUDIBRAS*.

BY MISS DICKIN.

UNIV. COLL. PRIZE ESSAY, 1899-1900.

SEVENTEENTH century literature is intimately and peculiarly associated with seventeenth century history. From the outbreak of the civil war in 1642, almost everything that was written takes its colouring from the troubles that distracted the times. Milton, the master spirit of the age, had no sooner given ominous mutterings of the storm that was imminent than he threw aside his singing robes and consecrated his pen in noble sacrifice to the interests of the civil and religious liberty of his country. And Milton's action at this crisis is representative. Here and there a solitary singer, like Robert Herrick, or a dreamer of pleasant dreams, like Izaak Walton, lived and wrote in his arcadian bower, unmoved by the babel of contentious voices around him. But, for the most part, the literature of this momentous period in our history is, first and foremost, polemical in character.

With the Restoration, Letters, in the more specific sense of the term, revived; but for many years to come almost every writer of name continued to reflect from one standpoint or another the great national upheaval behind him. To attempt to read the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton, or the *Pilgrim's Progress* of Bunyan, apart from any consideration of the conditions under which they were written, were to rob them of that intensity and individuality of expression which is the breath by which they live. Similarly, the scathing satire of Dryden's polished verse,

and the inexhaustible wit of the author of *Hudibras*, become innocuous and pointless divorced from the history of the times that gave them birth.

When the reign of "the saints" ended in anarchy and confusion, and the Royalists, in their riotous exultation, rode roughshod over their fallen and discomfited foe, it was obvious that nothing in the way of satire would come amiss, provided only it served to accentuate the situation and hold up to ridicule the erstwhile dictators of the national conscience. When, therefore, Samuel Butler, in the very nick of time, doled out his irresistible burlesque on the fanaticism of the sectaries, he found an enthusiastic public to his hand.

Looking back from the years of disaster and dishonour that followed, the appearance of *Hudibras* seems to us to indicate with exactness the high water mark of the triumph of the loyal subjects of Charles II.

If we may take Mr. Pepys' word for it, as good be out of England in his day as be unacquainted with *Hudibras*. To acknowledge oneself insensible to its humour asked some courage on the part of any man who aspired to be regarded as a figure in society. Those of us who have attacked the satire again and again, and have despaired of making anything of a chaos of wit so prodigious and so involved, should find satisfaction therefore in Mr. Pepys' reiterated confidences of a like experience.

Towards the end of 1662, he writes in his diary: "We fell into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called '*Hudebras*,' and I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: it cost me 2s. 6d. But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter knight going to the warrs that I am ashamed of it; and by and by, meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d." A month later he tells us he is constrained to

buy the book again, "it being certainly some ill humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit; for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no." After this losing transaction, one is not surprised to learn that Mr. Pepys practiced some caution when the second part of *Hudibras* appeared. This time he borrowed the book, in the first instance, "to see," as he says, "if it be as good as the first, which the world cried so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried but twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty." Four days later, in Paul's Churchyard, Mr. Pepys was induced to purchase, amongst other gems of literature which "his nature was earnest in," both the first and the second parts of *Hudibras*, as being the book "in greatest fashion for drollery," though again he confesses his inability to find it out.

Some years afterwards there is an entry in this entertaining diary, the brevity of which is matter for regret. It is to the effect that Mr. Cooper, Mr. Hales, Mr. Harris, "Mr. Butler that wrote *Hudibras*," and Mr. Cooper's cousin Jacke, all dined with Mr. Pepys; and the company, "being all eminent men in their way," pleased their host mightily. Could the genial diarist have foreseen how grateful aftertimes had been to him for some crumbs of Mr. Butler's conversation on this occasion, we should in all likelihood have been a degree nearer to intimacy with one of whom we know only enough to make us desirous of knowing more.

As it is, the material at our command for piecing out the life of the creator of *Hudibras* is scanty and unreliable in the extreme. His biography finds no place in any of the popular series of the *Lives of Men of Letters*, and when we turn to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the

dearth of information respecting him is the chief point emphasized. The son of a small farmer of Strensham, in Worcestershire, the chances are against his having received a university training, though his friends have shown a pardonable desire to claim this distinction for him. The year of his birth was 1612, and about 1630 we find him acting as justice's clerk to a Mr. Jeffreys of Earl's Coom, Worcestershire. Here, we may take it for granted, he laid the foundation of that intimate and technical knowledge of law and legal proceedings which is so prominent a characteristic of his writings. Painting and music, too, he is said to have studied in his early years, but with indifferent success. His allusions to it in his satires prove that he was no lover of the latter, and of his productions on canvas it is recorded that they served in a later day to stop windows and save the tax, "and indeed," his editor remarks, with more candour than compliment, "they were not fit for much else." When next we hear of Butler he is attached to the household of the Countess of Kent, at Wrest, in Bedfordshire. In what capacity he served the Countess is not known; but while there he appears to have had free access to a noble library, and the advantage, too, of constant intercourse with the great Selden, who held office in the same household.

But it is Butler's third service, his sojourn in the house of Sir Samuel Luke, again in the county of Bedford, that has attracted most remark, this being, in all probability, the school where he studied to most purpose the manner and matter of his famous satire.

How it came to pass that a man of Butler's temperament and strong political bias should accept service as secretary—or whatever else may have been his vocation—in the house of a Presbyterian officer of standing, during the critical years of the trouble, and retain that post

throughout the democratic order of things that followed, his patron being scout-master general for the county of Bedford to Cromwell's government, is a somewhat inexplicable circumstance. Either, it would seem, Sir Samuel Luke was a man of considerable magnanimity of disposition, and tradition has done him an injustice; or, and this is perhaps the more probable conjecture, in prolonging his residence with the presbyterian knight, Butler had his own game to play, and to this end he maintained an indifferent front and kept his itching satire under restraint, day by day enriching his commonplace book with many a side light on Puritan diplomacy, and many a trenchant criticism on Puritan casuistry.

Sooner or later he knew that the whirligig of time would bring in its revenges; with patience, therefore, he endured his long apprenticeship and bided his time. No sooner was the Restoration ushered in than he put up openly for place under the new *regime*, and was presently appointed secretary to the Lord of the Marches at Ludlow Castle.

With his marriage, however, a year or two later, to a widow of means, Butler resigned his office at Ludlow. This he did apparently on the strength of his wife's income, and with the intention of making letters the business of his remaining years. Already the greater part of his *Hudibras* was written. The first part of it was published at the end of 1662, and the second part a year later. Not till 1678, two years before its author's death, was the third and last part of the satire given to the world. "In this mist of obscurity," wrote Dr. Johnson, reviewing the meagre ascertainable facts of the poet's career, "passed the life of Butler, a man whose name can only perish with his language. The mode and place of his education are unknown; the events of his life are variously

related ; and all that can be told with certainty is that he was poor."

Notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's categorical assertion of it and the general acceptance of the tradition, no authentic account has come down to us of the circumstances and extent of Butler's poverty. Even supposing that his wife's income failed them, through bad investment or some other cause, as we are told it did, with men like the Earl of Dorset and others in high places among his friends and patrons, and his book in everyone's mouth, the story of his actual destitution is not easily credible. At the same time, we have to reckon with what we know of Butler's peculiar temperament. The writer of the article on him, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, is probably not far wrong when he suggests that he was not an easy man to help. "It is not plain," he remarks, "that he had any talent save this one of matchless satire, and in his private intercourse he was unpleasing. From childhood he would make observations and reflections on everything one said and did . . . he had few friends, and was not careful to retain those few." Moreover, we gather from other hints thrown out by contemporaries, that Butler was a somewhat fastidious man in the matter of employment. "He might have had preferments at first," Aubrey records of him, "but would not accept any but very good, and so got none."

Be this as it may, there is no disputing the fact that Butler died a disappointed man. The good fortune he looked for as the sequel to his well-received literary labours he never realized ; and the incongruity between the steadfast loyalty he cherished and the inadequate recognition he received from the party whose hands he had strengthened was seized upon by his fellows as a typical illustration of the irony of the poet's fate. Otway,

a contemporary, solemnly enjoins all those who would affect the poetic muse, to call to mind "how Butler's faith and service were returned;" and Oldham, another satirist of the day, points his moral with a lengthy citation of the fortunes of the most popular poet of his time:—

On Butler who can think without just rage,
The glory and the scandal of the age?
Fair stood his hopes when first he came to town,
Met everywhere with welcomes of renown;
Courtèd and lov'd by all, with wonder read,
And promises of princely favour fed;
But what reward for all had he at last?
After a life in dull expectance past.
The wretch at summing up his mispent days,
Found nothing left but poverty and praise.

Dryden, again, has a well-known reference in verse to "unpitied *Hudibras*" (meaning Butler), and, in a letter, he bitterly reflects on the evil days on which the muse had fallen. "'Tis enough," he says, "for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley and starved Mr. Butler."

Finally, the epigram inscribed by the wit of Samuel Wesley, on the setting up of Butler's monument in Westminster Abbey, turns to excellent account this same tradition of poverty:—

When Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust,
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone.

In spite of the happy vein of raillery which he affects, there is a pathos which tells its own tale in Butler's several allusions to his disappointed hopes. In his poem entitled "*Hudibras at Court*," he has these lines:—

Now you must know, Sir Hudibras
With such perfections gifted was,

And so peculiar in his manner,
 That all who saw him did him honour;
 Among the rest this prince was one
 Admir'd his conversation . . .
 He never eat, nor drank, nor slept,
 But Hudibras still near him kept;
 Never would go to church or so,
 But Hudibras must with him go . . .
 Now, after all, was it not hard
 That he should meet with no reward,
 That fitted out this Knight and Squire,
 This monarch did so much admire,
 That he should never reimburse
 The man for th' equipage or horse,
 Is sure a strange ungrateful thing
 In anybody but a King.

It is to Butler's credit that, in the face of such scant recognition of his merits, his Royalist principles remained unshaken to the end. Not so keen-edged, perhaps, is his satire against the Puritans in the third part of *Hudibras*, as in the first, but of his continued loyalty there can be no question. It answers throughout to his own fine conception of it as—

Still the same,
 Whether it win or lose the game;
 True as the dial to the sun,
 Although it be not shin'd upon.

At the outset of our study of *Hudibras*, we must get rid of Mr. Pepys' conception of the book as "a silly abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warrs." It is true that the hero's equipment is a military equipment, but, as Dr. Johnson observes, though he is sent out "a-colonelling," he is never brought within sight of war. As the Royalists knew to their cost, the Puritans were not contemptible in arms, and it fell not within Butler's scope to make genuine and proved valour ridiculous. The fact is, and Dr. John-

son again hits the mark, our author aboured under the weight of a two-fold and divergent motive. The spell of *Don Quixote* was upon him, and when he fell into the snare, and borrowed the form of Cervantes' romantic fiction, he found himself handicapped with a knight and squire, equipped for deeds of martial prowess, where no martial prowess was required of them. In the exquisite satire of the Spanish writer, the means taken to expose the extravagances of knight errantry tally exactly with the practices ridiculed. In *Hudibras* it is otherwise.

The whole conception of mediæval chivalry, admirably fitted, as in the hands of John Bunyan it presently proved itself to be, for the serious expression of the spiritual conflicts of the individual Christian, had nothing in common with that professional hypocrisy which was the fungous growth of the Puritan policy, and at which, chiefly, Butler aimed the shafts of his incomparable wit. This want of homogeneity, this attempt on the part of Butler, if we may choose to regard it so, to make his satire cut two ways, is largely answerable for the complexity of *Hudibras*, for the want of directness which makes it difficult at times to determine the true butt of its ridicule. Hence the satire, as a whole, gains in clearness of drift in proportion as we are able to keep the romantic element, which is the form of it, distinct from the political, which is its spirit. At the same time, the skill with which Butler has handled these ill-sorting conditions, making use of the one to heighten the effect of the other, should not escape our admiration.

It were long to enumerate the many points of contact between *Hudibras* and *Don Quixote*, but a few illustrations may serve to show how constantly the facetious story of Cervantes was in Butler's mind, and how reluctant he was to lose sight of his prototype. Even to the account of its

early fortunes, the universal applause with which it was greeted, and the spurious sequel which its success provoked, and which anticipated the genuine second part, the history of *Hudibras* is but the history of *Don Quixote* repeated. Comparing the plots, there is a line of Butler's, in which he describes his own hero as, "saunt'ring still on some adventure," and it would be hard to light upon a phrase which sums up more admirably than this the whole action of the story of *Don Quixote*. And when we look into the nature of the adventures of *Hudibras*, his obtrusive interference in the bear-baiting fray, and in the "skimmington," his appeal to Sidrophel, his imaginary conflict with demons, they are, one and all of them, as irrelevant and thankless as the adventures which constantly put to proof the valour of *Don Quixote's* arms.

Nothing, again, by way of mockery, could be more felicitous and more Quixotic than Butler's transformation of the village pound and stocks into a castle of enchantment, and the warder thereof into a magician of supernatural art. As to the love episode, which hangs fire to the end, and is the mainspring of so many a subsidiary action, this is in all respects on a par with the model, save that the romantic effect is necessarily weakened by reason of the rôle of hypocrite which *Hudibras* is created to sustain. Like Cervantes' hero, too, *Hudibras* is given to wresting from their obvious signification the common-place events around him. The pedantic harangue, for instance, whereby he transmogrifies into a pagan pageant the rabble rout who give him a taste of their wares, is paralleled again and again by the persistent delusions of *Don Quixote*. And as in one story, so in the other, the vision of the squire is unaffected by any imaginary medium, and he is consequently enabled to make repeated capital out of the folly and credulity of his master.

But there comes an end to all affinities between the respective characters when we turn to the primary significance of Butler's satire.

The exposure to ridicule in his person of all that was odious and despicable in a contemporary faction in the state, separates Hudibras poles asunder from the amiable and simple-hearted Knight of La Mancha. However ridiculous Don Quixote may be, he never falls from the ideal character he emulates, never for a moment forfeits our esteem, or becomes contemptible in our eyes. But, if we regard Hudibras at all as other than a monster, or a puppet, set in motion for our diversion, it is without pity for his misfortunes, and with no feelings save those of detestation and loathing for his personality. And in this particular he fulfils to admiration the design of his creator. And Butler's satiric art finds no higher exemplification than the increased opprobrium which accrues to the knight from the attitude of mock chivalry which is assumed towards him. Without a single redeeming feature in his portrait, the romantic garb that is flung round Hudibras serves only to magnify to grotesqueness the uncouthness of form and unchivalrousness of heart which so eminently distinguish him.

But Butler's *Hudibras*, as we have said, is not primarily a satire of romance. This element in it is little more than accidental and by the way. It is as the first writer of political farce in our literature, the originator of that kind of facetious criticism on contemporary politics which has retained its hold on the English people up to the present day, that Samuel Butler makes a claim upon our regard; the more so, that in his particular vein of satire he stands unrivalled and alone. In a sense, *Hudibras* was the *Punch* of the Restoration period; and, as the readers of it to-day are led on by the perpetual jingle of its mocking rhymes

till they lose themselves in its labyrinths of wit, and as they admire to exhaustion its endless felicitous phrases, its ingenious turns of expression and far-fetched and procrustean similes, they can readily understand the popularity of the satire with the triumphant Royalist, and readily enter into the zeal of prince and subject as they vied with each other in committing to memory whole periods of wit so extraordinary that to be acquainted with it was to shine in something of its reflected light.

If ever in the course of history the turn of political events, the clamour of discordant voices in the State, invited the criticism of healthy satire, it was at this period. And the nation should count itself happy in that the rise of political parties, in the modern sense of the term, was accompanied by the rise of a satire not too bitter to provoke laughter, and not too limited in its range to be blind to the follies and foibles of the age in general, irrespective of party distinctions.

Let it ever be remembered that side by side with the ineffable scorn of Dryden's invective, the lash that blistered where it fell, men had another, and perhaps more salutary, criticism on contemporary affairs to turn to, and it is no discredit to them that the criticism that kindled mirth was more often in their mouths than that which fostered bitterness.

In our own day, when the Puritans may no longer be decried with impunity, we do well to turn over afresh the pages of our *Hudibras* and temper our judgment of both parties by an enquiry into the basis of this unique satire. From what we know of him, we are probably safe in concluding that Puritanism, even at its best and noblest, had little in it that was attractive to a man of Butler's temperament. But in justice to him it must be said that

there is not much, if any, trace in *Hudibras* of a desire to make sport of honest men. What he does hold up to execration is as ardently repudiated by Milton and by Bunyan as by himself; and it is scarcely too much to say that the whole texture of *Hudibras*, the fact that underlies or suggests the caricature, may be amply substantiated from out the writings of these two great champions of Puritanism. There are indications, indeed, in the third part of the satire, which did not appear till after Milton's death, and till the first part of Bunyan's immortal allegory was in circulation, that Butler was both acquainted with, and regarded with appreciation, the works of his great Puritan contemporaries. It is but the echo of Milton's sardonic epigram—

New Presbyterian is but old Priest writ large,
that we get in such couplets of *Hudibras* as—

Your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits.

Moreover, in downright vehement denunciation of the dogmatism of the Presbyterian faction and their ecclesiastical tyranny over men's consciences, Butler is rivalled and outdone by the Puritan apologist for the execution of Charles the First.

What particularly strikes one, however, in the third part of *Hudibras*, are certain reminiscences of Miltonic phrasing and diction which can scarcely be accidental. This couplet, for instance, from Shaftesbury's harangue to the house—

Not feigned, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon every member's forehead.

has a savour of Milton's fine description of the ruined Archangel—

Deep on his front engraven,
 Deliberation sat, and public care.
 Our last and best defence, despair,
 again, is but a variant on Milton's—
 Our final hope is flat despair,
 and the line—

When fiends agree among themselves,
 suggests at once the

Devil with devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds,

of *Paradise Lost*. Finally, the grim humour which characterises the rebel leader's address to his troops, at the outset of the war in heaven, finds a counterpart in much of Butler's military punning.

When we come to Bunyan, there are long passages in the *Pilgrim's Progress* which are worthy of parallel transcription with passages from *Hudibras*. It is impossible to read the highly diverting inquisition, which the terrified knight is put through by his disguised squire, without recalling the mutual confidences of Mr. By-ends and his companions on a similar topic.

"Why," says the unknown voice to Hudibras,

Why didst thou choose that cursed sin,
 Hypocrisy, to set up in?—
 Because it is the thriving'st calling,
 The only saints'-bell that rings all in;
 In which all Churches are concern'd,
 And is the easiest to be learn'd.
 What makes a Knave a child of God,
 And one of us?—A livelihood.
 What renders beating out of brains,
 And murder, godliness?—Great gains.
 What makes all doctrines plain and clear?—
 About two hundred pounds a-year.
 And that which was prov'd true before
 Prove false again?—Two hundred more.

Compare with this amazing candour on the part of our friend Hudibras, the question which Mr. By-ends propounded for discussion: "Suppose a man, a minister or a tradesman, should have an advantage lie before him to get the good blessings of this life, yet so as that he can by no means come by them except, in appearance at least, he becomes extraordinary zealous in some points of religion that he meddled not with before; may he not use this means to attain his end and yet be a right honest man?" The name of Mr. Money-Love, who took upon himself to settle this point of casuistry, is a sufficient guarantee for the ingenious nature of the answer returned.

It may be objected, of course, that these characters were intended by Bunyan to represent those of the Established church of his time who, by virtue of their outward profession, are reckoned as fellow pilgrims with Christian to the Celestial city. Even so, it must be admitted by every reader of the allegory that much of its delicate irony is plainly directed against the multitudes of Puritans who fell away from their faith, or held it in unrighteousness of life, to the dishonour of their profession before the world. In plain terms, too, Bunyan tells us, in others of his works, of the incredible heresies that were maintained by various sects among the Puritans, and of the abominable and criminal practices that were countenanced and encouraged through the abuse of the doctrine of Christian liberty that prevailed.

It would be difficult indeed to exaggerate the excesses of creed and conduct which Puritanism developed in the days of its dominance under the Commonwealth. When the leaders of the people made the fatal mistake of attempting to coerce the nation into godliness, they unwittingly offered a premium to hypocrisy; and men were not slow to simulate a piety that made so obviously

to their advantage. "True religion," wrote Mrs. Hutchinson, herself a Puritan, "was now almost lost, even among the religious party, and hypocrisy became an epidemical disease, to the sad grief of all true-hearted Christians and Englishmen."

Moreover, amongst honest men, strange doctrines prevailed, and strange delusions were credited on all hands. "Men lost all sense of proportion," says Mr. Gardiner, "in the intentness of their gaze upon one biblical doctrine or the other, and in their zeal to discover the Divine will they vied with each other to construe writings which bristled with metaphor and allusion as if they were acts of parliament."

It was the age of the rise of sects, we have constantly to bear in mind. The air was impregnated with the doctrines of religious toleration and liberty of conscience. All men's tongues were let loose, and all men set themselves to interpret the scriptures to their own ends, and to formulate a creed to their own liking. Of the state of things that existed at this time Milton truly and finely wrote—"When God shakes a kingdom with strong and healthful commotions to a general reforming, it is not untrue that many sectaries and false teachers are then busiest in seducing."

Further, when we read in contemporary records how sober-minded men, in parliament assembled, proposed to wipe out all memory of the past by committing to the flames the whole archives of the nation preserved in the Tower; how, in all seriousness, an agitation was set on foot for the abolition of the law courts, as being incompatible with gospel light and liberty, and for the annihilation of all titles to land, and of all degrees of honour and nobility, as inconsistent with universal parity and opposite to the communion of the saints; how the word "kingdom"

was so execrated by some of the sectaries as to be proscribed from the Lord's Prayer, and the offending petition rendered, "Thy commonwealth come," it is manifest that the age was replete with material for the satirist. When, therefore, Butler, in violation of the canons of his art, turns aside from his story, and devotes a whole canto to a satiric attack on the unprecedented anarchy which was witnessed on the death of Cromwell, he may be regarded as supplying us with the historic justification of *Hudibras* as a whole. The canto in question abounds in forcible homethrusts, and in exposure of the brazen hypocrisy and shameless duplicity of one faction or another, in their zealous endeavours after place and power at this unhappy juncture.

Beginning at the outset of the troubles, Butler relates, in language so vigorous that Dryden has not bettered it in the following, how,

Ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant, capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts.

and presently, how

Presbyter and Independent
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant.

But it is for the consummation of the confusion that Butler reserves his highest descriptive resources.

Toss'd in a furious hurricane,
Did Oliver give up his reign. . . .
And now the Saints began their reign,
For which they'ad yearn'd so long in vain. . . .
And every individual Brother
Strove hand to fist against another,
And still the maddest and most crackt
Were found the busiest to transact. . . .

Some were for setting up a King,
 But all the rest for no such thing,
 Unless King Jesus.
 Some were for Gospel-ministers,
 And some for Red-coat seculars,
 As men most fit t'hold forth the Word,
 And wield the one and th'other sword.
 Some were for carrying on the work
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk:
 Some for engaging to suppress
 The camisado of Surplices. . . .
 Others were for abolishing
 That tool of matrimony, a Ring. . . .
 Others to make all things recant
 The Christian or Surname of Saint.

Unfortunately, the passage is too long to quote in full, and suffers by mutilation.

With the exception of this long canto, the whole of *Hudibras* is taken up with the adventures and controversies of the knight and squire. But the story in reality is nought. It hangs together in a loose fashion and is interrupted by many a digression and many a wayside incident.

Who the original of Sir Hudibras was, a question which has given rise to much and varied speculation, is a matter of no moment whatever.

Let us take it, if we will, that Sir Samuel Luke, Butler's Presbyterian patron, suggested the character. With this concession the likeness ceases. The real Hudibras is a fiction of his author's brain, a caricature of a many-sided political party in the state, a travesty on chivalry, a conglomeration of all that is grotesque and contemptible, the scapegoat of ecclesiastical Presbyterianism and of the schoolmen rolled into one; and withal, he is a bumptious country justice, intoxicated with conceit of his person and office. Who is there that does

not know him by some salient feature or other of his portrait? Who is there unacquainted with the irresistible wit, the subtle humour and allusion, that sets forth at length the secular and sectarian endowments of the redoubtable knight?

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church-militant:
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies. . . .
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way.

As ridiculous, and yet with the distinction of a theology of his own incompatible with his master's, Ralpho stands for the Independent party of the day, which were now hand and glove with the Presbyterians, and now at daggers drawn with them. So it is with Ralpho and Hudibras. So long as there is a common danger, they make common cause against the enemy, but with no foe in the field, they turn upon each other with mutual recriminations—

The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,
Divert their rage upon themselves.

Like his master, Ralpho is endowed with prodigious and peculiar learning, but it is to be observed that he wears it with a difference—

His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,

And he another way came by't;
 Some call it gifts, and some new light;
 A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
 Of study, industry, or brains. . . .
 He could foretell whats'ever was
 By consequence to come to pass;
 As death of great men, alterations,
 Diseases, battles, inundations.
 All this without th' eclipse o' th' sun,
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done,
 By inward light, a way as good,
 And easy to be understood.

In making this telling distinction in the squire's theology, Butler rails pleasantly at the pretensions which many of the lowest and most illiterate among the sectaries made to the gifts of prophecy and preaching.

With delightful humour again, and in mock heroic vein, he hits off one portrait after another of the heroes of the bear-baiting. These amiable characters, the butcher, the tinker, the cobbler, the fiddler—the rabble of the Puritan faction—though breaking the peace and resenting to a man the interference of the justice in their illegal pastime, are yet of the number of the elect, as the knight admits, and one and all of them "gifted brethren" in their own consideration. It is probable that in this incident Butler had in mind the action of a certain Colonel Hewson, who, on one occasion, in a fit of pious zeal, marched off to the city and put an end to all the bears that were kept for public sport. But apart from this, the hatred of the Puritan leaders generally to the common recreations of the people is well authenticated, and Butler's use of the fact admirably serves the double purpose of a romantic adventure and of satire on the rigid austerity of the sects.

In the lengthy and entertaining story of the knight's visit to Sidrophel, Butler does for astrology what Ben

Jonson had done fifty years earlier for the sister pseudo-science of alchemy. Passage after passage of the dry humour of the *Alchemist*, with its similar exposure of the accommodating principles of the sanctimonious brethren of the time, occur to one's mind in reading this canto, and leave little room for doubt that Butler had himself a close acquaintance with this masterpiece of the great classic dramatist to whom, by some real or fancied affinity of temper, he seems not unnaturally to link himself. As a skit upon the newly-formed Royal Society, too, the Sidrophel episode is interesting. Judging from his good natured banter in his poem entitled *The Elephant in the Moon*, the early transactions of these pioneers of science appear to have afforded Butler considerable diversion. But, in especial, it was the incredible superstitions that obtained in his day, and the willing ear men lent to charlatanism of every kind that he satirized here. In Sir Walter Scott's *Woodstock* we have a picture of the extent to which men in high office under Cromwell were influenced by these considerations, and the Protector's own attitude to witchcraft does not in the present instance escape flagellation. Of William Lilly, the reputed original of Sidrophel, we are told that he supplied the Government with his yearly almanacks, "which foretold victories for the Parliament with as much certainty as the preachers did in their sermons."

In the appeal to law which the knight makes for redress in his rejected love suit, and in the realistic dialogue which ensues between himself and his lawyer, Butler gives us a lively reminiscence of his own youthful apprenticeship, and holds up to derision the proverbial roguery of the pettifogger.

But, as has been said, it is neither the story as a whole, nor yet the episodes in particular, that is the best

part of *Hudibras*. For ought of plot or sequence which the narrative contains it is as good read piecemeal, or opened at random, as read through at a sitting.

Nor is it the unstinted exposure of the cant of Puritanism that appeals with most point to the reader of to-day. It is rather the universality of Butler's range that excites our admiration. The ubiquity of his wit, the gravity of his foolery, the ingenuity that turns all things to account, that lays hands on the strangest and most *bizarre* materials and, with the artlessness of genius, transforms them into a piece with the whole. So far as it is a satire on manners, a travesty on a phase of society that is played out, there is much in *Hudibras* that is obscure and cryptic, darkened to our understanding by chronological colour and allusion that have passed beyond recall.

But there is not a page of the satire that is not rich in generality, that does not afford some pregnant reflection on human life, or exhibit some conspicuous knowledge of the well-springs of human action, and, in especial, of the baser motives that in all ages alike underlie the ever-varying phenomena of human degradation. These qualities it is that are the salt of *Hudibras*; by virtue of them the book is regarded as an enduring store-house of wisdom; and to them we are indebted for many a pertinent saying, and for many a couplet that has become so incorporated into our common speech as to be no longer recognizable as an obligation to letters.

Few people probably trace their quotation home when they clinch their argument, or put the coping-stone on their wit, with some such terse and pithy couplet as these:—

Money, that, like the sword of kings,
Is the best reason of all things.

And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.

He that complies against his will,
Is of the same opinion still.

For when disputes are wearied out,
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt.

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand can always hit.

For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but vow, we're steered by Fate.

Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to.

For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.

It was Hazlitt who remarked of *Hudibras* that it was a book more quoted than read, and the remark is a discerning criticism on this particular aspect of the satire. Other writers have paid generous tributes to the curious and out-of-the-way learning which Butler so eminently possessed. Hume, in speaking of *Hudibras*, observed, "There is not a more learned book to be found in the compass of any language than that book." And Voltaire, a no particular admirer of our literature in general, is prodigal in his praise of Butler. "There is one English poem," he writes, "the title whereof is *Hudibras*; it is *Don Quixote*, it is our *Satyre Menisse* blended together. I never met with so much wit in one single book as in this." "A book it is," he goes on to say (and this is remarkable when we consider the eleven thousand lines of *Hudibras*), "*where we meet with more sentiments than words.*" Add to this that there is scarcely a line in this voluminous satire that does not ask annotation, and it will be seen how inadequate are the limits of a short paper like the present to do justice to the genius of Samuel Butler.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BOER COINAGE, AND OF THE RECENT NEW FRENCH COINAGE (1898-9).

EXHIBITED BY J. BIRKBECK NEVINS, M.D., LOND.

THE Boer coinage of the Transvaal has become so scarce as to be a matter of curiosity, and it is difficult to be obtained.

The earliest coinage obtainable is the gold coin of President Burgers in 1876, made from the gold found in small quantities in South Africa before the great gold discoveries in the Transvaal, and his coin is now so rare that £8 and £10 have been the prices recently demanded for it. It is of the same weight and standard of purity as the British sovereign, but it was not styled a "sovereign," as there is no such rank as "king" or "sovereign" among the Boers. It is therefore named the "Pond," and the design upon the obverse is the profile of Burgers, surrounded by his name—"Thomas François Burgers, 1876."

In this respect it differs from every coin issued by President Kruger, who succeeded him in the presidency. For while Burgers made his name the only legend upon the face of the coin, Kruger has never placed his name upon any of his coins, but has substituted the title of the Republic—"Zuid Africander Republiek"—South African Republic, with the date of issue.

The reverse is the same in nearly all the Boer coinages, whether gold, silver, or bronze, and whether issued by Burgers or Kruger, and it consists of the coat of arms of the Republic, which is a circle surmounted by a spread eagle, and supported by six flags without any design upon

them The centre exhibits a South African lion *couchant*, faced by a standing Boer,* carrying a rifle. In the centre of the shield is an anchor, and below it is a Boer wagon for trekking over a curve representing a considerable portion of the globe. Below this coat is the motto in Dutch—"Eendragt maakt magt"—Unity makes might (or strength).

The legend upon the reverse varies with the value and nature of the coin.

The smallest gold coin is inscribed " $\frac{1}{2}$ -Pond," with the date of issue—(1897 in the coin exhibited). These gold coins have been minted in the Transvaal, but the silver coins have, until lately, been coined in Birmingham.

The largest silver coin is of the size and standard of the British crown piece, but it is not called a "crown," as that again would be against Republican principles. It is inscribed on the reverse "5 Shillings," with the date of issue. The next silver coin is inscribed " $2\frac{1}{2}$ Shillings," with the date, and the next coin is inscribed "2 Shillings" (not "a florin"), and the obverse bears only the profile of Kruger—the legend "Zuid Afrik: Repub:" being upon the reverse, and not surrounding the profile as in the two larger silver coins. Then follows the "1 Shilling," but without the coat of arms, and lastly the two small silver coins, inscribed simply "6" and "3," surmounted by "Z. A. R.," no other nominal value, either republican or monarchical, being inscribed.

In the copper or bronze money, however, the name of the coin again appears, "1 Penny," and the coat of arms is again impressed upon the reverse, as in the case of the three large silver coins. I have not been able to see or

* The South African lion is a smaller and much less powerful animal than the North African one; has a smaller mane, and is a much less formidable enemy to be encountered. As represented in the coinage he looks almost like a peaceful friend of the armed Boer.

hear of a Boer half-penny or farthing (fourth-thing), and the pennies are so exceptionally scarce as to have a present money value in England of many shillings, the coinage having been apparently very small. As silver "was not anything accounted of in the days of Solomon" (2 Chron. ix, 20), so copper money seems to have been practically useless and worthless in the Transvaal; little apparently was coined, everything was too dear to be bought by copper, and people returning from the Cape did not trouble themselves by bringing home heavy, worthless copper money. The way in which the penny exhibited to the meeting was obtained is amusing. Someone who had, perhaps accidentally, brought home a penny in his pocket, thought to get rid of it by exchanging it for sweets or for a box of matches by means of an automatic slot machine, and dropped it in. When the money was counted the foreign penny was found, and being treated as a fraud, it came into the hands of an errand boy, who wished to change it for standard money. His employer offered him two pennies for it as a practically worthless coin, but which did, however, possess a limited interest even then, as the war, which was then threatening, though not actually commenced, was exciting increased interest in the public mind, and from the employer it came into the author's hands.

The selection of names for the Boer coinage is not without an unlooked for interest, which takes us back to a very early date in English history, and the almost prehistoric relationship between Boers and English. The anti-monarchical principles of the Boer Republic readily account for the omission of the titles of "Sovereign" and "Half-Sovereign," of "Crown" and "Half-Crown;" and the omission of the name of "Florin" from the two shilling piece may possibly have been due to its associa-

tion, in the European mind, with the reigning house of Saxe-Coburg, and, in the English mind, with the advent of Prince Albert as the Queen's husband, to whom its introduction into English coinage is due. Or the two shilling name may have been simply a continuation of the five shillings, and two and a half shillings of the larger silver coinage. But why should they have disregarded their Boer principles so far as to adopt the English shilling at all—and the penny? The explanation is probably that they simply adopted it as a matter of policy, and to assist in enabling it to pass current in the neighbouring British territory; but it also takes us back to the advent of the Saxons into England, among whom the term "Schilling" was of unknown antiquity, and was used for what may be called book-keeping purposes or conventional uses, although there never was such an actual coin. The shilling was a well-known term among the Saxons, and meant a specified *weight* of silver, not a *coin* of that special weight. Henry VII was the first English monarch who coined a piece of money to be styled "a Shilling," and it was to be of the weight and purity specified by his Act of Parliament.

The name "Shilling" was a familiar one to the Dutch, and presumably, therefore, to their Boer descendants; for a "Schelling" was an old Dutch coin, equal in value to rather more than sixpence sterling; and their adoption of the name in their new coinage, although probably really due to the commercial convenience of the name rather than to any ancestral considerations, possibly furnishes an unlooked for illustration of the common descent of the two races now so unhappily at war with each other. The name "Penny" was never associated with monarchy, but was also a Saxon name for a silver coin of the same weight and value as the old Roman "Denarius"—so many

having to be made from a pound weight (*libra*) of silver. Hence it is that our £ s. d. (pounds, shillings, and pence), trace their origin to the “*libra*” (pound) weight of silver which was to make so many nominal “shillings,” and so many actual *Denarii*—silver—(pennies).

ORANGE FREE STATE COINAGE.

There has never been an Orange Free State coinage. For the Transvaal, having issued a coinage both gold and silver of the same intrinsic value as the British coinage, although under different names, the two coinages were practically alike as a medium of exchange, and the Free State found all its necessities already supplied, and did not take the trouble of coining for itself.

THE NEW FRENCH COINAGE, 1898-9.

This coinage differs in many respects from that in use since the Revolution of 1789, for the emblem of the French Republic is an entirely new one, and the signification of the designs upon the coins is different from that of the previous Republican coinage. It has not, as yet, become familiarised to the British eye, and there is considerable difficulty in obtaining the gold coins, though the silver ones can easily be obtained from money-changing banks in the large towns of England.

The French Revolutionary emblem was at first a grave dignified head of Minerva, surmounted by the cap of liberty, with the motto, “*Liberté—Égalité* ;” and there were various other emblems, in the different coins, to represent these two essential principles of the Revolution.

This head of Minerva, as the revolutionary emblem of France, was replaced in the time of the second empire by a head and bust modelled, it was said, from one of the

then favourites of the French Theatre, and the word "Fraternité" was added to "Liberté" and "Egalité," and upon some of the coins the Gallic cock was also a feature, though really an insignificant one in size and position. With the exception of the motto, all these features are changed in the new coinage.

In the gold 20 Franc and 10 Franc pieces the head of Minerva, with her cap of liberty, reappears on the obverse; but the cock now occupies the entire of the reverse. The legend, "Republique Française," surrounding the obverse; and "Liberté. Egalité. Fraternité." the reverse. The smooth edge of the larger gold coin still bears the religious legend of "Dieu protege la France," which has long been upon the gold 20 Franc coin, though it is absent from the 10 Franc gold piece; that coin being apparently too thin to admit of it, and the milled edge of the silver coinage allowing no opportunity for it.

There is no new 5 Franc silver piece, the stock of these coins still in the French mint being in excess of immediate requirements. But the emblems of France upon the new silver 2 Francs are entirely new in French coinage. A tall slender female figure is represented, with long flowing hair streaming behind her in the wind, and a long loose dress is also blown behind her so as to shew her feet as if walking briskly upon the ground. Upon her head is a small cap of liberty, and with one hand she is apparently sowing something taken from a basket held in the other. The rising sun is shown in the background, and the ground upon which she walks is slightly curved, as if to indicate a considerable portion of the world.

The legends are "Republique Française" and "Liberté. Egalité. Fraternité." as of old.

In the 1 Franc piece, and the 50 and 25 Centimes silver pieces, the new full-length emblem of France is on

the obverse, and an olive branch occupies the reverse, the legends being as they are on the other coins.

The bronze coinage consists of four pieces, viz.:—a 10, 5, 2, and 1 Centime, corresponding approximately with the English penny and half-penny, but not represented by any English coins for the 2 Centimes (the fifth of a penny), and the 1 centime (the tenth of a penny—less than half a farthing). The old head of Minerva and her cap of liberty, with the legend “*Republique Française*,” occupy the obverse of all the four, but the reverse has an entirely new design upon the 10 and 5 Centime pieces. A full-length female figure is seated, like the Britannia of the British bronze coinage, holding an olive branch in one hand, and half holding on her knee, and half embracing, a little boy, who holds a large ear of ripe wheat in one hand, and a hammer in the other—both being overshadowed by the French flag, and encircled by the legend “*Liberté. Egalité. Fraternité*.” On the two smaller coins this device is absent, and they simply bear the inscription 2 Centimes or 1 Centime, with the ordinary three-fold republican legend.

As specimens of Mintage, the gold coins are beautiful, and the bronze coins deserve marked praise, but the silver coinage cannot be praised—The female figure is not graceful, and leaves no impression of beauty, while the die has been so shallow as to raise the impress too little, and a very short period of ordinary wear will obliterate nearly every distinctive feature of the design; and, as a work of art, it will leave the sense of disappointment which was so strongly felt with our own Jubilee coinage.

INTERPRETATION OF THE NEW DESIGNS.

As I was unable to find a description of this new coinage in the current periodical press, I applied for

information to the French consul in Liverpool, but without success, as he is a man of commercial standing but not a numismatist; and I was equally unsuccessful in my request made to the French Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards to the master of the French mint. But, eventually, a leading member of the French Numismatic Society most obligingly favoured me with the following explanation.

The GOLD coins explain themselves, but the SILVER coins call for interpretation. The new female figure is a new emblem for France, and does not represent Ceres for fertility, Minerva for wisdom, or Diana for her special qualities, or any particular Greek or Roman divinity. She is represented as spreading civilization throughout the world from the rising of the sun to its setting, and the olive branch of peace on the reverse indicates another of her missions to the world. In the BRONZE coinage she is represented at rest; while the ear of wheat and the hammer in the little boy's hand, with the over-shadowing tricolor, indicate that agriculture and manufacturing industry will prosper under the protection of the French flag—a hope in which the friends of that great nation will heartily join with the designers of this new French coinage.

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OF
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- Oct. 29, 1888 Forster, Walter P., 17 *Tarleton-street*
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Tregear (E.) *Mangareva dictionary*, Gambier islands . . . 8°. 1899

WELSHPOOL. Powysland club.

Collections historical and archæological relating to
Montgomeryshire, vol. 31, pt. ii . . . 8°. 1900

AIREY (*Sir G. B.*) Essays on the invasion of Britain
by Julius Cæsar, etc. . . . 4°. 1865

CHAMBERS (C.) The meteorology of the Bombay
presidency 4°. 1878

GORDON (R.) On the theory of the flow of water in
open channels f°. *Rangoon*, 1875

HENRY (J.) *Aeneidea*, vol. 1, pp. 197-64; 82.
8°. *Dublin*, 1877-79

INMAN (T.) On the origin of certain Christian and
other names 4°. *L'pool.*, 1866

KIDMAN (J.) A philomathic retrospect . . 8°. *L'pool.*, 1899

Miscellaneous papers 3 vol. 4° [1815-56]

NEWLANDS (J.) List of streets within the borough
of Liverpool, 1855 4°. *L'pool.*, 1855

QUARITCH (B.) A general catalogue of books . 8°. 1880

ROSCOE (*Sir H. E.*) *Bunsen (pph.)* . . . 8°. [1900]

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT, 1899-1900.

Dr. *The LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.* Cr.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
1899-1900.		1899-1900.	
To Balance in Bank from 1898-9.....	£ 35 1 1	By Royal Institution, One Year's Rent	£ 20 0 0
" Subscriptions, viz.:—		" Printing and Stationery	27 6 8
112 at £1 1 0	£117 12 0	" Printer, Balance of Vol. 1898-9	23 8 3
18 at 0 10 6	9 9 0	" Printer, for Vol. 1899-1900	53 6 0
	—	" Mr. A. W. Newton, late Hon. Sec., Expenses	0 4 0
" Arrears.....	127 1 0	" Refreshments.....	20 15 8
" Amount returned by Messrs. D. Marples &	2 2 0	" Professor Lodge.....	1 1 0
Co. (paid in Dinner Account)	1 1 6	" Mr. A. W. Newton, Hon. Librarian, Expenses	1 6 6
" Interest allowed by Bank	0 14 6	" Miss Margaret Dickinson	5 5 0
		" Hon. Treasurer's Expenses.....	3 18 5
		" Hon. Secretary's Expenses.....	2 1 0
		" Balance, Cash in Bank.....	7 7 7
	<u>£166 0 1</u>		<u>£166 0 1</u>

Audited and found correct,
R. C. JOHNSON,
1st October, 1900.
ALFRED W. NEWTON.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
LIVERPOOL
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

NINETIETH SESSION, 1900-1901.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held at the Royal Institution, on 1st October, 1900.

Mr. J. Maxwell McMaster, Vice-President, in the chair.

The following Report of the retiring Council was read and adopted :—

REPORT.

The Council has pleasure in presenting its Report for the Eighty-ninth Session of the Society.

Thirteen ordinary meetings were held during the Session, and papers of great interest were read before the Society, the discussions upon them being well sustained. The attendance at these meetings was above the average; this was largely due to the numerous company which assembled to hear Prof. Lodge's paper on "Modern Views of Matter" on 5th March. At the commencement of the Session a *Conversazione* was held, which was attended by many members and friends; the Council much appreciates

the efforts of those who contributed to make it a success. The Annual Dinner was held on 13th December, the Society entertaining as guests Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Sir Robert Ball, and others; eighty members and guests were present, and the Council has resolved to make the dinner an annual institution, subject to the approval of the Society. Several well-known members have been removed from the roll by death during the Session, viz., Mr. W. H. Picton, the Rev. Dr. Martineau, Dr. Adolphus Ernst, and Sir J. W. Dawson, Principal of McGill University; the last three of whom were honorary members. Of these the Rev. Dr. Martineau has been a special ornament to the Society from the notable services he rendered to it during his early life in Liverpool, and from the honour which his name has conferred upon it during his continued association with it until his death. Mr. W. H. Picton had proved himself an earnest working successor to his father, who had occupied so prominent a position in our Society for forty years, and the Society at large, as well as the Council, deeply regrets the premature termination of what promised to be so valuable a life amongst us. The Prize offered for competition among the students of University College for an English Essay was awarded to Miss Margaret Dickin; her essay on "Samuel Butler and his *Hudibras*" was read before the Society on 8th January, and is printed in the volume of *Proceedings*.

The Council again reminds the members that it is only by a continual influx of new members that the usefulness and efficiency of the Society can be maintained; a further decrease in the number of ordinary members would necessitate a curtailment of the annual volume of *Proceedings*, a step which the Council would be loath to have to take.

To the great regret of the Council, the Rev. E. N. Hoare, who was re-elected President at the end of the last

Session, has been obliged, through severe illness, to resign. The senior Vice-President was requested by the Council to take up the duties of the office until the Annual Meeting.

The Treasurer's Report was adopted.*

The Society then proceeded to elect a President in the place of Rev. E. N. Hoare, M.A., resigned. Dr. J. Murray Moore was unanimously elected.

The following were elected Vice-Presidents:—Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, F.R.G.S., Mr. A. Theodore Brown, Rev. E. A. Wesley, M.A.

Five new Members of Council in place of those retiring, and one in place of the late Mr. W. H. Picton, were then elected as follows;:—Mr. T. L. Dodds, Rev. W. E. Sims, Mr. W. W. Jones, Mr. James Mellor, Mr. Victor E. E. Nevins, Mr. J. Maxwell McMaster.

After the re-election of the Honorary Members of the Society, the President read his Address on "The Birth of New Nations in the Reign of Queen Victoria." †

ORDINARY MEETINGS.

I. 15th October, 1900. The President, Dr. J. Murray Moore, in the chair. Dr. J. Birkbeck Nevins read a communication on the Separation of the Leaf from the stalk. Rev. W. E. Sims read his paper on "Charles Lamb." ‡ Mr. W. W. Jones read an unpublished letter of Charles Lamb's, of great interest.

II. 29th October. Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, F.R.G.S., Vice-President, in the chair. The Hon. Treasurer shewed some curios from Ladysmith. The Hon. Secretary read a communication on Recent Excavations and Discoveries at Abydos. Mr. T. L. Dodds read a paper on "Casaubon, Huguenot and Scholar."

* See p. xxvii.

† See p. 1.

‡ See p. 27.

III. 12th November. The President, Dr. J. Murray Moore, in the chair. Dr. Newton shewed to the Society an interesting book on the Copernican System. Mr. R. C. Johnson, F.R.A.S., read a paper entitled "Notes on Observations of Total Solar Eclipses (1851 to 1900)."*

IV. 26th November. The President, Dr. J. Murray Moore, in the chair. Mr. G. H. Ball read a communication on certain Archæological Discoveries in Crete. Mr. William Wortley read a paper entitled "Ælfred the Great."†

V. 10th December. Mr. A. Theodore Brown, Vice-President, in the chair. Rev. Canon Armour, D.D., read a paper on "The Theory of Determinism in its relation to Human Nature."‡

VI. 7th January, 1901. The President, Dr. J. Murray Moore, in the chair. Dr. J. Birkbeck Nevins exhibited to the Society a Grammar of the Ojibway Indians. Mr. R. F. Green read a paper entitled "The Problem of Consciousness."§

VII. 21st January. The President, Dr. J. Murray Moore, in the chair. The President spoke on the anxiety present in all minds with regard to the health of Her Majesty the Queen. Mr. J. L. Ratcliffe read an essay "On Plato's Communistic Theory,"|| to which had been awarded the Prize offered by the Society to students of University College.

VIII. 4th February. The President, Dr. J. Murray Moore, in the chair. A Sub-Committee was formed to assist in drawing up an address of condolence, and an assurance of loyalty, to be presented to King Edward VII in conjunction with the Liverpool Philomathic Society. The paper which was to have been read was postponed.

IX. 18th February. The President, Dr. J. Murray

* See p. 103. † See p. 79. ‡ See p. 65. § See p. 133. || See p. 115.

Moore, in the chair. The President read the text of the Address to be presented to King Edward VII. Mr. J. Hampden Jackson read a paper entitled "The Public Revenues of the Ancient World." This was illustrated by 150 lantern slides.

X. 4th March. The President, Dr. J. Murray Moore, in the chair. Mr. R. C. Johnson, F.R.A.S., read a communication on Nova Persei, with especial regard to its spectroscopic examination. Mr. R. H. Case read a paper on "Some Seventeenth Century Memoirs."

XI. 18th March. The President, Dr. J. Murray Moore, in the chair. Rev. E. A. Wesley read a note on the production of artistic books in France. Mr. John Lee read a paper on "The Ethics of Common Life."*

XII. 1st April. The President, Dr. J. Murray Moore, in the chair. The President communicated to the Society the reply of His Majesty to the Address presented by the Society. Dr. J. Birkbeck Nevins read a communication on the tameness of South African animals. The chair was then taken by Mr. A. Theodore Brown, and the President read a paper on "Longevity and Centenarianism."

XIII. 15th April. The President, Dr. J. Murray Moore, in the chair. The election of President for the ensuing session took place, and Rev. E. A. Wesley, M.A., was unanimously chosen. A vote of thanks was passed to Dr. J. Murray Moore for his services. Dr. Newton read a paper on "The Woodcut Illustrations in Early Printed Books." A large number of interesting and valuable volumes were exhibited. Rev. W. E. Sims read a paper entitled "Concerning Books and Readers." Dr. J. B. Nevins read a paper on "The Shape and Weight of the Earth."

* See p. 51.

ORDINARY MEMBERS ELECTED DURING THE SESSION.

Mr. G. G. Gilchrist, Rev. H. J. Chaytor, M.A., Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Liverpool, Mr. E. G. Narramore, L.D.S., Rev. R. B. Tollinton, M.A., Mrs. Blackledge, Dr. C. G. Lee, M.R.C.S., Rev. T. B. Lancelot, M.A., Ven. Archdeacon Madden, M.A., Miss E. A. Twigge, Miss M. F. Twigge, Prof. L. R. Wilberforce.

Attendances at the meetings of the Society were as follows: 56, 62, 47, 60, 49, 76, 36, 50, 87, 31, 37, 43, 46.

THE FOLLOWING WERE ELECTED HONORARY MEMBERS OF
THE SOCIETY DURING THE SESSION:—

Richard Garnett, LL.D., C.B.

Rev. W. W. Skeat, Litt.D.

PAPERS READ DURING THE SESSION.

THE BIRTH OF NEW NATIONS DURING THE VICTORIAN REIGN.

BY JOHN MURRAY MOORE, M.D., M.R.C.S., F.R.G.S.,
PRESIDENT.

"We are a Nation," I heard the orator of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, say at the impressive climax of an eloquent speech at the Banquet to the Colonial Premiers, given in our Philharmonic Hall, in June, 1897. This utterance sank deep into my mind, and has given me the text upon which I have founded the title of this address which I have had to compose at rather short notice, owing to the sudden illness of my much respected predecessor in the chair.

During the century now drawing to its close, the notable features and events which have made for the progress—the true progress—of humanity, have been the wonderful discoveries of science and inventions of mechanism; the improved methods of preserving public health and checking epidemics; the resuscitation of small nations; the spread of liberty and fraternity in civil, political, and religious life; the increased intercourse of nations by international exhibitions; the modification of monarchical and imperial governments by democracy; the federation of British Colonies; and last, and most striking of all, as it seems to me, the enormous and still-continuing expansion of the British race.

The vastness, variety, loyalty, and unity of the glorious heritage of the modern Briton are worthy of our special attention. How is it that we, a mixed race of Anglo-Saxons, Normans, Danes, French, Kelts, and Teutons, living on two small islands, with the sea for our highway,

have utilised for trade and settlement the discoveries of Columbus, Vasco da Gama, and Tasman, and have firmly established ourselves in every part of the globe, while the countries which gave birth to these illustrious men have remained insignificant or dwindled into decay? It is because Providence has endowed us with the best qualities for colonizing of any nation. We ought gratefully to say, as we look upon the parts of the map of the world painted red, in the words of our City of Liverpool motto:—

“Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.”

Though our expansion—latterly, indeed, the necessary consequence of an overflow of population, which is the primitive cause and origin of most colonies—has excited the jealousy and dislike of the European powers, we are not a military nation, with a huge standing army always eager to take the field and extend its sovereign's frontier; nor are we pirates, filibusters, or land-grabbers, as our French neighbours accuse us of being. For history shows that, on good cause shown, Britain can restore legitimately-gained territory as gracefully, as she can hold it firmly. During the last two centuries we have relinquished Minorca, Tangiers, the Ionian Islands, Manilla, Java, Heligoland, and, at various times, all the West Indian Islands now held by other powers. Our governments have refused to accept Hawaii, Samoa, the Transvaal, Delagoa Bay, and other places. Yet it is not a boast, but an actual fact, that we can Anglicise any part of the world—arctic, temperate, or tropical, by settlement—with both immediate and lasting benefit to its original inhabitants.

From the planting of our very earliest colony, in Newfoundland, by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in 1583, down to the present year of grace, 1900, when we add 170,000 square miles to Greater Britain by the annexation of the two

Boer Republics, her expansion has been so continuous and so great, that few of us can realise that to-day our empire outranks, both in area and population, even Russia, the "Colossus of the North." When Queen Victoria acceded to the throne, in 1837, she reigned over 2,621,000 square miles of territory, peopled by 130 millions, of whom the Metropolis contributed a million and a half. Sixty years passed, and the Diamond Jubilee of this same beloved sovereign, more deeply enshrined than ever in the hearts of her subjects, was enthusiastically celebrated by many nationalities, in number (according to Sir Robert Giffen) 407 millions of souls, occupying twelve million square miles of land. London had grown into a gigantic city of five million inhabitants; and the total trade of the British empire was valued at £750,000,000 per annum. The unity and loyalty of our ten million kinsmen across the seas have been elicited in a most unexpected and remarkable way by the deplorable but inevitable war in South Africa. Take one striking fact as an illustration before passing on. Far-off New Zealand, a most peaceful and unmilitary colony, leaped to arms at the appeal of its Premier, and has sent out to the Cape two thousand of its finest youth, well-equipped, mounted, and disciplined. This contingent is in the proportion of one in 326 of the total population of the colony. A similarly proportionate force in Great Britain would amount to a body of 117,000 soldiers! Not without many lesser wars has our empire attained this stupendous development. But this we can assert, that in Europe we have never shed blood for the extension of territory, and to this day, Germany, Italy, Austria, Spain, Portugal and the Low countries have never repaid us for putting down Napoleon, the Attila of Europe, nor has Turkey in the slightest degree compensated us for the Crimean war.

During the 19th century British statesmen have made many useful and generally successful experiments in different ways of governing our distant possessions. With a success which excites the wonder of the foreigner and the admiration of the American, our administrators have solved most difficult problems,—of maintaining the peace between alien and hostile races in the same country; of controlling turbulent adventurers; of enforcing respect for life and property; and of uniting under one government many widely-scattered settlements. Not always has the success of these governmental experiments been due to the Ministers of State. More often the ability, sagacity, courage, and promptitude of our pioneer governors and colonists, ignoring the ignorance and ineptitude of Downing Street, have scored these victories of peace. The striking success of Sir Stamford Raffles, cousin of the erstwhile venerable minister of Great George Street Chapel, as Governor of Java, which was becoming a British colony of great value, when it was abruptly retroceded to Holland, in 1814, and his clever selection of Singapore, now the most flourishing seaport of the East, were not honoured or rewarded when he retired from office. Another great empire-builder, Sir George Grey, of New Zealand, was continually at variance with the Colonial office. Yet his masterly constitution of New Zealand, in 1852, was the first *complete* scheme of representative and responsible self-government actually put into operation. And in 1858 he drew up a scheme of government for a United South Africa, the adoption of which would have spared us the sad wars and rebellions that have since followed.

Without dwelling on the history of colonial expansion, which has been admirably summed up by Professor W. H. Woodward of this city in his well-known Manual, I will

shortly describe the development of the principal forms of colonial government in later years.

In addition to India, which has a special government, Greater Britain contains fifty-six distinct colonies, territories, protectorates, and naval and military stations, of which twenty-four have been added since Her Majesty's accession. Tennyson's profound saying,

"The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns,"

is illustrated by the disappearance of the old aristocratic and autocratic types of governor and government during the past half-century. Our ministers of State, having pondered over the causes of the successful revolt of the thirteen American colonies in 1776, and alarmed from time to time at outbreaks of discontent in Canada and Australia at tyrannical orders from home, arbitrary imposts, or unpopular governors, have made the yoke of Home control easy, and the fiscal burdens light. It is now an accepted principle that every colony shall levy and control its own taxation. Another great principle followed by all governments, whether Conservative or Liberal, is that a new country or group of settlements, or a mixed community of natives and colonists shall be *gradually educated up to* the condition of readiness for complete responsible self-government, under the Sovereign of Great Britain; and that a demand for autonomy shall always originate from the colony itself. Eleven of our colonies—the latest being Natal, in 1893—have attained this privilege. I shall show, in the course of my remarks, that this is the form of all forms which is best suited to our own countrymen, for it combines perfect individual freedom with a stable central authority, and manhood suffrage with loyalty to the monarch.

The following five types of government, arranged in

order from the simplest up to the most complex, comprise all our possessions, and are for the most part well suited to the peculiarities of each.

First, a protectorate, where the king or chief rules according to native customs in so far as they are not inhuman, under the advice and guidance of a British Resident and staff. Of this type are Egypt, British East Africa, and the Malay States. In case of external war, Britain, if appealed to, must fight for her "protected" ally.

Second, personal autocratic government by a military or naval officer, as at Gibraltar, Aden, and St. Helena.

Third, a Crown colony, where the governor, appointed by the Crown on the recommendation of the Colonial or Foreign secretary, holds supreme authority, but is assisted by an advisory council, formed of the leading officials of the colony, or by two councils, one the executive, and the other the legislative, composed of both nominated and elected members. Ceylon, Hong-Kong, Malta, and Cyprus are examples.

Fourth, government by a chartered company of British origin, such as North Borneo, British Central Africa, and Rhodesia. In all modern charters the rights of the aborigines are properly secured.

Fifth, representative and responsible self-government, consisting of (a) a governor appointed by the Queen, and approved of by the colony; (b) an executive council chosen from members of the legislature; (c) a parliament on the model of that of Westminster, where the House of Peers is represented by a Legislative Council or Senate; and a House of Commons, of representatives elected by the people. The laws passed must not be absolutely inconsistent with those of Great Britain: otherwise full powers are granted of taxation, domestic legislation, military and

naval defence, etc., and of federation with other British colonies or possessions.

No fear need now be entertained that any self-governed colony, such as one so intensely democratic and socialistic as New Zealand for instance, will split off from us in order to become a republic, or to ally itself with some other great power. They have and enjoy the most perfect freedom already, and of their attachment to the old country we are having continual proof.

For the progressively democratic forms of government which are being framed in our colonies we have to thank the United States. That noble constitution, drawn up be it remembered by once-loyal Englishmen, has survived the shock of civil war, the cancerous disease of slavery, many outbreaks of lawlessness, and the corruption of professional politicians. It has admitted, with great precaution, fifteen amendments, to its improvement. But it is the most conservative of all existing republics, full of checks and counter-checks, lest rash innovation should shake its stability.

Now the principal object of my paper is to describe the origin and constitution of the two young nations of British origin which were born, the one upon the 1st July, 1867, the DOMINION OF CANADA—and the other, whose legal birthday, I understand, is fixed by Royal Order in Council for New Year's day, 1901, the first day of the twentieth century—THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA. I wish to show you how skilfully their founders have avoided the omissions and the defects of even the American Constitution, one of which, the vagueness of the relation between Federal and State-rights, led to the sanguinary conflict between North and South, from 1861 to 1865.

For the origin of the Dominion of Canada* I must

* The word is not used for the first time in America, for the colony of Virginia was called "The Old Dominion," and we read in a petition to the King from the Philadelphia Convention, in 1774, of "The Dominion of Canada."

take you back to the year of the Queen's accession, 1837. Canada was then composed of two provinces, with separate governments, and working under an old-fashioned constitution, dating from 1791, which she had quite out-grown.

In 1837 a rebellion broke out in both Upper Canada and Lower Canada, the leaders being W. L. Mackenzie, in Ontario, and Papineau, in Quebec. The Presbyterians of Ontario regarded as a grievance the extensive lands kept out of settlement as an endowment for the Anglican Church, and the Crown Officials were deaf to their complaints. In Quebec, the French, all Catholics, took alarm at the growing power of the English and Scotch Protestant immigrants. Certain politicians of the United States took advantage of the discontent to urge Canada to join the Union. We came near losing Canada in 1837. As I have pointed out in my paper on "Tennyson as a National Poet," our great laureate's stirring verses rallied up the loyal majority and helped to save the situation.

But the Home Government of the day, of which Lord Melbourne was Premier, sent out the Earl of Durham, a wise and experienced Liberal peer, as Governor-General and High Commissioner, to pacificate the colony.

In his famous report, now a classic document of colonial history, he stated that racial and religious animosities and constitutional grievances were the twin sources of the discontent. He recommended the immediate granting of a full measure of representative government; elective bodies for local affairs; an inter-colonial railway; and the immediate union of the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada under one legislature, pending a broader federation of the whole group of territories.

The Re-union Act of 1840, passed by the Liberal Cabinet, in which Lord John Russell was Colonial Secretary, united the two provinces, and conceded to the

Canadians all the reforms they had asked for. This year was memorable for the addition of New Zealand to Her Majesty's dominions. This constitution of 1840 was the earliest instance of colonial autonomy, though less complete than that of its sister colony in 1852, and seems to have initiated the peaceful and prosperous career which Canada has since pursued. Under it the disputes and jealousies between the Catholic French and Protestant British calmed down, and the surrender of the "Clergy Reserves" lands for educational and social uses removed Presbyterian discontent.

It may be here remarked that in no subsequent colonial constitution has it been proposed to subsidise or to endow any one form of religion with lands or money belonging to the State.

This constitution worked well, but Canada grew in population, even in distant parts, and it was felt that some larger framework was required to keep its scattered units under one central control.

After many conferences between delegates from the various provinces, the *British North America Act* of 1867 formed a grand federation of the four chief provinces then existing, namely, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, under the name "Dominion of Canada." The constitution of the Dominion of Canada is declared to be similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom; and the executive government and authority continues to be vested in the Queen, her heirs and successors on the throne. One Parliament for Canada is established, consisting of the Queen, as represented by the Governor-General (appointed for six years), an Upper House styled the Senate, and a House of Commons elected by the people. Parliament is to meet annually at Ottawa, and its term is to be five years.

A member of the Senate must be thirty years of age at least, and be possessed of £800 or its value in property. Each senator is nominated for life by the Governor-General.

The number of the original Senate was seventy-two, and now it is eighty-one. The House of Commons, whose members are styled "M.P.," is to be elected by voters, qualified according to the franchise in each province. It numbered 181 when it first met on the 6th of November, 1867. It was the expressed intention to have the Lower house always double the strength of the Upper house, so that in the case of a joint sitting there might be no "dead-lock," but that the Lower house might preponderate. This provision is followed in both the Dominion of Canada and the Commonwealth of Australia.

Now, however, that the Canadian House of Commons, by the union of every part of British North America, except Newfoundland, amounts to 213 members (the Senate remaining eighty-one), its preponderance is not only assured, but rather excessive.

The allocation of members to each province is re-adjusted after each decennial census, beginning with that of 1871. But the curious provision is made that Quebec province shall always have the fixed number of sixty-five members, and that at each re-adjustment, such a number of members shall be assigned to each of the other provinces as shall bear the same proportion to its population as the number sixty-five bears to the population of Quebec. The object of this law is to prevent the House of Commons from becoming a cumbrous, unwieldy body, from the constant growth of population. Each member of both Senate and House of Commons is paid £200 for a session of thirty days, with travelling expenses,* etc.

* Payment of members is the rule in all our free self-governing colonies.

The House of Commons, in session, elects its Speaker, who has no vote, except in the case of a "tie," when he may give a casting vote. The Speaker of the Senate, nominated by the Governor-General, may vote on any question, but in case of equality of the voices, has no casting vote, but must give the decision in the negative.

The House of Commons alone can originate money votes, or impose taxation, but with this difference from our own House of Commons, that every such bill must be introduced by a message from the Governor-General approving of it.

The Executive Government of the Dominion consists of the Governor-General, assisted by the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, out of which thirteen Cabinet Ministers are selected to preside over the thirteen departments of state.

The Governor-General nominates these ministers from the party in majority of the House of Commons, and they are responsible to Parliament.

Each Province constituting the Dominion is provided by this Act with a local Government of a nearly uniform type, consisting of a Lieutenant-Governor, Executive Council, and Legislature. The Provincial laws passed after the year 1867 must be consistent with the Dominion laws, or be, *quoad differentia*, disallowed.

To save time and space, I may state in general terms that, while the Federal Government controls all matters essential to the general development, permanency, unity, and defence of the whole Dominion, the Provincial Governments retain the management and improvement of all local affairs.

The framers of this Dominion of Canada Act have wisely avoided one defect of the United States Constitution, namely, the undefined relationship of State rights

to Federal powers. Whereas by Art. 10 of the U. S. Constitution all powers not expressly conferred upon the President, Executive and Congress are reserved to the individual states—hence the plea of the Confederates for the maintenance of slavery—in the Dominion Constitution the reverse obtains, the rights and powers of the Provincial Governments being distinctly specified, while those of the Federal Executive and Parliament cover the whole ground of legislation not so expressly reserved to the Provincial authorities.

The Supreme Court of Canada, established in 1875, consisting of a Chief justice and five puisne judges, is the Court of Appeal for all controversies between Provinces and the Dominion. But though its decision in all criminal cases is final, in civil and political cases a final appeal is allowed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England. During the past thirty-three years very few appeals have been carried up to the Privy Council, but I venture to mention one decision by that august body of special interest to temperance reformers.

In the year 1877, the legislature of Ontario, formerly Upper Canada, passed a Liquor License Act of moderate stringency. A Mr. Hodge, of Toronto, was fined for infringing a certain regulation made by the local Licensing Commissioners, and appealed to the Court of Queen's Bench, who quashed the conviction. Next, the Court of Appeal for Ontario reversed this decision, and affirmed the conviction. Finally, the appellant, Hodge, carried the case to the Privy Council, basing his appeal on the ground (1) that the Legislature of Ontario had no power to pass any act to regulate the liquor traffic, because it infringed Sec. 91 of the B. N. A. Act, which exclusively reserved to the Dominion Parliament "the regulation of trade and commerce"; and (2), that the subject of this Provincial

Act did not come within any of the classes of subjects assigned by Sec. 92. Their lordships dismissed the appeal, confirming the conviction, holding that the Ontario Parliament acted within its powers in making municipal regulations of a local character for the good government of taverns, etc., licensed for the sale of liquors, etc., and for the repression of drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

The Dominion Parliament also passed the Canada Temperance Act of 1878, to promote uniform legislation on the liquor traffic in all the provinces; and made its adoption voluntary by any county or town. It is now a law for the whole Dominion, of a "Prohibition" character, but only in action in the localities or districts which have taken it up.

The working out of this great scheme for the past thirty-three years has been continuously harmonious, except for the rebellion at the Red River, headed by Louis Riel, in 1870, and the outbreak of the Indians and French half-breeds, under the same rebel, in the North West territory, in 1885. The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, in 1886, the construction of which was made an absolute condition by British Columbia of her union with the Dominion, has vastly accelerated the unification of Canada. Every province and territory as it joins the Dominion is provided with a suitable government, and representatives in the Federal Parliament. Even the wild Yukon district is now orderly, under Commissioner Ogilvie and his Mounted Police. Immigration increases, and new mineral discoveries are being made all the time. Like the mother country, Canada opens her arms to the distressed and oppressed of every nation. The Finns, the Icelanders, the Dukhobors, the Stundists, and the Roumanian Jews find there a welcome and a home. Well-deserved indeed was the eulogium pronounced upon

the Dominion by the Marquis of Lorne, in his farewell speech, in May, 1883:—"A judicature above suspicion; self-governing communities entrusting to a strong central government all national interests; the toleration of all faiths, with favour to none; a franchise recognising the rights of labour by the exclusion only of the idler; the maintenance of a government not privileged to exist for any fixed term, but ever susceptible to the change of public opinion, and ever open, through a responsible ministry, to the scrutiny of the people;—these are the features of your rising power."

And now let me describe, as concisely as may be, the origin of the Federation movement in the great island-continent of Australia, every one of whose six colonies has acquired the boon of responsible government since the year 1856, when the first Australian Parliament met in Sydney, elected for New South Wales, called the "Mother Colony." About the year 1884 leading Australian statesmen, stimulated by the rapid growth, solidarity, and prominence in the empire of a United Canada, took up the question of Australian Union. Mr. W. B. Dalley, who got up the New South Welsh contingent of troops for the Soudan, and Sir Henry Parkes headed the movement, and in 1886 the first Federal Council for Australasia met at Hobart, Tasmania, five colonies only being represented. Mutual jealousies being gradually smoothed away by press articles and public speeches, the next two conferences, in 1890 and 1895, were more complete and satisfactory. Finally, a great Australasian Federal Convention drew up a complete Draft Constitution in 1898 for submission to a *plébiscite* in each colony. Every colony has had every possible opportunity of understanding, sifting, amending, accepting or rejecting this

very important measure. Having passed through this six-fold ordeal, "THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA CONSTITUTION ACT," as it is called, passed through the Imperial Parliament in June of this year, and received Her Majesty's signature on the 9th July, 1900.

The preamble of this Act is impressively worded:—
"Whereas the people of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, and Tasmania, humbly relying on the blessing of Almighty God, have agreed to unite in one indissoluble Federal Commonwealth under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and under the constitution hereby established:

"And whereas it is expedient to provide for the admission into the Commonwealth of other Australasian colonies and possessions of the Queen. Be it therefore enacted," etc., etc.

The terminology of the body of this Act is more after the model of the American Union than that of the Canadian Act. Each colony is called a "State," and the "Original States" are those which shall have united before the proclamation of the Commonwealth.

As Western Australia voted in July for Federation, in the last stage, namely, on the *referendum* or *plébiscite*, that colony, its Agent-General informs me, will be regarded as an "Original State."

Clause 5 informs us that, "This Act, and all the laws made by the Parliament of the Commonwealth, shall be binding on the courts, judges, and people of every State, and every part of the Commonwealth, notwithstanding anything in the laws of any State; and they shall be in force on all British ships, except those of the Navy, whose ports of first clearance and of destination are in the Commonwealth" (abridged).

The Federal Parliament shall consist of the Queen,

acting through her representative, the Governor-General of Australia, a Senate, and a House of Representatives. Here we notice the American style of designation.

The Senate, or Upper House, is elected directly by the people, six being chosen for each Original State by the whole body of electors voting as one electorate.

The Senate of the Commonwealth is thus differentiated from that of the United States, where senators are selected by the Legislature of each State; and from the Upper House of the Canadian Dominion where the senators are nominated by the Governor-General. There is no property qualification for a Senator, as in the Dominion. For both Senator and Representative the qualifications are merely those of an ordinary elector in each State, namely, adult age, three years' residence in the Commonwealth, and being a natural-born or naturalized subject of the Queen. A Senator's term of office is six years. The Senate is a permanent body, only dissoluble in the event defined by Clause 57, of a prolonged disagreement with the Lower House, causing a block of legislation.

This Senate elects its own "President," whereas, in Canada, the Speaker of the Senate is appointed by the Governor-General, and in the United States the Vice-President of the Republic is, *ex-officio*, the President of the Senate.

The Lower House of the Commonwealth, called "House of Representatives," is to be elected by the people on the lowest franchise existing in each State, and its term is to be three years. The principle of "one elector, one vote" is adopted. Clause 41, to protect the right of women to vote which now exists in South Australia and in New Zealand, provides that no adult *person* who has acquired a right to vote for the more numerous House of the Parliament of a State, shall be prevented by any law of

the Commonwealth from voting for either House of the Commonwealth Parliament.

Each Senator and Representative will receive £400 per annum. The first Senate of the Commonwealth will have thirty-six members, and the first House of Representatives, seventy-five. To the Lower House, New South Wales will send twenty-six members; Victoria, twenty-three; Queensland, nine; South Australia, seven; Tasmania and Western Australia each five. The number of Representatives chosen in the several States shall be in proportion to the respective numbers of their people, but aboriginal natives, and persons of any race disqualified by any State law from voting, shall not be counted. This provision has distinct reference, I believe, to the Chinese and Japanese. It is expressly declared that the number of Representatives shall be twice the number of Senators, in order that the preponderance of voting power may be given to the Lower House in the case of a Joint Sitting, while the Senate is still to be sufficiently large not to be regarded as a mere Council. As to legislative power, the Senate's duty is revision rather than initiation. Laws appropriating revenue, or imposing taxation, shall originate in the Lower House, and, in the former case, only if the purpose of the appropriation has been recommended by message of the Governor-General. The Senate is debarred from even amending proposals of taxation or of money votes for the ordinary annual services of the Government, nor may it amend any proposed law so as to increase any charge or burden on the people.

The Federal Capital is to be situated in a special district of 100 square miles (like Washington, the U. S. Metropolis, in the District of Columbia) within the State of New South Wales, and distant not less than 100 miles from Sydney.

The Executive Government of the Commonwealth is vested in a Governor-General and a Federal Executive Council chosen by him, from which he will choose seven Ministers of State. The Governor-General, who will receive £10,000 a year, will be Commander-in-Chief of all the naval and military forces of the Commonwealth, and will have a large amount of personal patronage at his disposal, for in him will be vested "the appointment and removal of all (other) officers of the Executive Government until the Parliament otherwise provides." The first to occupy this high and very responsible office is a nobleman who won the good opinion of the colony of Victoria as Governor, namely, the Earl of Hopetoun, K.T., G.C.M.G., whose selection by the Queen has been received with enthusiasm by the Australians. He will make Sydney his temporary residence. Great *éclat* will be given to the new Commonwealth Parliament, by the permission given by the Queen, just announced, that her grandson, the Duke of York will open it in Her Majesty's name. He will be accompanied by the Duchess of York, and it is expected that the royal pair will visit most of the Australasian colonies, New Zealand included, and perhaps return home across Canada.

Her Majesty's message, with its finely-worded appreciation of Colonial loyalty, has sent a thrill of joy throughout Australasia. I quote a few lines :—

Although the Queen naturally shrinks from parting with her grandson for so long a period, Her Majesty fully recognises the greatness of the occasion which will bring her colonies of Australasia into federal union, and desires to give this special proof of her interest in all that concerns the welfare of her Australasian subjects. Her Majesty at the same time wishes to signify her sense of the loyalty and devotion which have prompted the spontaneous aid so liberally offered by all the Colonies in the South African war, and of the splendid gallantry of her Colonial troops.

After his arrival at the temporary seat of Government, the first duty of the Governor-General will be to fix a date or dates upon which the posts, telegraphs, telephones, lighthouses, quarantine, and defence forces of each of the six colonies shall become transferred to the Commonwealth; but the departments of customs and excise in each state shall immediately pass to the Commonwealth.

A boon to travellers and commercial men who have felt the great inconvenience of baggage examination and duties levied on the borders or seaports of every separate colony will be the promise in the Act that, within two years from its establishment, the Commonwealth will impose uniform customs and duties throughout Australia, so that there will be absolutely free trade and commerce within the limits of the Commonwealth, whether by land or sea.

After five years of uniform duties, the Commonwealth will pay out to the several States, on a fair basis, its surplus revenue. But clause eighty-seven, "Braddon's blot," so-called by some, inserted to protect the weaker protectionist States, hampers this provision by ordaining that "during the first ten years, the Commonwealth Government shall not expend annually more than one-fourth of its net revenue from customs and excise, the balance being returned to the States, or applied towards payment of interest on colonial debts taken over by the Commonwealth." No doubt this heavy liability will have to be met by special taxation, for by clause 105, Parliament *may* take over from the States their public debts, and may convert, renew, or consolidate them, or any part thereof, being safe-guarded by an indemnity from each State, and strict provision for the regular payment of interest. So that our holders of Colonial bonds need not feel at all apprehensive.

To each federated State are left its lands, mines,

railways; non-federal public works; police, education, judiciary; the power of direct taxation and of borrowing money for State purposes; and the internal government of the State generally.

Owing to differences of gauge, of fares, and of management, the Commonwealth does not at once take over the State railways. But an Inter-State Commission, such as exists in the United States, is appointed to arrange trade and commerce, and to prevent any one State from interfering with the commercial interest of any other State by preferential railway rates, etc.

To the Commonwealth exclusively will belong the raising of naval and military forces; the coinage; the power of general taxation; the acquisition of railways or other property from any State; railway construction and extension; conciliation and arbitration; the relations of the Commonwealth with the Pacific Islands (lately a burning question in Queensland), and no less than thirty-four other departments of Government.* “When a law of a State is inconsistent with a law of the Commonwealth, the latter shall prevail, and the former be invalid.” (Clause 51).

Careful and wise provisions are made for the admission of new States, and for any proposed alteration of the Constitution (Clauses 121 to 128). Under the head of “Judicature,” we find that this Act creates a Federal Supreme Court, to be called the High Court of Australia, consisting of a Chief Justice, and not less than two other Justices. The original Bill made the mistake of making this High Court of Australia the *final* Court of Appeal in all cases, thereby depriving the right of a litigant to

* I may mention that the large expenditure of the new Commonwealth is amply guaranteed by the fact that the total revenue of the six federating colonies amounted in 1898 to over £26,000,000.

carry up his appeal to the Privy Council in London. The Chief Justices of most of the colonies strongly opposed this abolition. "The unity of final decision," wrote Sir Henry Wrixon, "preserves an unity of law over the whole Empire." My friend, Sir James Way, Chief Justice of South Australia, who kept me well informed on the progress of the Commonwealth Bill, echoed the thought of most colonists, in writing:—"*This right of appeal to the Privy Council is the most valuable privilege of our common citizenship, and one of the strongest ties uniting the Empire.*"

The struggle over the famous Clause 74 is fresh in your minds. Mr. Chamberlain eventually obtained the consent of the federating colonies to retain this cherished privilege of appeal to the Privy Council, with certain limitations. These limitations are, briefly, that no appeal to London shall be permitted upon any constitutional question arising between the Commonwealth and the States, unless certified to by the High Court. In other matters, "this Constitution shall not impair any right which the Queen may be pleased to exercise by virtue of Her royal prerogative to grant special leave from the High Court to Her Majesty in council. The Parliament may make laws limiting the matters in which such leave may be asked," but they "shall be reserved by the Governor-General for Her Majesty's pleasure.

It seems strange to us in England that New Zealand has not joined this noble confederation. Although I am in touch with the public opinion of that colony, as expressed in its newspapers, I cannot explain its present attitude towards the Commonwealth. In my opinion, its recent handsome surplus of £560,000; the confidence shown in it by the Colonial office in annexing to it various groups of islands, and giving it the Protectorate of Raratonga;

and the opposition of its masterful Premier, Mr. Seddon to the yielding up of its revenue, defence forces, etc., to the Commonwealth, which would be necessary on entering the Confederation—all these and other considerations influence New Zealand in holding aloof, for a time. But I believe that eventually she will join it on favourable terms.

Just as this Address is being printed, I learn by cable that the Fiji Islands desire federation with New Zealand—not with Australia,—a circumstance which may contribute to the hesitation of the latter colony to join the Commonwealth.

This constitution of this Commonwealth of Australia has its defects, easily remediable by further legislation, but on the whole it is a fine piece of political construction; a welding together into a homogeneous whole of hitherto divergent colonies, to be welcomed by all patriotic Englishmen as a great factor in the maintenance of the integrity of the Empire. Nay, more, the new Commonwealth (well-named) is an earnest of the growing faith in Imperialism; a living proof of sturdy independence; and a striking example of a nearly perfect system of colonization.

The advantages of federation in geographical groups has been so conspicuously shown by the examples of Canada and Australia, that it becomes only a question of time when the South African colonies and possessions will unite; the West Indian Islands will join our Central and South American colonies, and the Pacific Islands unite with New Zealand, Australia, or the Fijis as a centre. Professor Seeley's pungent questions, asked in 1883, are now receiving an emphatically affirmative answer:—"Will Greater Britain rise to a higher form of organisation? Will the English race, now divided by several oceans, devise some scheme like that of the United States, under

which full liberty and solid union may be reconciled with unbounded territorial expansion ? ” The first steps were taken towards this object by the Jubilee Conferences of the Colonial Premiers with our Premier and Secretaries for the Colonies in 1887 and 1897. The movement is going on : we are by safe and steady progression advancing towards the still grander ideal of Imperial Federation. Why should there not be an Imperial Council, meeting annually in London, in which India and every colony and federation should be fully represented ? Already in the burning question of the re-settlement, on a firm and just basis, of South Africa, the voice of a United Canada and a United Australia reaches Downing Street with a clearness and decisiveness which isolated colonies could not give. Those of our children who have sealed a covenant of blood with us on the South African veldt have a right to a voice in the making of peace, and the future settlement of the country. “What we did,” said the Canadian Premier in a recent speech at Ottawa, justifying the despatch to the war of Canada’s large contingent, “we did of our own free will, and as to future wars, I have only this to say, that if it should be the will of the people of Canada to take part in any war of England, the people of Canada will have their way. Of course, if our future military contribution were to be considered compulsory—a condition which does not exist—I would say to Great Britain, ‘If you want us to help you, call us to your councils.’ ”

By such an Imperial Council, a family bond of union between the mother and her scattered family, Britannia will avoid the fate of Imperial Rome, where only the military power kept many alien nationalities together in a mechanical union. What we aspire to is a union of hearts. And as long as our beloved Queen-Empress lives, she will be the uniting bond of love. As to the future, I

am an optimist. The character of my fellow-countrymen, formed during many centuries by rational liberty, strenuous labour, manly self-reliance, and earnest religion, has *not* deteriorated. The successful quieting down and repopulation of unhappy South Africa must depend upon the character of the men and women who settle there, rather than upon schemes of government, however wise and just.

For—

What constitutes a State?
 Not high-raised battlement, or laboured mound,
 Thick wall, or moated gate;
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,
 No; men, high-minded men
 Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;
 Prevent the long-aimed blow
 And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain—
 These constitute a State.

With assured peace, the racial animosities in South Africa will disappear in time, and its industrial progress will advance apace. We shall all, I am sure, whatever our views, echo the noble wish of our beloved Sovereign, expressed in her last prorogation speech. Speaking of the annexation of the Orange Free State, now the Orange River Colony, Her Majesty said:—"I trust that this will be the first step towards the union of races, under institutions which, while establishing from the outset good and just government for all, may be, in time, developed so as to secure equal rights and privileges in my South African dominions."

It seems to me that both the Constitutions which I have described will afford useful suggestions for a future "UNITED BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA."

I must now bring this lengthy address to a close, with a word on a subject nearer home.

If our excitable neighbours across the Channel were to carry out their threat of invasion, a danger which at least the *Spectator* thinks impending, I make no doubt whatever that the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world would assert its solidarity by helping the mother country. Even in the United States, with its hostile Irish party and its keen commercial rivalry, there is a strong feeling in the heart of the true American of love to the land whence his ancestors sprung. I am certain, from an intimate knowledge of the best classes of educated Americans, that these stirring lines of H. L. G., a Californian poet, express a real sentiment which would inspire prompt action were our dear old country violated by a foreign host:—

Mother England! Mother England! down the ages blood will tell,
From the spears that baffled Cæsar to the field where Symons fell.
Down through rugged Gael and Saxon, brawny Norsk and stalwart
Danes,

Still the blood of Bruce and Cromwell tingles in our Yankee veins.

Mother England! Mother England! if all Europe rise and roar,
We will meet them, we will beat them, on the sea and on the
shore;

Then our stalwart Anglo-Saxons, side by side, on land and sea,
Shall march on and sail together to one world-wide destiny.

And this “world-wide destiny” of Anglo-Saxondom is not to promote war, but to teach the dark races peaceful arts, and the white races friendly commerce; and by spreading a *living* Christianity to prepare all the world for the coming Era of Millennial Peace.

CHARLES LAMB.

BY REV. W. E. SIMS.

NEARLY seventy years have passed away since the "Gentle Elia" was laid in Edmonton Churchyard, where, amid grass-covered mouldering heaps, a stone with inscription still legible, indicates to the pensive disciple of Hervey indulging in *Meditations Among the Tombs* his quiet resting place.

But while in the busy years that have since elapsed many literary lights have kindled and faded into darkness, the reputation of Charles Lamb shines with undiminished lustre, a planet in the firmament of letters. His essays take rank among English classics. His poems, criticisms, and letters are edited and re-edited. His ephemeral squibs, sayings, jokes, and anecdotes are collected with eager relish. The very "dust of his writings" is treasured as fine gold. Amateur collectors and lovers of rarities pore over catalogues at book sales in search of first editions. And Elia has taken his place among the "masters of laughter and tears."

Many authors of excellent repute do not awaken in us any personal interest. We read their works without desire to penetrate the mystery of the writer's personality. We do not wish to know where they lived, nor what their appearance, nor wherewithal they were clothed. They are mere abstractions, the title-pages of their books acquaint us with their names, and from the same source we gather the names of their publishers; both facts are on the same

dead level of the uninteresting. We "care for none of those things."

But the works of Charles Lamb are read not merely because of their subject matter, they derive an additional interest as a revelation of himself, they are stamped with the impress of a remarkable personality. As one of his friends observed, "the syllables lurk up and down the writings of Lamb which decipher his eccentric nature, his character lies there dispersed in anagram, and to any attentive reader the regathering and restoration of the total word from its scattered parts is inevitable without an effort." This interpenetration of his work with subjective allusion partly accounts for its unique quality. "Nobody (says Professor Saintsbury) has ever succeeded in imitating him even in his most obvious quaintnesses, while the blending of those quaintnesses with a pathos that is never mere sentiment is a secret not merely undiscovered yet by imitators, but escaping even any complete analysis."

Charles Lamb's father was confidential clerk and general factotum to a Mr. Samuel Salt, a barrister of the Inner Temple, an easy, good-natured man, who left the management of all his affairs to his humble friend. "He was not to be trusted with himself with impunity." "Lovel took care of everything. He was at once his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his 'flapper,' his guide, stopwatch, auditor, treasurer. He did nothing without consulting Lovel, or failed in anything without expecting and fearing his admonishing. He put himself almost too much in his hands, had they not been the purest in the world." Under the name of Lovel the elder Lamb is thus described by his son. "He was a man of an incorrigible and losing honesty;" "the liveliest little fellow breathing;" "possessed of a fine turn for humorous poetry;" "moulded heads in clay or plaster of

Paris to admiration, by dint of natural genius merely; turned cribbage boards and such small cabinet toys to perfection; took a hand at quadrille or bowls with equal facility; made punch better than any man of his degree in England; had the merriest quips and conceits, and was altogether as brimful of rogueries and inventions as you could desire."

John Lamb married the daughter of a Mrs. Field, who occupied the position of housekeeper at an old country mansion, and seven children were born, four of whom died; the survivors being John, a thoroughly selfish, free and easy, good natured man, who does not figure largely or with much credit to himself in the family history; Mary, the afflicted sister, to whom Charles devoted his life; and the subject of this paper.

Charles Lamb was born in the Inner Temple on February 10th, 1775. His childhood was passed amid the dry and dusty surroundings of a lawyer's sanctum. His young eyes were familiarised with parchment deeds and the dull brown leather covers of huge legal books, mammoth Blackstones and elephantine Cokes, portentous monsters, awful in the eyes of a child. Escaping from their uncongenial vicinity he was free to wander at will in the retired courtyards and secluded paths skirting the Temple Gardens; or, straying beyond these sacred but dingy precincts into the adjacent narrow and busy streets, gaze wistfully at the glittering contents of shop windows, or pause to examine with awakening interest the prints and pictures displayed upon some old bookstall; for Charles was never a child in the ordinary sense of the word, he was never really young, no youthful diversions attracted his infant tastes; a tiny city hermit, as old-fashioned as Paul Dombey, he shared in few or none of the amusements of children of his own age.

Then was laid the foundation of his passionate attachment to town life. He would have sympathised with Dr. Johnson and applauded his remark, "If you have seen one green field, you have seen all green fields, let us take a walk down Fleet Street." In a letter to Wordsworth, he says :—

I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses . . . the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print shops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me . . . I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life !

At the age of seven he obtained a presentation to Christ's Hospital, probably through the influence of his father's employer, Mr. Salt, and in one of his essays gives an amusing account of the famous Blue Coat School—the detestable food—"Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless." "The pease soup of Saturday coarse and choking." "The Wednesday's mess of millet." The "boiled beef on Thursdays with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth." "Our scanty mutton scrags on Fridays—and rather more savoury but grudging portions of the same flesh rotten-roasted or rare on Tuesdays." Charles, however, escaped some of these gastronomical enormities owing to the kindness of an aunt. "I remember," says he, "the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride) squatting down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the raven ministered to the

Tishbite), and the contending passions of L(amb) at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer, shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it: and at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!), predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame and awkwardness and a troubling over-consciousness."

The upper master of the school at this time was the Reverend James Boyer, a good scholar and able school-master, but with too pronounced a faith in the efficacy of external stimulus for mental dulness, a faith he consistently shewed by his works, to the detriment of many a cuticle. "Nothing was more common," says Lamb, "than to see him make a headlong entry into the school-room from his inner recess or library, and with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out 'Ods my life, sirrah' (his favourite adjuration) 'I have a great mind to whip you'—then with as sudden a retracting impulse fling back into his lair—and after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context), drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some devil's litany, with the expletory yell, 'and I will, too.'"

In his fifteenth year straitened circumstances at home made it necessary for Lamb to leave Christ's Hospital and accept a clerkship; he spent three years at the South Sea House, and then transferred his services to the accountant's office of the East India company, where he remained until pensioned off a few years before his death. "Upon the shelves of that office," he used to say, "are preserved my real works in many folio volumes, the so-called works issued to the public being only the recreation of my leisure hours."

Nowhere, probably, outside of Utopia do the square pegs

find angular holes, and the round pegs circular ones. The world employs Robert Burns to guage ale barrels, and sends Charles Lamb to an accountant's desk where, as he said, "the wood entered into his soul." "The *opera omnia* of Lamb drawn up in a hideous battalion, at the cost of labour so enormous, would be known only to certain families of spiders in one generation, and of rats in the next. Such a labour of Sisypheus—the rolling up a ponderous stone to the summit of a hill only that it might roll back again by the gravitation of its own dulness—seems a bad employment for a man of genius in his meridian energies. And yet perhaps not. Perhaps the collective wisdom of Europe could not have devised for Lamb a more favourable condition of toil than this very India House clerkship."

For an event occurred a few years after he went to the India House which cast a baleful shadow across Lamb's life, and made it a lingering tragedy; he needed the steadying influence of a regular occupation, and its monotony of systematic application was perhaps a blessing in disguise. His father, suffering now from softening of the brain, had left his situation, and was living upon a pension in Little Queen Street, Holborn. His mother was ill and bedridden. There was an hereditary taint of insanity in the family. Charles himself had spent six weeks in a lunatic asylum in the early part of 1796. Amid all the family troubles, poverty, incurable sickness, mental aberration, Mary Lamb had borne the burden and heat of the day, like Martha, "encumbered with much serving." Incessant in devotion to bedridden mother and imbecile father, taking in work to add a slender pittance to the meagre income and eke out the scanty store, at length she succumbed to the terrible strain, the dreadful malady, that "leprous distilment in the blood," broke out in a

frightful homicidal form. Snatching up a knife in the ungovernable fury engendered by insanity, she stabbed her mother to death, Charles, too late, wresting the weapon from her grasp.

After the inquest, the poor creature was consigned to a lunatic asylum, but some time later, having recovered her reason, was given up to her brother at his urgent entreaty, upon the understanding that he should be answerable for her safe keeping. "This calamity of his fireside," says de Quincey, "followed soon after by the death of his father determined the future destiny of Lamb. Apprehending with the perfect grief of perfect love that his sister's fate was sealed for life—viewing her as his own greatest benefactress, which she really had been through her advantage by ten years of age—yielding with impassioned readiness to the depth of his fraternal affection what at anyrate he would have yielded to the sanctities of duty as interpreted by his own conscience, he resolved for ever to resign all thoughts of marriage with a young lady whom he loved—forever to abandon all ambitious prospects that might have tempted him into uncertainties, humbly to content himself with the certainties of his Indian clerkship, to dedicate himself for the future to the care of his desolate and prostrate sister, and to leave the rest to God."

This noble programme of self-denial Charles Lamb heroically carried out, he accepted his responsibility as a sacred duty, with unsurpassable brotherly love he consecrated his life to his sister's welfare, and his protecting care only ceased with death. "God love her," he said, his eyes filling with tears, "may we two never love each other less." Having taken his resolution, Lamb never shrunk from the consequences it entailed, or murmured at the cost of sacrifice, he bore the burden with a fortitude of the quiet, passive, martyr kind which makes no noise, which

wins no applause, which simply suffers and endures. Henceforth the two were marked creatures, exposed to all the venom of slanderous tongues, to all the ill-natured satire of foolish and ignoble minds. They were driven from place to place, from lodging to lodging, none caring to harbour the homicidal maniac and her strange guardian. Time after time, and with increasing frequency as life advanced, Mary relapsed into insanity. Again and again had she to be consigned to the sad shelter of a lunatic asylum, and every time she recovered, her brother was there to resume his tender guardianship. Just before one of her attacks they were met walking hand-in-hand towards the mad-house, both bathed in tears.

To keep his sister, Charles had to devise means of augmenting his income, his salary at the India House being insufficient at that period for their joint support. He worked at literature after office hours. In 1797, he produced, in conjunction with Coleridge and Charles Lloyd, a small volume of poems, and a year later published *A Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret*. "What a lovely thing is *Rosamund Gray*" said Shelley. "How much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest part of our nature in it. When I think of such a mind as Lamb's, when I see how unnoticed remain things of such exquisite and complete perfection, what should I hope for myself if I had not higher objects in view than fame."

But, unfortunately, work of the best kind is seldom lucrative, and Lamb wanted something more tangible than a poet's applause, he wanted money to enable him to carry out the solemn vow and promise that he had made, and soon after we find him turning his humorous powers to account by supplying a newspaper with six jokes a day at the rate of sixpence a joke! Anything more truly melancholy it is difficult to conceive. They were witticisms

written in blood. Laughter and tears, proverbially nearly allied, were here in closest union. One of the finest spirits of the age, crushed by calamity, under pressure of poverty, engaged in titillating the risible muscles of his contemporaries for sixpence a titillation! We are reminded of the ghastly merriment at an Irish wake. There is something in the idea suggestive of the grin of a death's head. Lamb eventually found the task intolerable, he became ill and was compelled to abandon it. When free from the incubus, he wrote: "I have given up two guineas a week at the *Post*, and regained my health and spirits."

His next venture was a five act drama in blank verse, entitled *John Woodvil*. It was full of beauties, rare felicities of diction, and lovely poetical images, but lacked the qualities essential to dramatic success. The Reviewers descended upon it in all their war paint, they fought and spared not, the critics of the *Quarterly*, and other leading reviews in those days were like Prince Rupert's cavaliers, they charged wildly and blindly, dashing and slashing, cutting their way through the authors of the period with a reckless audacity amounting almost to the morally sublime. They dispensed praise or blame, usually the latter, with an impartiality and fine disregard for the real merits of a production in a manner that reminds us of nothing so much as the periodical distribution of brimstone-and-treacle at the educational establishment of Mr. Wackford Squeers. Frequently they selected the best and most original works of their time for critical assault, and if much attention had been paid to their decisions, English literature would have been deprived of some of its chief ornaments in verse and prose. Not content with accelerating the death of Keats, they would have slain, if they could, not a few of the masterpieces of Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Charlotte Brontë, and a host of others

whose names are among the glories of our literary annals, and although now a wiser spirit is working in the critical field, the old Canaanites are not quite extinct. We heard a few years ago how an amiable and keen-sighted successor of the Quarterly apostles described Robert Browning's *Bells and Pomegranates* with great brevity and impudence as "Rubbish."

Happily for himself and for us Lamb wisely ignored the judgment of the Reviewers, he anticipated Emerson's advice. "Shun the spawn of the press and the gossip of the hour." He persevered, but the effort was not an easy one. The shadow of a terrible crime darkened the past, the suspense of a constant apprehension embittered the present, and the future seemed to offer little but opportunity for the dreary exercise of patience.

Contented as I may, to bear me on
T' the not unpeaceful evening of a day
Made black by morning storms.

Those who met the oddly-constructed figure, lean and shrivelled, arrayed in threadbare rusty black, adorned with flying ribbons, a long body with attenuated legs, a large noble head of Jewish type, with curiously twinkling eyes, stammering and stuttering in speech, might feel inclined to smile at so singular a phenomenon, but those who knew the story of his brave devotion, knew what a patient tender heart was beating there under the rusty black, knew what a pure and gentle spirit dwelt in that angular insufficient frame, never smiled, but were more inclined to weep.

In 1807, he published his *Tales from Shakespeare*. These were the joint production of his sister and himself, and secured immediate success. Many people imagine that these tales are only suitable for the nursery, but this results from imperfect appreciation of the work achieved. For years Lamb had been an assiduous student of Eliza-

bethan literature, and was saturated with its spirit. It has been said that he was born two centuries after his proper time, that he was, indeed, the last of the Elizabethans. A writer in *Notes and Queries* observes: "Charles Lamb was a living anachronism, a seventeenth century man, mislaid and brought to life two hundred years too late. Never did author belong less to what was nominally his own time, he could neither sympathise with it nor comprehend it; his quaintness of style and antiquarianism of taste were no affectation. He belonged to the school of his contemporaries, but they were contemporaries that never met him in the streets, but were mostly to be found in Poet's Corner, or under gravestones of long ago."

Nowhere was Lamb more at home than among the great dramatists of the English Augustan age. With what delight, when "Betty had lit the candles," he would draw from its sacred nook some old folio of Marlowe, Ford, Greene, Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher or Shakespeare, and con its precious pages! One of his most conspicuous services to English literature was the impulse he gave to the study of forgotten worthies whose works had lain too long unnoticed on the upper shelves of aristocratic libraries, and his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets contemporary with Shakespeare*, paved the way for a renaissance of the Tudor and early Stuart poets. The *Tales from Shakespeare*, even if written for the young, have been read with profit and delight by "children of a larger growth." There is an "art that conceals art" in the transparent simplicity and lucidity of their pages, in the dexterous interweaving of Shakespeare's own words, in the felicity with which a character is sometimes painted in a single sentence, in the compression that gives the whole story of a play in briefest compass without destroying the proportion of its parts.

Another important service rendered to culture by Charles Lamb was the rescue of Hogarth from a condition of undeserved neglect. He published an essay on the genius of Hogarth, in which attention was directed to the power and vividness of delineation shewn by that great and original painter, and which materially assisted in establishing his fame. No edition of *Hogarth* is complete without Lamb's essay. He saw subtilty and genius where others had found only coarseness and vulgarity, proving himself a real critic by discerning the true and the beautiful in work which less clear-sighted observers had found false and repulsive; while fully admitting the presence in these pictures, or some of them, of features that create aversion, he says, "But I contend that there is in most of them that sprinkling of the better nature, which, like holy water, chases away and disperses the contagion of the bad." "I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman who, being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered *Shakespeare*, being asked which he esteemed next best, replied *Hogarth*. His graphic representations are indeed books: they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Other pictures we look at—his prints we read."

The *Essay on Hogarth* and the notes that were published with the *Specimens of Dramatic Poets* would have ensured Lamb a niche in the Temple of Fame if he had done nothing else, but his reputation rests chiefly upon the *Essays of Elia*, which were contributed originally to the *London Magazine*, and first appeared in a collected form in 1823. De Quincey says: "The prose essays under the signature of *Elia* form the most delightful section amongst Lamb's works. They traverse a peculiar field of observation, sequestered from general interest, and they are composed in a spirit too delicate and unobtrusive to catch

the ear of the crowd clamouring for strong sensations. But this retiring delicacy itself, the pensiveness chequered by gleams of the fanciful, and the humour that is touched with cross-lights of pathos, together with the picturesque quaintness of the objects casually described, whether men, or things, or usages, and in the rear of all this, the constant recurrence to ancient recollections, and to decaying forms of household life, as things retiring before the tumult of new and revolutionary generations, these traits in combination communicate to the papers a grace and strength of originality which nothing in any literature approaches, whether for degree or kind of excellence, except the most felicitous papers of Addison."

Lamb was now of mature age, and the *Essays* consequently exhibit his power at its greatest development. He pours out in them all the curious erudition obtained in the course of a lifetime passed among books, many of them books of a rare description, seldom included in a bookseller's catalogue. "I love," said he, "out of the way humours and opinions, heads with some diverting twist in them, the oddities of authorship please me most." We learn without surprise of his "hanging for the thousandth time over some passage in old Burton." We can understand the pathetic regret with which he would point to a vacant space on his shelves whence some old favourite, Isaak Walton or the like, had been abstracted by a ruthless borrower. "The human species," he says, "according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races—the men who borrow, and the men who lend. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those imperfect classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, Parthian's and Medes and Elamites, flock hither and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary

distinctions. . . . To me . . . whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers than iron coffers, there is a class of alienators more formidable than any that I have touched upon. I mean your borrowers of books, those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes." And he concludes with the sage advice: "Reader, if thou art blessed with a moderate collection be shy of showing it."

Lamb's books were his children, they awoke in him the paternal instinct which could find no other form of expression. We can easily credit the story of his kissing some old folio when he thought that no observer was near.

Readers who adorn or disfigure their volumes with marginal symbols find as much difficulty in dealing with Lamb as with Emerson, almost every sentence seems to deserve a distinguishing mark of recognition; the essays are a mosaic of gems. Who but Lamb would have described a wretched cripple, destitute of nether terminations, as "a grand fragment as good as an Elgin marble"; or, say, with reference to the little chimney sweepers of those days, "I have a kind of yearning towards these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses . . . clergy-imps, who from their little pulpits (the chimney pots) preach patience to the world?" Sometimes he would sketch a character in a sentence. There was "Solemn Hepworth from whose gravity Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation;" and a certain clerk "a votary of the desk, a notched and cropped scrivener—one that sucks his sustenance as certain sick people are said to do—through a quill." There was Mrs. Battle, whose serious occupation in life was a game at whist. "It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do—and she did it—she unbent her mind afterwards over a book." An elderly accountant at the South Sea House

“relieved his vacant hours” with music. “But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas that were purely ornamental were banished. You could not speak of anything romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted. The whole duty of man consisted in writing off dividend warrants.” Another official “had the air and stoop of a nobleman. You would have taken him for one had you met him in one of the passages leading to Westminster Hall. By stoop, I mean that gentle bending of the body forwards, which in great men must be supposed to be the effect of an habitual condescending attention to the applications of their inferiors.” Quaint and curious himself, Lamb loved the “oddities” of real life as much as he did the “oddities” of authorship, people “with some diverting twist in them.”

Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.

“Miscellaneousness of subject and treatment,” says Canon Ainger, “is the first surprise and delight felt by the reader of Lamb.” His essays have all the variety and charm that belonged to well-written letters before the art of correspondence was lost, many of them, indeed, are amplifications of passages to be found in his letters, the personal element is prominent, they are full of allusions to persons, places and incidents connected with his own life, his friends and relatives are introduced under various disguises, he tells us about himself, his feelings, emotions and peculiarities. He writes:—

I have no ear.—Mistake me not, reader, nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital . . . those ingenious labyrinthine inlets—those indispensable side intelligencers . . . but, organically, I am

incapable of a tune. I have been practising God save the King all my life, whistling and humming it over to myself in solitary corners, and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it, yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

Describing a fit of indisposition, he says:—

If there be a regal solitude it is a sick bed. How the patient lords it there; what caprices he acts without control! how king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling and tossing, and shifting and lowering, and thumping and flatting and moulding it to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples. He changes *sides* oftener than a politician.

Reflecting upon the passage of time, he remarks:—

In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel: I am not content to pass away as a weaver's shuttle. Those metaphors solace me not nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. . . . I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here; I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends, to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer; I do not want to be weaned by age, or drop like mellow fruit as they say into the grave. . . . Can a ghost laugh or shake his gaunt sides when you are pleasant with him? . . . Some have wooed death: but out upon thee I say thou foul ugly phantom. . . . Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism.—Such as he now is, I must shortly be. Not so shortly, friend, as perhaps thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive, I move about, I am worth twenty of thee: know thy betters.

Perhaps the best known of the essays is “A Dissertation upon Roast Pig.”

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument! There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted *crackling*, as it is well called. The very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy brittle resistance—with the

adhesive oleaginous—O, call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child pig's yet pure food, the lean, no lean but a kind of animal manna. . . . See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! Would'st thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have grown up a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade
Death came with kindly care.

His memory is odoriferous; no clown curseth while his stomach half rejecteth the rank bacon; no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages; he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure; and for such a tomb might be content to die.

Charles Lamb has been described as a “rare instance of the combination of a keen critical faculty with a tenderness and bright humour which made it impossible for him to be cruel.” “His *Essays of Elia* are full of this bright humour, this tender criticism, a ripple of pleasant laughter runs through them, just broken here and there by a sob,” there is “a desperate brightness always quivering on the verge of tears,” they are not merely amusing sketches of life and character, there is a strong undercurrent of genuine humanity, playful badinage is mingled with pathos, the “attic salt” seasons wholesome material, gentle satire never degenerates into bitter sarcasm, there are no barbed and pointed shafts of ridicule, there is no chastising with scorpions, the merriment is always kindly, never scornful; they were not written to lash abuses or punish iniquity, there is nothing suggestive of Juvenal, nothing reminiscent of Voltaire.

The fame of Lamb as an essayist has eclipsed his reputation as a poet, and diverted attention from his merit

as a critic, he is known as the "Gentle Elia;" but it was to poetry and criticism that his youthful energies were devoted, and to poetry he returned in his old age. A few sonnets, included in Coleridge's earliest volume of poems, were the first-fruits of his genius, and almost the last book he published was a volume of album verses. "As a poet," says Mr. Bates, "Charles Lamb is once again original. He has produced but little it is true, but that little is perfect in its own way, and ensures for its author a niche all to himself in the temple of Parnassus. What more pathetic than his lines on his mother, first printed in the *Final Memorials*, his *Old Familiar Faces*, *The Three Friends*, and *The Sabbath Bells*? Then there is the fierce energy of the *Farewell to Tobacco*, and the *Gipsy's Malison* with its almost demoniacal force of expression. These are all pieces of perfect finish, and are marked by a wondrously refined artifice of rhyme, rhythm, phrase, and condensation of thought." If Lamb is a minor poet, it is for the same reason that Gray and Collins are minor poets, and that Amos and Micah are minor prophets, the qualifying adjective having reference to quantity rather than quality of production.

As a critic Lamb possessed what is more valuable than learning, wide reading or completeness of logical outfit. He was gifted with almost unerring instinct. Men like Coleridge and Southey sent him their manuscripts before publication to receive the advantage of preliminary criticism. He was an "accessory before the fact" as regards many a noble production that England will not "willingly let die." He was foremost among the select few who recognised the genius of Burns and of Wordsworth, while as yet their title to fame was generally ignored. It is to Lamb we are chiefly indebted for the revival of interest in writers of the sixteenth and seven-

teenth centuries, whose works had sunk into unmerited oblivion. He did a work not unlike that done in a different province by the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings. He awakened an intelligent interest in the literary monuments of the past. He drank deeply from that "well of English undefiled" the poetry of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. His letters to literary friends often consist almost entirely of appreciations and criticisms in a field at that time seldom explored. To writers like Beaumont and Fletcher the ordinary reader of the day might have said "Shakespeare we know, and Bacon we know, but who are ye?" Lamb did more perhaps than anyone to dissipate this ignorance.

But in whatever Lamb wrote, whether poetry, essays, or criticism, it is the personality of the man himself that leaves the most lasting impression upon the mind, the author overshadows his work, our interest is greater in the speaker than in the speech. His poetry is more popular than his criticism because of the stronger subjective element; his essays are preferred to his poetry because in them his self-revelation is most complete, the revelation of a character amusing in its quaintness, admirable in its devotion.

St. Charles! for Thackeray called thee so;
 Saint at whose name our fond hearts glow,
 See now this age of tedious woe.

That snaps and snarls!

Thine was a life of tragic shade;
 A life of care and sorrow made:
 But nought could make thine heart afraid,

Gentle Saint Charles.

Encumbered dearly with old books,
 Thou by the pleasant chimney nooks,
 Didst laugh, with merry-meaning looks,

Thy griefs away.

We, bred on modern magazines,
Point out how much our sadness means,
And some new woe our wisdom gleans
Day by dull day.

Lamb was a great deal more than a wit, he was a humorist. Wit is a surface gleam. It lights up incongruity with a sudden flash. It is wisdom's distortion, wisdom inverted as it were. A sudden glimpse is seen of a truth in a ludicrous relation. It is the province of wit to detect false analogies, wrong representations. Wit is purely intellectual. But humour, although allied to wit, has a different basis. It belongs to the feelings. It is warm and sunny. Wit is cold and glittering, it sparkles like frost on the panes. Humour is kindly, wit often caustic. Humour is less brilliant, less keen, more human, tender, sympathetic. Wit may be superficial. Humour is often profound. One of the easiest ways of testing a man's moral and intellectual position is to ascertain what he considers witty or humorous. If nothing moves his risible muscles, he is a man to admire at a distance. As Schopenhauer sarcastically observed: "The Philistine is distinguished by a dull dry kind of gravity, akin to that of animals." We depart at once from the menagerie where they live. "Here comes a fool," said Lamb one day, "let us be grave."

Lamb was a prince of humourists, his essays are brimful of drollery, a veritable mine of good things, and his quaint fancy was not by any means confined to his literary productions. It made its appearance in season and out of season. Coleridge asked him one day if "he had ever heard him preach?" "I never heard you do anything else," said Lamb. Wordsworth discoursing on Shakespeare remarked that "He himself could have written *Hamlet* if the story of the Prince of Denmark had

been before him." "O, I say," said Lamb, "Here's Wordsworth says he could have written *Hamlet*, if he'd had the mind." A lady expressing great love for children said, "And how do you like babies, Mr. Lamb." "Boiled Ma'am," was the startling reply. At a dinner party, being offered some cheese in a rather advanced condition, he asked for a piece of string, "that he might lead it home." Once Barry Cornwall said something he thought rather brilliant, and was thus complimented, "Very well, my dear boy, very well; Ben Jonson has said worse things than that—and better." "Really, Mr. Lamb," said the head of his office, rebuking him for unpunctuality, "you come very late." "Yes," was the answer, "but consider how early I go." Leigh Hunt, rather bored with one of Coleridge's theological disquisitions, exclaimed, "What makes Coleridge talk in that way about heavenly grace and the holy church and that sort of thing?" "Ah," replied Lamb, "there is a great deal of fun in Coleridge."

In 1825, the year that the *Essays of Elia* were completed, Charles Lamb was superannuated, retiring upon a pension; he had never been considered a particularly efficient clerk, and was now delighted at the prospect of freedom.

I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity—for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have all his time to himself. I am no longer clerk. . . . I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me a certain *cum dignitate* air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state of the opera, *opus operatum est*. I have done all that I came into this world to do, I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself.

But the "rest of the day," although free from uncongenial drudgery, was not exempt from unpleasant vicissitudes. Lamb was restless, and moved from place to place; his sister's malady grew worse, the attacks more frequent and of longer duration; the "old familiar faces" disappeared one by one; amid a host of acquaintances he grew more and more lonely; an adopted daughter married and left the home; the home itself was broken up; brother and sister went into lodgings, where the latter could have the constant care of an attendant; Charles was not sixty, but health was failing; during the last few years he wrote nothing except an occasional poem for the album of a friend.

Lamb had many friends, among them some of the most distinguished citizens in the Republic of Letters, Leigh Hunt, Southey, Wordsworth, Rogers, Hazlitt, Talfourd, but the dearest of all was Coleridge. For him he entertained an affection that bordered on veneration. For fifty years they lived in the closest intimacy, and "in death they were not divided." In July, 1834, Coleridge passed away, and Lamb never recovered the shock. "His great and dear spirit haunts me," he said, "never saw I his likeness, nor probably can the world see it again." "I seem to love the house he died at more passionately than when he lived." "What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel." The memory of his school-fellow and life-long friend never forsook him. One day a gentleman asked him to write a few lines for his literary album. He wrote them. Their subject was Coleridge. They were the last he ever wrote. In December, 1834, five months after his friend, he died.

So passed away this bright and gentle spirit, whose life was illumined by genius, sanctified by affliction, leaving behind him a memory not likely soon to fade. Playful,

gentle, loving *Elia*, we need not go to Edmonton to gaze upon thy tomb, thou hast erected an enduring monument in our English affections, and thy remembrance is kept green in the hearts of men.

Lamb is not to be read at all seasons and under every variety of circumstance. We should not take him to read on the shingle of the sea shore. Some books may be read to the accompaniment of the monotonous plashing of the waves, for others we want a quiet afternoon in some rural spot, such as Gray describes in his *Elegy*, before the sun sets and all the land is dark. But *Elia* is a book for a winter's evening in a cosy room, when the curtains are drawn close, and only the distant hum of tired humanity wending its way homeward disturbs the stillness.

"To gain immortality," said Schopenhauer, "an author can only be a man who, over the wide earth, will seek his like in vain, and offer a palpable contrast with everyone else in virtue of his unmistakable distinction." Lamb largely satisfies this severe requirement, "over the wide earth" we "seek his like in vain;" he belongs to no particular school of thought; he had no literary ancestry; he left no disciples; he is representative only of himself. Like Montaigne, Sir Thomas Browne, George Wither, Laurence Sterne, he is a solitary figure standing alone, "a palpable contrast with everyone else in virtue of his unmistakable distinction." His place is not among the intellectual leaders of mankind whose influence is felt from century to century. His name will probably never be one to conjure with among the masses of the reading public, they will continue to purchase, for shelf decoration, works of a parentage more august, and give their real attention to the ephemeral produce of the bookstalls. He never was and never will be, in the wide sense of the term, a popular writer whose productions flood the market and are found

in every drawing-room. His "unmistakable distinction" saves him from the dubious compliment involved in universal recognition. But although his contribution to literature is not weighty enough to place him among the front-rank immortals, whom all know by name and a certain percentage read, its quality secured him the applause of the best contemporary judges, and has gained him a permanent niche in the temple of fame. "The world," said Walter Savage Landor, "will never see again two such delightful volumes as the *Essays of Elia*; no man living is capable of writing the worst twenty pages of them." "His memory," wrote Southey, "will retain its fragrance as long as the best spice that ever was expended upon one of the Pharaohs." "Save to the 'sour complexioned' and matter of fact," says his most distinguished biographer, Lamb is "one of the most dearly loved among English men of letters," and there is "every sign that this love is one which no changes, either of fashion or taste, will diminish."

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise,
Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the lofty peak,
Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.

THE ETHICS OF COMMON LIFE.

By JOHN LEE, B.A.

It is easy to build up a system of Ethics. That is to say, setting out from the central idea that there is an ought-to-do and a can-do, it is by no means difficult to theorise on their union. We may conceive, for example, that every unit is hedonistically inclined, that he or she acts for his or her own happiness, or on the other hand, that he or she acts partially for the good of the race, and partially for his or her own good. Again, we may regard the deliverance of common sense as absolute, as authoritative, and from that we may deduce a body corporate of morals with a main content that the duty thus assigned must be performed whatever may be the result either to the agent or to the agent's fellows.

Having thus set out, the construction of a method of ethics is not an insuperable task. Such a method may have codified declarations, and these codified declarations may contain positive elements, such, for example, as benevolence and justice, and wisdom and prudence. But when we have completed our task, the question before us is an obvious one. What is the bearing of a method of ethics upon practical life?

Here, I take it, the scientific treatment of ethics comes to an end. Our lives are essentially rapid and complex. The influences which affect us are manifold; the motives which inspire us are counter-agent and confusing; the results which lure us are conflicting and often illusory. Of what use is a method of ethics for a village grocer or a

city clerk, for after all, our lives, whatever sphere we may occupy, are in their essentials comparable to those of the village grocer and the city clerk? In other words, to what effect has the study of ethics been brought to influence the day-by-day lives of ourselves and those around us? Herein, I consider, lies a most interesting problem.

One answer is made at this point. There are those who say the only practical ethical system is religion.- In reply to this assertion it may be asserted that religion, in any form whatsoever, only affects the minority of mankind, so that for the majority there is some other code of conduct. Ah, replies the religious, but religion affects a wider area than is at first apparent; an atheist has read the Bible at his mother's knee; he has become indirectly influenced by religious sanctions to which he himself denies assent. It may be rejoined to such a plea that if any man rejects religion, to the same extent that he rejects it, religion cannot be regarded as an ethical sanction to that man. Moreover, of church and chapel-going people—and they are probably the minority—what proportion is affected by the inner ethical sanction of the religion to which they openly adhere? It must be admitted that the proportion is probably very small. So that for the great bulk of our community religion does not supply the direct sanction, nor the direct authority of right and wrong.

Nor does legislation supply the deficiency. At once it must be admitted that a wide area of human conduct cannot possibly be affected by legislation. To many of us the complex statute law of the land has no practical existence. We do not think that in our conduct of family affairs, and in our relations to our fellows, we are governed by enactment. Of course the fact is we are not governed by enactment in the great bulk of our worldly affairs. Apart from the question of common law, there is a great residue

of action which is not touched by law at all. For example, it is recognised as our duty to be kindly, affectionate and courteous. What system of legislation could enforce this threefold duty? At best legislation can only act negatively by restraining infringements; it can only in rare instances enjoin duties.

But what are duties? By whom are they enjoined? What is the sanction, the reward of performance or the punishment of neglect? The minority may say duty is that which God tells me to perform, either by the mouth of a church, a Bible, or a conscience. The majority, however, while they might say with their lips that they had some such supernatural authority, only too manifestly live regardless of the existence of God, and only too manifestly perform multitudinous actions without reference either to God or authority. But, say some, there is conscience. And what, we ask, is conscience? Does conscience ever err? Common notions say it does, for we hear that conscience may be deadened; on the other hand, it may be quickened, so that the individual can control this authoritative guide.

In the search, therefore, for a method of ethics of common life we seem to be baffled at every point. Scientific ethics apparently is out of court, for we know that men do not, and cannot sit down in the cool hour, of which Bishop Butler spoke, and weigh up whether conflicting courses of action will bring more pleasure — as the hedonists would put it; or would obey the moral sense — as the intuitionists would speak; or would tend towards the attainment of a personal ideal — as Professor Green would say. Religious sanctions are clearly inoperative in the bulk of cases; legislative sanctions fall far short of offering a complete solution. What is left?

There is of course the conventional standard of right

and wrong. That many men act with a single eye to the opinion of their fellows there can be no manner of doubt, but does this offer anything approaching a method of ethics? At the very best conventional ethics but call upon us to evade—not wrong-doing, but discovery; they offer us no other standard, they have no other attractive force. Provided we escape publicity we have satisfied conventional standards. Moreover, as Prof. Sidgwick pointed out, there are often two conventional standards—the exoteric and the esoteric. In public the conventional standard ruthlessly condemns; in private, there is shrugging of shoulders, with a hint that “boys must be boys,” translated into the jargon which fits the particular occasion. Smoke-room ethics and leading-article ethics are very different standards indeed.

Now the man-in-the-street has been pretty evident of late. It has been said, on reasonably good authority, that he is as wise as the Cabinet Ministers. Suppose the man-in-the-street becomes suddenly imbued with a desire for high ethical action. He admits that hitherto he has worked for a living; he has read, and slept, and ate, and smoked for his own enjoyment; he has kept his wife and children in comfort, and showered due affection upon them. Yet he feels that his life has been motive-less; he has no ethical or moral purpose. He lets his wife go to church, and sends his children to Sunday school, that others may rob him of the sacred portion of his parental duty, for he does not bother about these things himself. He has jogged along quietly and comfortably. He has robbed no one, nor has he, by slander, taken away any good name; but still he knows there is no moral enthusiasm or virtue or spirit in his life. What does he propose to do?

Ah, he says, there is a science of conduct called “Ethics,” I will get at it and see if there I can learn

something of broad and full and free life apart from all this superstitious mediæval business which now-a-days they call religion. Science has advanced—for my friend Brown knows all the stars by name; my friend Smith is a hero in bacteriology; and Robinson can put social evolution into a formula. Surely the science of conduct has advanced also; surely I shall be able to get a formula of life? I will try.

Accordingly, our friend, the man-in-the-street, begins to read the Science of Ethics. He examines Plato and Aristotle, notwithstanding his scorn of mediævalism. Here he comes across formulæ, clear and definite enough, no doubt, but of what value? Plato tells him that virtue is the imitation of God; the effort of man to resemble the original; that it is comprised of four elements—wisdom, courage, temperance, and justice. Then he comes to Aristotle. Here he finds the great, good, and final end; the perfect life; the highest happiness of which we are capable. No, the man-in-the-street is but little wiser. He can see the theoretical force of such formulæ; he can appreciate their beauty, but where, he asks, does the applicability come in? He must toil for his daily bread; he must fight to keep the gnawing wolf from the door. To what extent, therefore, does a perfect life lure him, or to what extent is a *summum bonum* a fascination? There is no room in his narrow sphere for Epicureanism, since days follow days with monotonous sameness; there is no room for Stoicism, since worries and cares fret him and give him but little rest.

Accordingly, the man-in-the-street banishes the ancients to the neglected realm where he has already put religions. He appeals to the moderns therefore. He tries Kant. The great German philosopher bids him perform his duty merely for duty's sake, but that does not help,

since our friend wants to know what his duty really is. Nor is he aided when he meets the great categorical imperative, and finds that he should universalize his action—"Act in such a way as you would wish all men to be acting." It is grand, admits the man-in-the-street; it comes by far the nearest to a possible philosophy, but there are many circumstances in which he is placed which must be different at the moment from those surrounding other men. For example, he takes a homely instance. He needs a winter overcoat. If he denies himself of a winter coat he will catch cold, fall ill, perhaps lose his situation. Now he can obtain an overcoat on credit, and he has a fair prospect of being able to meet the account in due time. But if all men bought everything on credit it would be immeasurably bad for the world. Hence, in the simple instance of a winter's overcoat, he finds that Kant's great doctrine presents an insurmountable difficulty, and a dilemma. Probably he is measured for his coat the same day, and the imperative falls to the ground.

But Kant is not the only philosopher. There is Hegel. The man-in-the-street may at length succeed in unravelling the secret, and in understanding Hegel. But the result is that he is faced by paradoxes which appal him. He is, for example, to lay down his life that he may find it again. That is curiously akin to something he has read somewhere else, and he is prejudiced against it at the outset. What can he lay down? There are the wife and the bairns, the little home, the daily toil to keep that home together. Did Georg Frederic Hegel ever face that simple problem, he wonders. His employer bids him make a certain representation about an article of sale. Without knowing what his conscience is he feels uncomfortable about it. Ah, he must follow Hegel. He must lay down: what? His wife's happiness, the home, the comfort of an

assured if lowly income? No, the man-in-the-street is driven by forces which he cannot restrain, and so he does not follow Hegel.

Even more modern philosophers are equally unavailing. Of what value is Mill's *Utilitarianism* to him? How can he act for the happiness of the greatest possible number, when wife and bairns represent everybody of value to him? In Herbert Spencer he finds a lot of words, "definite coherent heterogeneity," and the like, which puzzle him and do not assist him to a conclusion. Sidgwick tells him that the one clear deliverance of conscience is that utilitarianism is the true sanction of human conduct. But he is not much nearer to a course of action in a life which is burdened of detail. Nor does he comprehend, in his own heart, that capacity for a sublimated life of which Green speaks so beautifully. He would be glad if he could assure himself that this higher self-satisfaction, this attainment of a higher personal ideal were his. Alas, he recognizes, honest man as he is, that one of the main and incontrovertible features of his character is that he is woefully imperfect, that wrong-doing is ever with him, that he tends to selfishness and ease, the while he would fain strive for a far different aim.

Out of all his study of ethical methods he is not much farther. Martineau bids him choose the higher of competing springs of action. This, at least, has the advantage that it fits in with the plain man's knowledge of his own heart. There are competing springs; the competing springs are higher and lower, but this he knows: that some differ not merely in degree, but in kind. In a word, there is right and there is wrong. What constitutes the difference? It is not merely that there is a more right and a less wrong; it is that good and bad, well-doing and ill-doing are divided by a great gulf. The plain man has not

arrived at this conclusion by logic, nor by study of ethics. He knows it somehow. An instinct has conveyed it to his mind, and more, to his soul.

We come here to the crux of the whole question. A rapid survey of methods of ethics shews us that, philosophically, right and wrong lose something, in their several treatments, of their differentiating characteristics. It is not merely that some action will bring a greater happiness to self or to others, and other action will bring a less; it is not that some action is motivated by loftier, and other by less lofty purpose; it is not that common sense or intuition delivers the preferential nature of this or that course of life. It is that there is a clear and unmistakable line of demarcation between right and wrong; the man-in-the-street knows this, even when he acts immorally. He does not try to justify his wrong-doing by logical methods; his normal attitude is that there is some ground to justify a departure from the ordinary standards of action, and that he will remain an exception, a special case, which tests the rule, but by which the rule does not fall.

In the examination of these notions, difficulties, of course, arise. There is the difficulty mentioned by Mr. Lecky. A Mahommedan has a clear and definite notion of right and wrong as regards the use of intoxicating liquor. He considers the use of alcohol to be a most heinous sin. In respect to purity he is less rigid, whereas the position is exactly reversed as regards Western civilization, where the moral sentiment in respect to purity is rigid, and in respect to the use of alcohol is vague and indeterminate. It is right therefore to ask, if the doctrine of moral sentiment is universally applicable, why so great a difference should be manifested. The explanation is not difficult to adduce. Evidently the true moral sentiment on the subject is that strict moderation is the deliverance of

conscience or intuition, but the circumstances of Eastern civilization throw emphasis upon the abuse of alcohol, whereas the circumstances of Western civilization throw emphasis upon purity. Climatic reasons act in the same direction, so that the Eastern conscience, to use the readiest word, is deadened in respect to purity, and the Western conscience is deadened in respect to the use of alcohol. The growth of the sentiment of temperance in regard to alcoholic liquors in Western civilization is a curious proof of the position I have taken up, in that it shows that intrinsically there is no real difference in the moral sentiment of the two civilizations; it is only in the application of the moral sentiment to the circumstances of the time that the difference arises. A learned English philosopher has shewn that even in the most barbarous times, and amongst the most barbarous nations, there are moral sentiments of right and wrong which coincide in their main essentials with the conceptions hitherto considered as peculiar to Christian civilization.

However it may have arisen, therefore, it seems to be indisputable that there is a keen moral sense in all men. Moreover, this moral sense, though it may evince slight aberrations in respect to its application at various times, yet evinces still more striking agreements and similarities. To say this is not to undermine a rational egoism, whether the egoist seeks his own happiness or his own self-development, nor does it undermine a legitimate utilitarianism for the good of the species, whether that good be for the perfection or for the mere happiness of the race. Intuitionism, therefore, in this sense, is not incompatible with the great ethical systems at which we arrive by rational processes.

For it is no part of my task to undervalue the utility of speculative morals. At least speculative morals have

this advantage, that they bring rational processes to bear upon dogmatic morals; they check undue dogmatism, and they define the sphere in which dogmatic morals are legitimate. It has been shown, I think, that utilitarianism as an aim, including true egoism as an aim, is not incompatible with the intuitionism which I have defined. It is the work of the speculative moralists to decide and to define the ultimate aim. Where each of us sets out empirically, and with but a narrow range of vision and a narrower range of knowledge, the speculative moralist will bring the wider range of vision of his study of all human nature, and the wider range of knowledge which that vision has afforded him. It is part of my aim to strive to find out what effect speculative morals, obtained by the "light of pure reason," can have on practical work-a-day life, to what extent our old friend, the man-in-the-street, is affected by this speculative reasoning. At this point, therefore, I come back to the original question, what method of ethics, what guide to every-day conduct, has the ordinary citizen?

Briefly, I would reply, the intuitionist, and none other. As so stated it may seem to be old-fashioned, and I do not opine that even so it would on that ground be objectionable. But whilst I say that it is intuitionist, I consider that it is intuitionist with its intuitions lit up and vitalized by high ideals, among them the ideal of the utilitarian, the ideal of the true egoist, and the ideal of the transcendental philosopher who believes that each of us has an individual nature to develop, and a potential self to realise.

But, it will be asked, if I seriously say that ethical methods are impracticable for the man-in-the-street, can I equally seriously say, with any hope for consistency, that this compound of many methods is the science of conduct

adopted by untrained and unthinking minds? I think I can.

Imagine for a moment a utilitarian at the street corner. He preaches to those who pass him by. "O, my friends, we are all selfish and self-seeking. Let us lay aside all our past narrowness. Let us in future act in every detail of our lives that the greatest good may be for the greatest number, and that everyone shall count for one, and no one for more than one." Would that fire a crowd with moral enthusiasm, even though the charmers were Bentham and Mill themselves? Apparently not. Imagine, on the other hand, that the utilitarian preachers held forth—as many who would repudiate the name of utilitarian are at this moment holding forth—that we must watch carefully lest we give offence "to one of these little ones," that our consciences—our intuitions—must be as quick to the injury of others as to the injury of ourselves; that we are all members of one body. That is a doctrine which not only would appeal, but one which has appealed time and time again since the multitudes of men-in-the-street, the common people, "heard" Someone "gladly." Or again, suppose an egoist, say a follower of Hobbes, took to street preaching. He tells his audience that even benevolence is selfish, and must be selfish; he warns them against all selfish acts; he builds up a moral theory upon desire for personal "good" or benefit. Even the man-in-the-street would revolt against such a doctrine, unaccustomed as he is to high flights of altruism. Yet an egoism is popularly taught. It has crept into the proverbs of the day; we assure our children by the means of copy-book headings, not that honesty is dogmatically right, but that it is the best policy. Butler has proved in his sermons that self-interest is quite a legitimate lure to the performance of moral action, but he places the main deliverance in the

dogmatic dictate of intuition, the self-interest follows respectfully after.

To sum up, therefore, a long and tedious argument, we have arrived at an acceptance of moral sentiments. They are clear and definite in our minds; they are more or less clear in all minds; they are capable of development and even of training, and it is the work of the speculative philosophers to develop, to classify, and to emphasize the moral sentiments. The man-of-the-world, untrained in ethical speculation, will have his clear and definite moral sentiments; he will differ from the philosopher, not in the essentials of the moral sense, but in the ultimate aim to which the moral sense applies itself. From day to day the impress of dogmatism will be on his mind, but for the philosopher the whole tendency of human action will be laid bare.

This is, as I consider, the difference between the sceptical and the constructive aspects of ethics. The sceptic will try to place utilitarian, or perhaps egoistic, sanctions in the stead of intuition. Moral sentiments he will deride; great distinctions of right and wrong are to him only degrees of expediency. But when expediency is shewn to be correlative to right and wrong; when the ultimate good of ethical systems is shewn to be realisable by the day-to-day fulfilment of intuitionist deliverances, we are coming near to an objective body of morals; we are coming very near to practical ethics.

For, after all, it is this question of objective morals which is the stumbling-block. If there is only expediency, if morals only mean the good of me or them, or "everybody counting for one, and none for more than one," it is evident that, once blot out the human race, and right and wrong cease to be. Subjective ethics are very dangerous. There is the destructive element, the element of difference

between individual and individual. Whether a man believes in the existence of God or not, he is clear in his own mind that he has a duty *ad externam*. "Could Robinson Crusoe do wrong?" is an old question. At least, this is fairly certain that Crusoe had periods of moral depression, had a sense of "reigning in this solitary place," and if reigning does not connote the performance of right and wrong, nothing does. It does not require any dogmatism as to the nature or attributes of God to help us to lay down quite categorically that a large sphere of moral action does not concern our relations towards other human beings. Similarly, our duty to ourselves is but a small section of our duty. Hence it follows that outside us, independent of our existence, there is right and there is wrong, an objective ethic. It may seem that I have shewn that mere reason cannot give us a moral doctrine only to prove afterwards that, by way of intuition, reason succeeds in performing the impossible. If this were so, I admit the argument is vicious. But my contention is that reason—apart from moral intuitions—is insufficient to establish moral doctrine; and that reason, co-operating with moral intuition is all-sufficient, not merely to establish moral doctrine, but to point and to rationalize its ultimate aims and its inalienable results.

What follows from the acceptance of an objective right and wrong, subjectively cognizable, but independent of the mere existence of the subject? At once follows the existence of a Subject to whom right and wrong is cognizable independent of our existence. It is Berkeley's argument for the existence of God stated in ethics, rather than in metaphysics as Berkeley states it. Things only exist, he says, in relation to a sentient mind; things in themselves exist in relation to the sentient mind of God. As regards moral sentiments, therefore, since they are not

mere fleeting phantoms in the minds of individuals, but moral apperceptions of objective morals, these will exist when the mortal minds are no more : they will exist in the mind of God.

And our old friend, the man-in-the-street, bears eloquent testimony to the argument. He may cast away religious influences from him, but none the less he has his perceptions of right and wrong—perceptions clear and unmistakable—only mistakable indeed when wrong chooses for its purpose the chameleon nature. Not from legislation, or convention, or from expediency, did he gain his moral intuitions ; though legislation and convention and expediency may and do have their due effects upon them. He has obtained them, though perhaps he does not admit it, by the broken light of reflection from the greater light of eternal moral truth.

THE THEORY OF DETERMINISM IN ITS RELATION TO HUMAN NATURE.

BY REV. CANON S. C. ARMOUR, D.D.

A GREAT step in the progress of human thought has been the recognition of the close inter-dependence of the various departments of nature. This doctrine has been especially brought home to us in this age of physical research. Departments of knowledge which were formerly regarded as distinct are found to be very definitely related, mutually illuminative, and commonly subordinate to a great system of scientific truth.

And our progress in this research has likewise deepened our conviction of the universality of law. Science has revealed to us "an infinite number of invariable sequences" brought about by the operation of definite forces; and it has been found that though we traverse immeasurable space and countless ages of time, we shall find the same forces producing the same phenomena. "The progress of science," says Professor Huxley, "has meant the extension of the province of what we call matter and causation, and the concomitant gradual banishment from all regions of human thought of what we call spirit and spontaneity."

In this general research man has had his due share of attention. Former theories about him have been scrutinised in the light of new discovery. Especially has the Doctrine of Evolution led to some important modifications of the old views about his nature and constitution—views which, however at variance, had yet one common ground

of agreement, in regarding man as something isolated from other forms of sentient life.

Evolution, however, has now taken away the boundaries which fenced him off; and man, as represented by modern theories, now appears no longer as a being apart, but as the last and highest term in an infinite series of development. His faculties, corporeal, mental and moral, are now regarded as but higher and more complex developments of the rudimentary types found in the lower animals. To judge of him fairly he must be considered in his relation to the anterior organisms from which he was evolved, and to the modifying conditions which have continuously moulded, and are still moulding his life.

Now this scientific observation of human nature in relation to its origin and environment, has revealed more and more the reign of law in the events of human life. Here we see the potency of inherited tendencies, combined with the external influences to which man is subject. We find wide areas of life exhibiting a general uniformity of sequence, similar antecedent combinations producing similar results. Statistics, social, industrial, criminal, sanitary, show more and more that man in the mass is to a large extent the creature of circumstances, and that given a certain set of known antecedent conditions, a nearly uniform average of results may be expected to follow.

Now this general correspondence of human actions to inherited tendencies and environing conditions has encouraged a certain class of thinkers to seek to interpret all the experiences of human life in terms of natural laws, whose operations we can observe, and whose results we can predict, with unerring accuracy. Let us only ascertain pre-existent or present conditions and environments, and the riddle of every life can be read. Each action, good or

evil, can be scientifically accounted for, as a process in the alchemy of life, by which antecedent conditions re-appear, as it were, in new form, transmuted into their consequent moral equivalents.

Though I am well aware that I must be treading on ground very familiar to the members of this learned society, yet it may not be an evening entirely wasted if we examine this Determinist Theory of Positivism, and inquire whether it adequately accounts for the whole of human experience, or whether its advocates have not come to a too hasty conclusion in assuming that the same laws of unvarying sequence which their researches have discovered in external nature really govern all the phenomena of life, and whether in their equation of human nature, they have not omitted one or more of its essential factors.

Is man simply a product? or is he in part an originating cause? Is he merely the passive creature of the cosmic forces which contributed to form him, and which are still at work in the scene around, and the constitution within him? Or does an inner self stand in the midst of these forces, master of a reserve of power which he can bring to bear, ere things have drifted irretrievably beyond him? This, I think, is a question which must be considered before we can judge of the merits of the case between the determinists, and the advocates of human freedom.

I venture therefore to select a passage from Professor Bain's work on *The Emotions and the Will*, as a fair representative of the views of a large section of Positive Philosophers. The passage I quote from him is a very significant one, containing in fact the very *cruz* of the position.

In the setting up of a determining power under the name of "self" as a contrast to the whole region of motives generated in the

manner described, I see only an erroneous conception of the facts. The proper meaning of self can be nothing more than my corporeal existence, coupled with my sensations, thoughts, emotions, and volitions—supposing the classification exhaustive, and the sum of these in the past, present and future. Everything in the nature of a moving power belonging to this totality is a part of self. . . . No one can vouch for an inscrutable entity in the depths of one's being, to which the name *I* is to be distinctively applied.”—3rd edition, p. 492.

This passage, I say, fairly represents the Positive view of Determinism. We see that Bain, in his estimate of the contents of man's nature, distinctly refuses a place to an *ego*, a self, transcending his corporeal existence, his sensations, thoughts, emotions, and volitions. These, taken together, he says, constitute self, and there is nothing besides. Man is simply “a synthesis of sensations.” I selected this passage because it contains as continuous and explicit a statement as I can find of the doctrine of determinism in its relation to human personality. Careful readers of the author will indeed find many things in his work inconsistent with this rigid exclusiveness, and to some of these I shall advert. I would merely remark in passing that such lapses into inconsistency are far from uncommon in the writings of many positivists on this subject. Nature is too strong for them. They expel her with the fork of artificial theory: still she comes back. The *ego* slips in unawares, and their arguments are based implicitly on the very thing which they are brought forward explicitly to disprove.

But let us look more closely at the terms of Bain's analysis. In the first place there is no provision made in this theory for continuity of consciousness. Self is merely body, sensations, thoughts, emotions, volitions. It is plain, therefore, that as these are constantly changing, man's identity does not survive from moment to moment.

Sensations, volitions, emotions in themselves are fleeting phantasms. Now it is absolutely impossible to explain continuity of consciousness, or memory, except on the supposition of a subject which continues on after the transitory states have gone, and which is one and indivisible, while they are multiple and complex. The materialist theory of past impressions on the brain will not serve, because these do not provide for any unifying principle which recognises these as its own.

And again, it is curious to see how Bain throws in his own eyes the dust of false analogy. He speaks here of sensations, thoughts, emotions, etc., as if they were something entirely abstract. He compares them to the qualities of a piece of quartz—hardness, transparency, etc. But sensation, volition,—every one of these terms has so to speak a dual significance. Besides denoting a function, they imply a sentient subject which exercises it. Sensation and volition cannot exist by themselves. Suppose, for sake of example, that there could be an impression of sound in one part of the brain, and an impression of light in another. These two impressions, in order to belong to a single experience, imply a unifying principle. To say that there exist, or did exist, an impression of sound and an impression of light, is not the same thing as saying that you or I have, or had, two corresponding sensations in our consciousness. Even if sensations and thoughts, as such, could arise in the brain without an *ego*, they could not possibly, without an *ego*, form parts of the same experience.

Again, it is very remarkable that in this summing up of the contents of personality, Bain entirely omits any mention of consciousness. No doubt for the maintenance of his system it was necessary to do so, because it would be impossible to formally recognise consciousness as a

factor in man's mental constitution, without recognising a conscious something. Not that he omits it altogether from his book, for his last chapter is given to it, but, it would seem, rather as an after-thought in a post-script than as an essential part of his system. He records a series of definitions of consciousness given by other writers, and finally gives his own, viz. :

The word consciousness is identical with mental life, and its various energies, as distinguished from the mere vegetable functions, and the conditions of sleep, torpor, insensibility, etc. (p. 545).

But this will not account for the consciousness of self, which, be it a phantasy, yet haunts us persistently. Self, says Bain, = body + sensations, thoughts, emotions, volitions in the past, present, and future. But how, according to his analysis can there be any past, present, and future? Granting that there is mental life (*i.e.*, consciousness as he says) implied in each successive sensation or thought; how, if you deny the existence of a permanent subject—the basis of these fleeting mental phenomena—how can you co-ordinate them into an individual experience? “Granting for a moment,” says Dr. Momerie, “that feelings could be conscious of themselves, yet the knowledge of one another is not implied in this. It might as well be argued that a number of pearls could form a chain without something to bind them together, as that a number of self-conscious states could form a self-conscious series without some principle of continuity running through and connecting them.” This failure of the materialist school to account for this self-consciousness which is part of every human experience, is very clearly and honestly stated by John Stuart Mill. “If,” he says, “we speak of the mind as a series of feelings, we are obliged to complete the statement by calling it a series of feelings which is aware of itself as past and future: and

we are reduced to the alternative of believing that the mind or *ego* is something different from any feelings . . . or of accepting the paradox that something which, *ex-hypothesi*, is but a series of feelings can be aware of itself as a series." Even at the risk of being tedious, I cannot help quoting another short and familiar passage from Herbert Spencer, which displays with acute discernment the self-contradiction of the materialist philosophy on this subject.

How can consciousness be wholly resolved into impressions and ideas, when an impression of necessity implies something impressed? Or again, how can the sceptic who has decomposed his consciousness into impressions and ideas explain the fact that he considers them as his impressions and ideas? Or, once more, if, as he must, he admits that he has an impression of his personal existence, what warrant can he show for rejecting this impression as unreal while he accepts all his other impressions as real? Unless he can give satisfactory answers to these queries, which he cannot, he must abandon his conclusions; and must admit the reality of the individual mind.—*First Principles*, 5th ed., p. 64.

Thus then, although Bain, as he says, "cannot light on anything of the sort," I venture to submit that the existence of a metaphysical *ego* is presupposed as a necessary condition throughout the whole of our sentient experience. In the earlier portion of his work he admits that knowledge involves remembrance and apprehension of semblances and contrasts. But these mental states are perfectly inconceivable, except on the supposition of a permanent *ego* present to the different phenomena remembered and contrasted. It is sensation, as materialists maintain, which forms the raw material of all knowledge. But in order to explain the existence of a single sensation, we must postulate the existence of an *ego* which remains permanent while the particular feelings which it apprehends are continually changing and passing away.

Thus we come to the further question: assuming the existence of a permanent *ego*, am I a free agent or not? Are my volitions made for me, as Prof. Bain here teaches? When I will something, am I merely conscious in so doing that certain volitions have occurred? or do I know that *I* have formed them?

Now according to Bain's account of the Will (p. 303) there are two fundamental component elements in it. The first is "a spontaneous tendency" to movement: the second is "the link between a present action and a present feeling, whereby the one comes under the control of the other." "We suppose," he says (p. 315), "movements spontaneously begun and accidentally causing pleasure. . . . A few repetitions of the fortuitous concurrence of pleasure and a certain movement will lead to the forging of an acquired connexion . . . so that after a time the pleasure, or its idea, shall evoke the proper movement at once." That is to say, volition is simply the link between a desire for a certain object, and the movement employed to get it. This is all delightfully simple: yet it hardly meets the whole case. What of the being who desires the object, and who has an idea of the means which he must employ to get it? Prof. Bain in the neatness of his analysis is fond of using such terms as idea, desire, pleasure as purely abstract, and, as I pointed out before, loses sight of the fact that such things cannot exist apart from a conscious subject. The real mystery of volition lies in the being who has the desire. The physiologist, no doubt, can point to an operation which takes place in the brain. He may say there is a molecular motion in one part of my brain corresponding to the desire, and another in another part corresponding to the means to gratify it. But he cannot explain the connexion between these motions and the sensation in a conscious subject.

Still the question remains, are we the passive recipients of these movements which register themselves in our brain? Are we merely witnesses to a sequence of movement upon desire, volition coming in as a *nexus* between the two? Let us again refer to our author. "I believe," he says (p. 483), "that to demand that our volitions shall be stated as either free or not free is to mystify and embroil the real case, and to super-add factitious difficulties to a problem not in its own nature insoluble. Under a certain motive, as hunger, I act in a certain way, taking the food that is before me, going where I shall be fed, or performing some other preliminary conditions. The sequence is simple and clear when so expressed: bring in the idea of freedom, and there is instantly a chaos, an imbroglio, a jumble." Again (p. 484), he says, "If any one asks whether the course of volition in a man or an animal is a case of despotism or a case of freedom, I answer that the terms have no application whatsoever to the subject. The question put into someone's mouth by Carlyle 'Is virtue then a gas?' is not too ridiculous a parody on the foregoing." That is to say man is simply a machine, a passive subject to the play of forces. And if this is a true account of him, so that "as between the different motives of his mind there is no meaning in liberty of choice," (p. 487), we may admit that freedom and despotism are not applicable terms. This is Determinism, pure and simple.

I have referred already to the curious lapses of consistency of which philosophers of this school may continually be convicted. For example, compare this foregoing passage with another. "Deliberation," he says (pp. 408-409), "is a voluntary act, under a concurrence or complication of motive forces. . . . During the moments of abeyance or suspended action the current of

the thought brings forward some new motive to throw its weight into one scale, whence arises a preponderance. From our own experience, we come to see that it is dangerous to carry into effect the result of the first combat of opposing forces; and this apprehension of evil consequences is a stimulant of the will. It is one of the properties of a well-trained intellect to make at once a decisive estimate of the amount of time and thought to be allowed for the influx of considerations on both sides of the case, and at the end of such reasonable time and thought to give way to the side that appears the stronger."

No doubt we are all agreed on the very reasonable and edifying character of this passage, in which, by the way, the *ego* has slipped in unobserved. But not to dwell on that, I would leave it to philosophers of Bain's way of thinking to harmonise these two passages, to reconcile the determinism of the first with the freedom of the second. The first would represent man as merely a passive percipient in the drama of his own life, and his actions, like the resultants of mechanical forces, as the inevitable effects of pre-operative conditions. The second, apparently innocent of any sense of inconsistency, endows him with the power of balancing opposing considerations, of withholding present action as long as he pleases, and finally of giving way, or not, to the side which appears to him the stronger. Such inconsistencies will always crop up in artificial systems of thought which would represent man—who is something superior to nature, since he is nature's interpreter—as nothing more than one of her products, albeit the most complex.

Indeed, this theory of Determinism seems to carry its own condemnation in the revolt of human consciousness against it. Consciousness, since it is the immediate knowledge which the mind itself has of its own operations, is,

after all, the only certain informant to which the Positivist can apply for the facts of mental life. Now if there be any persistent, ineradicable factors in human consciousness they are (i) the sense of our own existence, the sense that I exist as the basis of all my feelings, thoughts, and volitions; and (ii) that I am free to act in accordance with the motives which are pressing upon me, or to act in direct opposition to them, or to abstain from acting at all. But apparently the method of many of the Positivists in dealing with the nature of man's mind has been first to make their theory, and then select their facts. The prospect of framing a philosophy which shall bring everything in the universe under the same laws of invariable sequence was too attractive to be resisted: and so they have jumped to the hasty conclusion that these laws must govern the whole realm of mind as well as of external nature; though in their jump they have lost sight of these two persistent facts in consciousness. As Mr. Sidgwick says, the most overwhelming cumulative proof in favour of Determinism "seems more than balanced by a single argument on the other side, the immediate affirmation of consciousness in the moment of deliberate volition. It is impossible for me to think at such a moment that my volition is completely determined by my formed character and the motives acting upon it. The opposite conviction is so strong as to be absolutely unshaken by the evidence brought against it." On what intelligible theory, I would ask, other than that of my freedom can Determinists account for the fact that at this moment, as I stand here, I have the power to direct my mind whither I will; that at my absolute choice I can make it range over a host of the most incongruous ideas, touching on each lightly, or dwelling on it persistently, dismissing it finally, or reverting to it, as I please. I can at this moment call up an event in my childhood, or a line

of poetry, or an incident in the South African war, or the formula for the square of $(a + b)$, and a thousand such ideas, simply at my absolute will. What explanation can they give why I should take the war incident third, instead of first or second? And in the face of this power, what justification have these philosophers for representing my consciousness of freedom as an illusion? This is not reverie, in which trains of ideas present themselves by mere association. The brain, it is true, may follow a certain involuntary course of action, and may thus suggest to the mind a train of ideas: and this succession of ideas, while the will is passive, might conceivably be accounted for by a theory of Determinism. But we know, too, that the will has the power to control the cerebral action. "We can interrupt a chain of thought, and start another, and out of a variety of thoughts we can reject those which are most pressing."

A good deal of obscurity has been brought into the question before us by the use of the word "motive." Many of the Positivists are too fond of taking it literally, as though motives acted on man in the same way as force does on matter. Of course, if this use were allowed to them, the theory of Determinism would be the more easily defended. But the word "motive" can only be admitted as a metaphor in questions of mental phenomena. "There is no such analogy," says Dr. Momerie, "as the word motive suggests between the movement of a machine and the action of an *ego*; between the force of the current which is carrying the swimmer away, and the desire which urges him towards the bank. If a number of forces act on a machine, it must inevitably yield to their resultant. But when a number of motives bear upon an *ego*, he need not yield to any of them. He can pause and reflect. He can call up other motives." Even when the whirlwind of

temptation is sweeping him away, and moral landmarks are for the moment forgotten, yet by a mighty effort he can right himself, and assert his mastery over the "motives" that a moment before seemed so irresistible.

The difference between physical and psychical motives is well illustrated by Professor Green in his *Prolegomena to Ethics*. He points out that when Esau sells his birth-right for a mess of pottage, it was not, strictly speaking, his hunger which was his motive. His animal wants conditioned his motive. But the motive itself was his own idea of himself as finding his chief good in the satisfaction of the animal want. If it were not so, he would not have regarded himself as responsible for his action. And this was the true reason of his subsequent remorse. Here is another fact in mental experience for which Determinism fails to account. It is to no purpose that Spinoza tries to explain away remorse as an illusion of the imagination. We are not deceived. We feel, after each lapse from right, that we might have chosen the better part. Even if there was nothing more to be said, there is strong ground for presumption that remorse is not due to mental illusion, in the fact that this sensibility is most poignant in the pure and noble, and is least keen in the grossly ignorant and degraded. As Dr. Martineau finely says, "It is not the most guilty who know most of guilt."

To sum up, then, the common sense of mankind will always revolt against a system of philosophy as narrow and artificial which, while undertaking to explain all phenomena by its neatly-cut theories, yet ignores the facts which every sane man's consciousness reveals. Already the reaction against Positivism is vigorous and decided, and our ablest thinkers admit that no system which ignores the metaphysical, can ever account in all its

fulness for the physical, least of all, for the nature of man. As Prof. Ferrier has well said of the system of philosophy of which we have been speaking, "Philosophers have pondered over man's nature; and what, after all, have they made of it? What sort of a picture have they presented for our imagination? Not the picture of a man, but of an automaton, that is, what it cannot help being; a phantom, dreaming what it cannot but dream; an engine, performing what it must perform; an incarnate reverie; a weathercock, shifting helplessly in the winds of sensibility; an association machine, through which ideas pass linked together by laws over which the machine has no control; anything, in fact, but that free and self-sustained centre of underived activity which we call man."

ÆLFRED THE GREAT, KING OF ENGLAND 1000 YEARS AGO.

By WILLIAM WORTLEY.

THAT eminent ethical writer, philosopher and historian, whose force of character and peculiarly forcible expression of thought led him to inculcate with insistency the doctrine that might is right—energy—will force and work rule the world. That the idle, the weak, the froward, must be disciplined—ruled and governed by the strong and wise in thought and action; and in his *Past and Present* Carlyle shows us what a poor, low-born friar did in lifting up the lazy, self-indulgent, useless monks of that day, and, as their abbot, leading them on to a useful life, full of virtue, purity and goodness.

In *Frederick the Great*, this doctrine is further exemplified in the life and work of that hero. Surely Thomas Carlyle was a descendant of some old Wicking; he had such sturdy faith in the old Teutons, defines the German as the guerre-man—fighting-man—the man “wha gars,” as our brither Scots say.

Leaders men must have, but right men as leaders; men of might and high morality. A king he defines as Könung—König—a Kenning, or Canning man—a man who *can* think and do right.

And then, in his fantastically graphic *French Revolution*, Carlyle shows the awful effects on a whole nation of the selfish, finicking, dilettante rule, or rather misrule, of a supercilious aristocracy and priesthood, and the terrible reaction with its horridly cruel and barbaric anarchy;

when in their frenzy, a whole people, long down-trodden, so that their moral nature was utterly crushed out, swept away the costly paraphernalia of an empty state, a heartless religion and a merciless justice. However, his hero, who was one of England's great men, yet *more Scotiorum*, Carlyle claims him for his own country, as they claim our Shakespeare, Milton, Newton and many more, (other brother Britons also, make similar claims on dear old England). Cromwell fought against unrighteousness in king and priest with might, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Carlyle for writing (as well as to his dear old mother for urging her son to write) the *Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell*; in which that noble man is shown in the clear light of his true character. Cromwell was a great leader, and men are ever in want of such great leaders—kings of men—full of energy and wisdom to rule and guide their fellows—aye, and when men feel they have such a one as their leader they submit themselves to his rule and guidance in perfect trust, and will follow him to death itself, if need be. Such leaders of daring and doing—men of character—full of self-abnegation and fellow-feeling, doing as they would be done by—have ever been silently present among us, and without such great and brave souls—God's gifts to humanity—society would quickly fail in its efforts to raise itself to higher social, moral and spiritual ideals. Such men are called heroes, and such a man was Ælfred, King of England, 1000 years ago, that Ælfred, whom men in glowing admiration have named "the Great," "the truth teller," and "England's darling"! The warrior, the hunter, the lawmaker, the singer, the deliverer and the lover of his people—but more, he was called "lord of the harp and liberating spear," "the creator of our first navy"—and, above all, he was the father of English literature.

Egbert, the grandfather of Ælfred, being banished by Brihtric, of Wessex, sought refuge with Charlemagne, and went with him to Rome, where he was made Emperor of the West. Egbert succeeded Brihtric in 800 A.D. He warred most successfully with the Britons while the other Saxons fell into ruin through ceaseless dissensions. At length, in 819, he began a formal course of conquest which in eight years made him sole monarch. In 827, the title of "Bretwalda" was revived, and Egbert is seen by a charter granted in 828 to have used the title of "King of the English," though more usually he termed himself "King of Wessex."

Ælfred was born in 849, at Wantage, in Berks: the youngest son of Æthelred and Osburg, and grandson of Egbert. In his fourth year the boy was sent with an embassy to Rome, then the centre of the world of thought and law. Leo IV, the pope, ordained and anointed him as king, and received him as his adopted son. Two years after he thither accompanied his father, who loved him more than his other sons, and he stayed in the city until he was seven years old.

His residence twice at Rome, with its noble architecture and ancient monuments, then comparatively perfect, the vastness of the city, its law, its story, its early Christian life, its spiritual power; even the temporal power which flowed from it into Charles-the-Great, of whom Alfred had heard so much, must have made a deep impression for the inspiration and education of such a boy, and their remembrance must have excited in Ælfred's mind that eagerness for knowledge which, in after life, so usefully distinguished him. In his eighth year, on his return from Rome, he stayed some time in the Frankish court of Charles-the-Bald, during his father's courtship and marriage of Judith,

who was granddaughter of Charles the Great, and that great emperor's memory and power still, after 50 years, shed a departing gleam over the dying empire. Doubtless the learned men of the court would tell him of the English scholar Alcuin, who had brought to Charles the treasures of learning from York. His own people had done this great work, Alfred never forgot it. He recalled it years after in one of his prefaces. From his eighth to his twelfth year his biography is uncertain, some chronicles intimate that infirm health caused him to be sent to Modwenna, a religious lady in Ireland, renowned as a saint and miraculous healer, in accordance with the superstition of the times. But though Ælfred's excited capability and eagerness for knowledge abounded, he had received no regular education from masters and books, which is singular, as his father, some say, had been trained as a priest under Swithin, at Winchester. No doubt, as Ælfred had been a favourite, and of delicate health, indulgence, even to ignorance, as usual, had been his lot. Happily he was not spoiled withal, and his mind first showed its activity by his love of the simple but stately and heroic Anglo-Saxon poetry. By day and night he listened wherever it was recited, stored his memory with it, and at last became a versifier himself. But there was a dearth of intellect, few would learn to read, and Ælfred, a prince, son of an educated father, who had twice visited Rome and lived in Paris after Charles-the-Great had improved the people, passed into youth without the simple tuition which the poorest child has now the opportunity to acquire and is urged to attain. This he at last got from his step-mother—Judith. When Ælfred was twelve years old she was sitting one day amongst the children with a manuscript book of Saxon poetry in her hands,—a volume, no doubt, beautifully illuminated and

bound, and of great rareness and value in those times. She was able to read it, for the Franks had received from the Saxons a taste for poetry and literature which they were diligently pursuing and enjoying. "Whoever of you first learns the songs," said the queen, "shall have the book"; and Ælfred had no rest until he had won the prize. The love of his native literature never left him, and even in after life, one of his chief pleasures was to recite English songs, to collect Saxon poems and teach them to his children, to get his nobles to care for them and have them taught in schools. He knew the old Sagas and the heroic names. He mentions Weland the mighty smith; he told Asser the story of Eadburgh, a legend of Offa of the ancient Engalaland; and he recorded with touches of personal interest the story of Cædmon, the first poet of England. However, the Anglo-Saxon language was not the repository of literature. The learned Bede, Alcuin, and others, had written their useful works in Latin, and in the language of Rome rested all the facts of history, the elegance of poetry, and the disquisitions of philosophy. His great regret, which he uttered with deep sighs, was that, when he had youth and leisure, and might have learned, he could find no teachers. No masters capable of initiating him in Latin, in which the great minds he afterwards studied had conversed and written, were then to be found in all Wessex.

Ælfred excelled other men in personal comeliness and strength; as a hunter he was unrivalled, and was praised for his great skill in the chase. His love of knowledge made him neither effeminate nor slothful; his whole life was one of great warlike exertion, and the exercise of hunting may have been both salutary and needful, and was proof of his eager activity; the more so as he was afflicted with a disease which would have sanctioned

indolence in one less alert. His malady seems to have been an unusual kind of slow fever, with symptoms that made some call it the *ficus* or hæmorrhoids. He suffered from infancy of this debilitating disease, and as he approached manhood "he had recourse," says Asser, "to a church in Cornwall, where St. Gueryr rested, and where St. Neot, a relative, then was, and in prayerful faith he was relieved;" but another affliction followed which haunted him with agony, yet, nothing could suppress his unwearied genius.

Surrounded with troubles which would have shipwrecked any other man, his energetic spirit changed them into active aids to advance him to virtue and to fame. He was religious from his childhood, and used to frequent sacred places to offer up prayer and to give alms. Imagine, then, at the age of eighteen, how bitter was his sorrow when he heard there was not one religious house from the Tyne to the Humber which was not ravaged and burnt by the heathen; and not one trace, saving perhaps in York, and in a few Abbeys north of the Tyne, was left of the learning and libraries of Northumberland. Still more bitter would be his sorrow in 869, when the rich abbeys of East Anglia were destroyed by the pirates Ivar and Hubba, sons of Ragnar Ludbrok; and Wessex, his own land, lay open to the ravager. Gorm or Guthrun led this new attack, and the long gathered wrath of the patriot and lover of learning whetted Ælfred's sword, when, on the height of Ashdown, around the stunted thorn, he and his brother Æthelred made their final charge, and beat the brutal invaders down the hill with a pitiless slaughter.

In the battles which followed, Æthelred was wounded to death, and in 871, when 22 years old, Ælfred became King. During his brother's reign he had born the royal title of *Secundarius*. In his nineteenth year he married

Ealswitha, daughter of Ethelred the muckle, a Mercian nobleman, and alderman of the Gainas (in Lincolnshire). The earnestness with which, in his Boëthius, he dwells on conjugal affection, shows this union was a source of supreme happiness.

The Wicking, Ragnar Lodbrok, disturbed the peace of many a region of Europe, but Ella, of Northumberland overcame him and made him prisoner. Ella, in barbarous resentment, doomed this brave, bold brute to perish in lingering pain by the stings of venomous snakes in a dungeon. "His Quida, or death song," says Shāron Turner, "has been venerated and celebrated for its genius and antiquity." Some say it was his own, some say his wife's, who was a famous scald or poetess. It is one of the most ancient poems of the north; expresses exactly the manners of the times, and, compared with other histories and traditions that have been preserved about him, it will be found to contain the most simple, probable, and consistent incidents. As his death—the approach of which it intimates—was the cause of that disastrous invasion which shook Ælfred from his throne, it merits attention. The Quida sings of Ragnar's onslaughts on various countries from the north, the Baltic, to Flanders and England; it gives a view of one of the most dreadful states of society in which our species have ever lived. He gloats over the imagery of death and human slaughter, and compares the pleasures of war to social festivity, and the destruction of youthful happiness he extols as rivaling the sweetest hours of life. "Was it not like the hour when my bright bride I seated by me on the couch?" What must have been the characters of such people? In the bold invasion of England he boasts of the death of the Anglo-Saxon Walthiofr.

We hewed with our swords—
 Hundreds sprawling lay
 Round the horses of the Isle-rocks,
 At the English promontory;
 We sailed to the battle
 Six days before the hosts fell;
 We chanted the mass of the spears
 With the uprising sun;
 Destiny was with our swords,
 Walthiofr fell in the tumult.

Battles in Perth and the Orkneys are sung; at the Hebrides; in Ireland; at the Isle of Skye and the Bay of Ila on the Scotch coast are triumphantly sung; and then the Isle of Anglesey. After two stanzas of eulogy on battles, he begins to sing of his disastrous change of fortune:

It seems to me from experience
 That we follow the decrees of fate;
 Few escape the dooms of the natal goddesses.
 Never did I believe that from Ella
 The end of my life would come,
 When I stream'd the blood in slaughter,
 And urged my planks o'er the lakes;
 Hugely feasted we beasts of prey
 Along the bays of Scotland.

He cheers his spirit as the adders sting with the remembrance of his children, anticipating their fierce revenge for his sufferings.

Here would for me all the sons of Aslauga
 The bright brands of Hilda awake,
 If they knew but the danger of our encounter,
 What a number of snakes
 Full of venom strike me!
 I gained a true mother for my children,
 That they might have brave hearts.

He grows weak as he sings; he feels coming death, yet feels a gleam of pleasure in the hope of vengeance which his children shall inflict.

It flows to mine inheritance;
Grim dangers surround me from adders,
The vipers dwell in the hall of my heart—
We hope that soon will the staff
Of Vitris stand in Ella's breast.
My sons must swell in rage
That their father has thus been conquered,
Must not the valiant youths
Forsake their repose for revenge?

Recalling his own exploits gives a momentary impulse of new vigour, and the number shows the ferocious activity of his sea-king life:

Fifty and one times have I
Call'd the people to the appointed battles
By the warning-spear messenger.
Little believe I, that of men
There will be any
King, more famous than ourself.
When young I grasped and reddened my spear.
The Æsir must invite us,
I will die without a groan!

As the fatal moment nears, he rouses himself to expire with those marks of exultation which it was the boast of this fierce race to exhibit.

We desire this end
The Disir goddesses bear me home
As from the hall of him joying in spoils,
From Odin, sent to me.
Glad shall I with the Asæ
Drink ale in my lofty seat.
The hours of my life glide away
But laughing I will die!

The hero that arose with ability equal to meet and change the crisis which these new habits of the Scandinavians were bringing on Europe, was Ælfred-the-Great, grandson of Egbert.

A month after Ælfred's accession, the Danes attacked his troops at Wilton, in his absence, with such superiority of force that all the valour of patriotism could not prevent a defeat. This was the ninth battle fought this year in Wessex beside Ælfred's, and several of his ealdormen's and theigns' excursions without number. Wearied himself, and the country exhausted, Ælfred made peace with his enemies, and they quitted his dominions. Peace with such people was a dangerous truce, and the rest of England was in their power. They came to London, threatened Mercia; Burrhed twice negotiated with them, then disgracefully quitted his throne and went to Rome, where he soon died. They destroyed the monastery at Repton and Croyland Abbey, imposing on the latter a tax of £1,000.

When the Danish power declined, Ælfred associated Mercia with Wessex, to which it ever after remained attached. How must all this terrible fighting and bloodshed have palled on the aspiring soul of the thoughtful king? He became heartsick and out of patience with his fate; he longed for peace; he longed for a fellow-feeling with him in his higher aims, his higher aspirations. No wonder he became impatient with these brutal contentious surroundings; impatient with his ignorant nobles and fellows; no wonder he gave vent to hasty and impatient judgments, and grew out of sympathy with all about him under such hopelessly depressing scenes.

"The intellectual disparity between himself and his people," says Shāron Turner, "was indeed great, and when men begin to acquire knowledge above the level generally attained by their contemporaries, they sometimes increase insensibly a haughty self-opinion and craving fondness for their favourite pursuits, with an irritable impatience of every interruption. This hurtful temper, which

disappears as the judgment matures, may have grown up in Ælfred on his first eager acquisition of knowledge; and such feelings could only be exasperated when the duties of his office called him from his studies and meditations into a world of barbarians, who despised books and bookmen, with whom his mind could have no point of contact, whose ignorance provoked his contempt, and whose habits, perhaps, excited his abhorrence. Beginning to meditate, in his private hours, on the illustrious ancients whom he had heard of, his mind aspired to be assimilated to theirs, and could only loathe the rude, martial, and ignorant savages who filled his court, claimed his time, and oppressed his kingdom. Dependent and noble were alike fierce, uneducated and gross." "How could his emerging mind compare the exalted characters and depicted civilization of Greece and Rome, or the sweet virtues inculcated by Christianity, without an indignation, impatience and misanthropy which call for our compassion rather than our reproach?" "How could he have imbibed an ardent intellectual taste with an increasing love of the great, the beautiful, and the good, without being affected by the melancholy contrast between his studies and experience? Everyone who has struggled into knowledge and refinement amidst the impediments of uncongenial connections and occupations, will have felt in his own experience something of that temper of mind which, in circumstances somewhat analogous, seems at first to have actuated Ælfred." In the early years of his reign, amid his struggles and cares, his ardent desire for right between man and man forced the young king at times into impatience with the conduct of even peers and others in authority. No wonder he fell into disfavour with his nobles and representatives, for, whenever they failed in judgment or duty, they were treated with such strict im-

partiality, that it is said Ælfred caused even his judges to be hung as malefactors who had condemned poor men to death unjustly or against the verdict of their jurors!

Asser, the pious bishop and faithful friend, says, "the Lord suffered him to be very often wearied by his enemies, afflicted by adversity, and to be depressed by the contempt of his people." "Wherefore," he adds, "he fell often into such misery, and despondently withdrew himself so that none of his subjects knew where he was or what had befallen him."

Asser had already declared that on the invasion of Gorm or Godrun many had fled into exile, and that "for the greatest part, all the inhabitants of that region submitted to his dominion." Some say Ælfred had offended his people, some say their flight or disaffection produced his. "Ælfred, however, was greatest when all seemed lost," says Stopford Brooke.

He refuged himself at Athelney (the Æthlings or nobles' isle), a hill defended by the Parret and the Tone, with morass and forest between, among the deep-watered marshes of Somersetshire. It is here that legend places the scene of the cowherd's hut, and Ælfred's watching and forgetting the burning loaves; and it is here that the famous jewel of gold and enamel was found, with the inscription, "Ælfred bade me to be wrought." There he sat for three, perhaps seven months, gathering host, and broke forth from his solitude in the spring of 878, attacked the Danish army at Ethadun, drove them to their camp, forced their surrender in a fortnight, and dragged from them the peace of Wedmore. That peace, in spite of the later struggle and that with Hastings between 886 and 896, settled England. It broke the advance of the Danes, and weakened their power in England and abroad. It left Wessex and Kent in Ælfred's hands; it secured him that

part of Mercia west of Watling Street—from the Ribble to the Severn Valley—and to the upper valley of the Thames. The rest of England, from the Tees to the Thames, including London (which Alfred, however, got in 886), was in the hands of the Danes.

Over the Danelaw—as it was called—Danish customs, religion and commerce prevailed; the Danish sagas were sung, and the Danish spirit grew. One would think that these folk, especially when they became Christians, would have left some traces of their keen individuality on the poetry or prose of the Danelaw. The stories of Horn and Havelok, rooted in Danish and Keltic traditions, a few legends in Layamon's poems, this is all, excepting place-names and folk-tales, to show us that more than half, and, in after years, the whole of England belonged to Danish kings and to Danish folk. But the Danes who took England were scarcely a nation; when they settled down they became part of the English people and absorbed their ways; they were of the same race and tongue as the men they conquered. Christianity also knit them to the English, who made them Christians. With the loss of their wild gods, half their individuality fled away. When Ælfred was forced to leave the Danelaw in Danish hands, he little thought that he was making Englishmen. The Danes and English then were two, not one, and Ælfred had to keep the English elements uppermost. When Ælfred had thus made peace for his people, he wished to educate them. But there were more needful things first; and he spent the six years of quiet, from 878 to 884, in repairing ruins made by the Danes; in reforming the army and in building a navy—he was the first to give us a navy—and in establishing just law and government.

The peace was broken in 885 by a fresh attack of the Northmen, but again secured the following year. Ælfred

was now complete master, not only of his kingdom, but also of the national imagination. "In that year," says the *Chronicle*, "all Angle-kyn turned to Ælfred except those in bondage to Danish men." In the following year he began with his mingled humility, good sense and self-confidence, that revival of learning which he had long desired. The foundation for his great purpose had already been partly laid. He had collected around him a number of scholars who should be first his teachers, and afterwards enable him to teach the English people in the English language what they ought to know as citizens of a great country, and as pilgrims to a heavenly country. He called to this work, Werfrith, Bishop of Worcester, who himself presided over the school in that town; Denwulf, of Winchester, the husband of the wife who scolded Ælfred for burning the cakes; he had capacity, and Ælfred advised him to learn, promoted him, and at length made him bishop; and the Mercian Phlegmund he made Archbishop of Canterbury; two Mercian priests, Æthelstan and Werwulf, who were his chaplains and teachers (all three children of Worcester College), and these exhausted all that England could do for him. He then turned to foreign lands for help. "Men once came," he said, "from out-land countries to seek instruction in England; now if we need it, we can only get it abroad." So he called Grimbold from Flanders, and put him over the new Abbey rising at Winchester; and John, the old Saxon from the monastery at Corvëi, in Westphalia, to preside over the religious house his gratitude had dedicated to God at Athelney.

His incessant spirit kept these men to their work. He translated Gregory's *Pastoral Care* to teach the clergy their duties; he urged the bishops to give their leisure to literature, and urged it as a religious duty. He gave them

books to translate, and insisted on their being finished ; so also he urged the judges to learn their duties and the laws of England.

His difficulties with the clergy were great ; they were greater with the nobles. The English warriors and courtiers were sorely troubled when compelled to read and write ; or, if they could not learn, to hire a freeman or slave to recite before them the books needful for their duties. When, at last, he despaired of the elder men, he sent all the young nobility, and many others not noble, into the schools where his own children were taught, so that they might learn to read both English and Latin books, and to translate one language into the other. But this was afterwards. His first business was his own education, and Æthelstan and Werwulf, his daily tutors, were not enough for him. So he asked Asser, of St. David's, in the farthest border of Wales, to live and study with him. Asser saw the King at Dene, near Chichester, early in 884, and he stayed three days with him. "Stay with me always," said the King, and when Asser pleaded his love for Wales and his duties there, the King replied, "Stay with me at least six months in the year." Asser suffered of a fever for more than a year, but in July, 886, he came to Leonaford, and stayed eight months at court. He probably then went slowly back to Wales, and returned to Ælfred in the middle of 887. From that time he seems to have spent six months every year with the King. Then Ælfred's close study began. "I translated and read to him," writes Asser, "whatever books he wished, for it was his custom, day and night, amid the afflictions of mind and body, to read books or have them read to him." Thus he learned Latin, and the first result of this association with Asser was Ælfred's *Handbook*. This *Handbook* was his first work, and he was 45 years old when he began it. It

consisted of Bible extracts, excerpts from the Fathers, and of scattered illustrations. "Collected knowledge of Divine testimonies," "flowerets of many kinds from the Holy Scriptures," is afterwards said of this manual. This *Handbook* began in 887, and is fully set forth in English in 888 for the use of the people; unfortunately it is lost. His next effort was the *Law-book*. He compiled it out of the existing codes of Kent, Wessex, and Mercia, *i.e.*, out of the laws of Æthelbert, Ine, and Offa.

It had an introduction and three parts:—(1) Ælfred's Laws; (2) Ine's Laws; (3) Ælfred's and Guthrun's Peace; and it was composed, said William of Malmesbury, "*inter fremitus armorum et stridores lituorum*"—amongst the clash of arms and the blaring of trumpets. This suggests the collection was being made in 885 or 886. By this time he had made a tolerable acquaintance with Latin, and as the most necessary class to benefit were the clergy—the teachers of the people—he chose first to translate the *Cura Pastoralis*—the Herdsman's Book—of Gregory the Great, a kind of manual of the clergy's duties. It was probably finished in 889, and sent to the bishops in 890. "It is," says Stopford Brooke, "the book of a beginner. In it, however, English literary prose may be said to have made its first step; the fountain of that great stream of England's incomparable prose literature quietly burst forth in these hours of patient, yet more than royal labour." The preface is the first piece of any import we possess of English prose. It is redolent of Ælfred's character and spirit. It marks the state of English literature at the time it was written. It makes us realise how great was the work Ælfred did for literature, and the difficulties with which he had to contend.

The second book Ælfred translated (890–91) was Bæda's *Ecclesiastical History of the English*, and this was

addressed not only to the clergy but also to the laity, "who ought to know the history of their own land." He takes pains, as if it were of national interest, to give in full the story of the origin of English poetry. In 891 he began to work the *Chronicle* up into a national history. The new book Ælfred now took in hand, probably in 891-3, was *The History of the World*, by Orosius, a book originally written in 418 at the suggestion of Augustine, to prove that the wars of the world and decay of the Roman Empire were not due, as the heathen declared, to Christianity.

This was the work of about five years, 888 to 893, years of "stillness" that Ælfred loved, years when he nourished the arts of peace and literature, as he had done in wars and government; that "desire I have to leave to men who should live after me a memory of good deeds." He collected poetry — Northumbrian poetry — Bæda's account of Cædmon would have set him to it. "I should," says Stopford Brooke, "like to have seen Ælfred reading *Beowulf* for the first time, or Asser and Ælfred reading together the *Christ of Cynewulf*." This was not all; he sang and listened to English song, but cared also for men and things beyond England. He kept open house for all who brought outlandish tales; he received pagan Danes, Britons from Wales, Scots, Armoricans, voyagers from Gaul, Germany, Rome, and messengers from Jerusalem and the far East, and we learn that he sent messengers to visit the Christian churches of India! Christian churches of India! Does not this seem like the foreshadowing of a great and then far-distant future? A foreshadowing of the reunion and commingling of the earliest and latest branches of the Aryan or noble races of humanity? The great Ælfred, full of earnest endeavour for the good of his fellow-men, often wearied out with mental and bodily

suffering, yet spares no pains in the strife with brutality and ignorance; and, in his sorrow, is full of sympathy and love that reach out to the ends of the earth. This seed of love which he sowed in the long-distant past, has it not now grown into a mighty union of nations? India, under her sufferings, loyal to her younger sister—younger at least in civilization and culture—but in her thousand years of vigorous life still old enough to be the little mother of many nations. These children of the East and children of the West, long before the dawn of dated history, had one common origin. Their language still contains words of similar sounds and meaning, showing they are of one family; and many hundreds of years before Ælfred, had not India a cultured literature, with poetry and science, aye, even long before the glorious outburst of Greek art, literature, and philosophy?

Pardon, this digression.

Ælfred neglected not the arts, he developed the art of shipbuilding. He had architects from the continent, was himself an architect. He re-built fortresses; re-built London. He made and repaired roads; built with fair stone royal country-houses. In his reign, enamel work, gold-weaving, and gold-smithery flourished; and certain mechanical inventions were his amusement. Through all this lighter work he pursued the heavier of ruling his kingdom and preparing for wars.

These were his happiest days, but he lived, as he said, “with a naked sword always hanging over his head by a single thread,” and his quiet was destroyed when the sword fell in 893. “Hardship and sorrow a king would wish to be without, but it is not a king’s doom,” the sorrow came with the pirates from Boulogne, with 250 vessels; they seized on the forest of Andred; and Hastings, with 80 vessels, passed up the Thames. In 894, Hastings got into

Hampshire, and the whole of the Danelaw soon rose and joined the invaders. It was their dying effort. Ælfred was well prepared, and the war, though carried to Chester and the North, and to Exeter and the South, was victoriously finished by the capture of the Danish fleet in 897. From that date till his death Ælfred had peace.

The book he now undertook was Boëthius' *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*. He had now become an expert in translation, and boldly entered into the soul of the author. Boëthius wrote it in prison where Theodoric, king of the East Goths, had thrown him on a charge of conspiracy. Composed as a comfort in his trouble, it is a dialogue between himself and philosophy, who consoles him for his evil fortune by showing that the only lasting happiness is in the soul. Inward virtue is all, everything else is indifferent. The book is the last effort of heathen philosophy, and so near to a part of Christianity that it may be called the bridge between dying paganism and living Christianity. Many in the middle ages believed Boëthius to be a Christian, and his work was translated into most of the European languages.

We will give a few excerpts from Wise's translation of Ælfred's works in connection with his version by Boëthius.

On Wisdom.—Wisdom is the highest virtue, and he hath in him four other virtues. One is prudence; another moderation; the third is courage; the fourth is righteousness. Wisdom maketh those that love it wise, and worthy, and constant, and patient, and righteous, and with every good habit fitteth him that loveth it. They cannot do this who have the power of this world; nor can they give any virtue from their wealth to those who love them, if they have it not in their nature. From this it is very evident that the powerful in this world's wealth have no appropriate virtue in it; but their wealth comes to them from without, and they can have nothing from without which is their own.

On Glory.—Oh glory of the world! Why do foolish men, with a

false voice call thee glory? Thou art not so; far more men have much pomp, much glory, and much worship from the opinion of foolish people than they have from their own works.

On Friends.—True friends!—I say then, that this is the most precious of all the riches of the world. They are not even to be reckoned among the goods of the world, but divine ones, because false fortune can neither bring them nor take them away.

Greed.—Dost mean to be covetous for money? Now thou mayest nohow else get it except thou steal it, or find it hidden, or there increase thyself with it where thou lessen it to others.

Ambition.—Would'st thou now be foremost in dignities? But if thou wilt have them, thou must flatter very miserably and very humbly those that may assist thee to them. If thou wilt make thyself better and worthier than many, then shalt thou let thyself be worse than some. How! is this not then some part of unhappiness that a man so brave should cringe to those that can give it? Desirest thou power? But thou shalt never obtain it free from sorrows from foreign nations, and yet more from thine own men and kindred. Yearnest thou for glory? But thou canst never have it without vexations; for thou wilt always have something contrary and unpleasing.

Lust.—Dost wish to enjoy thy desires unrestrained? But thou wilt despise God's commandments, and thy wearied flesh will rule thee and not thou it. How can a man become more wretched than by being subject to his wearying flesh and not to his reasoning soul?

His thoughts on God are entirely his own.

We should with all our power seek after God that we may know Him. Though it should not be our lot to know what He is, yet we should, from the dignity of the understanding which He has given us, try to find out. Every creature discovers that God is eternal! Then, said I, "What is Eternity?" Thou hast asked me a great and difficult thing to comprehend. If thou wilt understand it thou must first have the eyes of thy mind clean and lucid. I may not conceal from thee what I know of this: Know thou that there are three things in this world; one is temporary; to this there is both a beginning and an end; and I know not any creature that is temporary, but hath his beginning and his end. Another thing is eternal which hath a beginning, but hath no end; I know not when it began, but I know that it will never end; such are angels and the souls of men. The third thing is eternal without end, as without beginning:

this is God! Between these three there is very great discrimination. If we were to investigate all this subject, we should come late to the end of this book, or never.

But one thing thou must first know of this—Why is God called the highest Eternity? Because we know very little of that which was before us, except by memory and by asking; and yet we know less of that which will be after us. That alone exists rationally to us which is present, but to Him all is present—which was before, which now is, that which after us will be—all of it is present to Him! His riches increase not, nor do they diminish ever. He never remembers anything, because He never forgets ought. He seeks nothing, nor enquires, because He knows it all. He searches for nothing, because He loses nothing; He pursues no creature, because none can fly from Him; He dreads nothing, because He knows no one more powerful than Himself, nor even like Him. He is always giving, and never wants. He is always Almighty, because He is always good and never evil. To Him there is no need of anything. He is always seeing; He never sleeps; He is always mild and kind; He will always be eternal. Hence there never was a time that He was not, nor ever will be. He is always free. He is not necessitated to do any work. From divine power He is everywhere present. His greatness no man can measure. He is not to be conceived bodily but spiritually, so as now wisdom is and reason. But He is wisdom, He is reason itself.

One can scarcely believe that we are perusing the written thoughts of an Anglo-Saxon of the ninth century, who could not even read till he was twelve years old!

With this hasty view of King Ælfred's literary and other works, I would conclude this essay with the eulogium on Ælfred in J. R. Green's *Conquest of England*.

Hardly four years in fact had passed since the triumphs over Hastings when the "stillness" he had sighed for came to him. Ælfred died on the 28th October, 901 (some give 900). "So long as I have lived," he wrote, as life was closing on him, "I have striven to live worthily." It is this height and singleness of purpose, this concentration of every faculty on the noblest aim, that lifts Ælfred out of the narrow bounds of Wessex; for if the sphere of his action seems too small to justify a comparison of him with the few whom

the world owns as its greatest men, he rises to their level in the moral grandeur of his life. And it is this that still hallows his memory among Englishmen. He stands, indeed, in the forefront of his race, for he is the noblest, as he is the most complete embodiment of all that is great, all that is loveable in the English temper; of its practical energy, its patient and enduring force, of the reserve and self-control that give steadiness and sobriety to a wide outlook and restless daring, of its temperance and fairness, its frankness and openness, its sensitiveness to affection, its poetic tenderness, its deep and reverent religion. Religion, indeed, was the groundwork of his character. His temper was instinct with piety—the name of God, the thought of God stir him to outbursts of ecstatic adoration. But of the narrowness, the want of proportion, the predominance of one quality over another, which commonly goes with intensity of religious feeling, or of moral purpose, he showed not a trace. He felt none of that scorn of the world about him which drove the nobler souls of his day to monastery or hermitage. Vexed as he was by sickness and constant pain, not only did his temper take no touch of asceticism, but a rare geniality, a peculiar elasticity and mobility of nature, gave colour and charm to his life. He had the restless outlook of the artistic nature, its tenderness and susceptibility, its quick apprehension of unseen danger, its craving for affection, its sensitiveness to wrong. It was with himself rather than with his reader that he communed, as thought of the foe without, or of ingratitude and opposition within, broke the calm pages of Gregory or Boëthius; but the loneliness that breathes in such words never begot in him a contempt for men or the judgment of men. Nor could danger or disappointment check his vivid activity. From end to end of his reign every power was bent to the work of rule. His practical energy found scope in a material and administrative restoration of the wasted land; his intellectual energy breathed fresh life into education and literature; while his capacity for inspiring trust and affection drew the hearts of Englishmen to a common centre, and began the upbuilding of England. Little by little men came to recognize Ælfred as a ruler of higher and nobler stamp than the world had seen. Never had it seen a King who lived only for the good of his people. Never had it seen a ruler who set aside every personal aim to devote himself solely to the welfare of those whom he ruled. It was this grand self-mastery that won him love and reverence in his own day, and that has hallowed his memory

ever since. "I desire," said the King, "to leave to men that come after me a remembrance of me in good works." His aim has been more than fulfilled. His memory has come down to us with a living distinctness through the mists of exaggeration and legend which time gathered round it. The instincts of the people have clung to him with a singular affection. The love which he won one thousand years ago has lingered from that day to this. While every other name of those early times has faded from recollection, that of Ælfred remains familiar to every English child.

NOTES ON OBSERVATIONS OF TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSES, 1851—1900.

By R. C. JOHNSON, F.R.A.S.

THE infrequency of total eclipses of the sun at any given locality is somewhat remarkable.

Taking London, as an example, the last eclipse total there dates back to the year 1715, and its immediate predecessor was considered for a long time, upon the authority of the celebrated Halley (a former Astronomer-Royal), to have taken place in the year 1140; this date has, however, subsequently proved to be incorrect, and it is necessary to go back to A.D. 878, in the reign of King Alfred, to find an eclipse total at London.

On the 22nd May, 1724, the last eclipse total in England occurred, but on this occasion complete obscuration did not extend to the metropolis, but passed a little to the north of that city.

During the nineteenth century no eclipse has been total in England, and if we look to the future the interval is still immense, for, during the twentieth century, there will only be two notable eclipses, of which the one in 1999 will be total in the west of England, but not at London.

In the twenty-first century there will occur, in the year 2090, a total eclipse in the south-west of England, visible only for fifteen minutes before sunset, and it has been calculated there cannot be a total solar eclipse visible at London any time before the end of the twenty-fourth century.

As the apparent magnitude of the lunar disc is often

equal to, and sometimes greater than, that of the sun, it would at first appear that there should be a total eclipse of the sun as often as one of the moon. It is owing, however, to the small actual size of the moon as compared with that of the sun (the ratio of their respective diameters being as 1 to 500) that only those places on the earth which happen to lie almost directly under an imaginary axial line, joining the centres of the two bodies, can be covered by the moon's shadow; and in no case can the width of a strip of the earth's surface swept by the shadow of totality exceed 180 miles.

The limit of duration of totality is governed by the same circumstances; this cannot exceed eight minutes, and may be anything less.

It has been calculated that if it had been possible for an indefatigable observer to occupy the best positions at every total eclipse of the sun during the last fifty years, he might have been able (clear skies being granted) to have averaged a period of one minute per annum of totality.

The cause of science has, however, suffered little, for the numbers of observers who have concentrated themselves upon the narrow track of totality during the eclipses of the last fifty years have done much to neutralize this lack of opportunity.

The eclipse of 1842 attracted both Mr. Airey (the Astronomer-Royal) and Mr. F. Baily from this country to the South of France; and the much more arduous journey of M. Louville, who travelled from Paris to London for the express purpose of seeing the total eclipse of 1715 must not be forgotten. A description of this eclipse appeared in *Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences* for that year.

These were pioneers who opened out the way for the crowded expeditions which are carried out in our day under such comparatively advantageous circumstances.

At the eclipse of 1851 a large number of observers attended; and in the year 1860 there was a government expedition to Spain, and 40 observers went there from this country alone, while Norway, France, and the United States all sent expeditions; and from this time forward, no opportunity, however remote, has been neglected.

An eclipse has always been regarded with popular favour as affording ocular evidence of the accuracy of the calculation of the time of conjunction of the sun and moon, but in the period under review the interest has been transferred from the mathematical to the physical side of the question, owing to the desire to understand something of the nature of the centre of life of our system.

Hofrath Schwabe, of Dessau, was the originator of this line of research, for which he was awarded the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society in the year 1857.

Imbued with the idea of discovering an intra-Mercurial planet, this indefatigable observer, beginning in 1826, and continuing for 43 years, rarely missed an opportunity of examining the sun on every day when he was visible.

No success attended this pursuit, but as has frequently happened in the history of science, his critical inspection of the sun's spots led to a discovery of superior value, viz., that of their periodicity—as he himself quaintly observes, “like Saul, in seeking his father's asses, I found a kingdom.”

The work thus inaugurated has been continued to the present time, and auto-photographic records of the sun's appearance are made at several places on each day. The collation of these, with independent records of magnetic variation which are continuously being tabulated, may, at some future time, lead to valuable results.

By far the most important discovery in solar physics is that achieved by Kirchoff in 1859, which, by showing the

meaning of the absorption bands (known as Fraünhofer lines) in the solar spectrum, opened the door to an infinity of research upon the nature of the elements of which the photosphere of the sun is composed; and since that day spectrum analysis has been the determining factor in the results attained by eclipse observations.

The use of photography, by which observations have not only been multiplied one hundred-fold, but rendered unbiassed by personal equation, has also been of the utmost importance; and a third method, which was first practised during the eclipse of 1898, in India, is that by studious concerted action of amateur observers, long prior to the actual observations on the spot, of diagrams made to resemble various eclipse phases, a wonderful improvement has been found in the fidelity of sketches, made by hand, of the form and extent of the coronal rays when compared with similar drawings made in the absence of such systematic training.

The phenomena observed about the time of, and during totality, occur in the following order:—

Firstly, the formation of Baily's Beads, seen only for a few seconds just as the moon is completely covering with her disc the body of the sun at the time of second contact (which is the commencement of totality), and, again, as totality is broken at the time of third contact. These "beads," which move rapidly along the edge of the two discs, are probably due to irradiation of the sun's intense light, possibly some diffraction effects being also mixed up with it. They are named after Mr. F. Baily, who first investigated them at the annular eclipse at Jedburgh in 1836.

Secondly, just at the moment of totality the chromosphere flashes out, as a narrow ring of brilliant rose coloured light round a portion of the edges of the sun and

moon. The angular extent of this arc of light depends upon the relative diameters (apparent) of the sun and moon, for, as the depth of illuminated stratum does not exceed a few seconds of arc, it is manifest that if the eclipse were just central for a second, this coloured layer might be seen all round the moon's edge, and, conversely, if the totality is of long duration, it might scarcely appear at all. There are always some parts of the chromosphere in a state of great commotion, visible as red prominences, which vary in number and shape on every such occasion—these prominences assume the most grotesque forms, and frequently flame out to a height of over 100,000 miles above the chromosphere.

The third feature of the display is the appearance of the corona coincidentally with totality—this is a faint pearly effulgence, which varies in shape and extent at every eclipse, and is by far the most conspicuous of eclipse phenomena.

A combination is thus presented to the bewildered spectator of unwonted weirdness and grandeur which renders the vision of a total eclipse of the sun the most exciting spectacle afforded by the magnificence of nature, one never to fade from the memory of the favoured observer. It is in the midst of such a scene that science has calmly to perform her duties, and to beware lest one precious moment of time be wasted.

With this general review, we may now pass to a consideration of the order of discoveries by which our present knowledge of the physical condition of the sun has been attained.

It was at the eclipse of 1851 that the red prominences, which were very active and appeared at a great height above the sun's circumference, were believed to be Solar and not Lunar phenomena, and this opinion was proved

conclusively in the year 1860, when Mr. Warren de la Rue, at Riva Bellosa, and Mr. Aguilar, at Desierto de las Palmas, by means of timing the movement of the moon on plates taken at stations 250 miles apart, settled the question finally.

The eclipse of 6th March, 1867, was not a total one, but it was signalized by the observation of a prominence by Ensign Kiha a quarter-hour before the annular phase was established—than which no better proof is possible of the brilliancy and intensity of these extraordinary objects.

In 1868, on 18th August, an eclipse was total for an unprecedentedly long period (6m. 50s.) in India, and an enormous amount of work was done—the gaseous nature of the prominences was established by several observers on the first application of the spectroscope—the work being assisted by the remarkable nature of the prominences then seen. Hydrogen gas, as expected, was ascertained to be one of their constituents.

On 20th Oct. of same year, 1868, Mr., now Sir, Norman Lockyer announced the possibility of seeing the bright lines in the solar prominences without an eclipse, and on the following day M. Janssen announced the same fact to the Paris Academy, with the further information that he had made the discovery the day after the eclipse, viz., 19th August, 1868. Truly a remarkable coincidence.

In the year 1870, 22nd December, a total eclipse in Spain, Sicily, and Africa was rendered noteworthy by the fact that the same two astronomers had curious adventures. M. Janssen made his escape from the siege of Paris in a balloon, with a special instrument for viewing the totality in Algeria, but, through bad weather, was unable to use it, for, as Miss A. Clerke says, “He reached Oran only to find himself shut behind a cloud curtain more impervious than the Prussian lines;” while Mr.

Lockyer, on the way to Sicily, was shipwrecked in the *Psyche*, and only succeeded in obtaining a fleeting glimpse of the wonders of the corona.

Persistent spectroscopic attacks on the prominences have revealed the fact that they consist of glowing hydrogen and some other gases, and have their source in, and rest upon, the chromospheric layer of similar gases; this consists of a thin spherical shell, covering the sun's surface everywhere to a depth of from 2,000 to 6,000 miles.

At this eclipse a further most important discovery was made, that of the "reversing layer."

The method of discovery is as follows:—Just before the second contact the dark body of the moon rapidly closes up the narrow crescent of light remaining on the sun's disc, and it finally goes out; at the very moment this happens, for a space of time not exceeding a couple of seconds, the vanishing absorption spectrum of the sun is instantly changed, line for line of the ordinary solar spectrum, into a bright line spectrum, and this wonderful appearance (not visible to the naked eye, of course) is one of the most entrancing sights among all the beauties of totality. This sight only lasts while the moon passes over about 800 miles of solar surface, which occupies only two seconds, the height of this "layer" being thereby accurately defined. This discovery was a testimony to the prescience of Kirchhoff, for, as Miss Clerke says, "A 'reversing layer' or stratum of mixed vapours glowing, but at a lower temperature than that of the actual solar surface, was an integral part of Kirchhoff's theory of the production of the Fraunhofer lines."

Calcium vapor was discovered in 1882, and, later, manganese, iron, and carbon (probably) have been added to the list.

Lockyer, during the year 1900, investigated the heights

to which different gases ascend in the chromosphere, hydrogen, calcium and helium being the highest.

The theory of the corona cannot be said to be in an advanced state.

It has presented many more difficulties to the observer than the chromosphere and prominences.

It is very faint compared with the sun's light, and, although upon one or two memorable occasions it has been seen before and after totality, it has not been so amenable to investigation either by the camera or the spectroscope.

It evidently varies in intensity greatly from time to time, for it is chiefly the light which it yields that illuminates the heavens at totality, and the reports of various eclipses show great differences in its brilliancy.

It must have been very bright in 1851, when Busch, of Königsberg, caught it upon a Daguerreotype plate.

The next successful attempt was by Mr. Brothers, at Syracuse, 22nd December, 1870.

In 1868, in India, the spectroscope was first applied to the corona, which was proved to be entirely different to the chromosphere in character.

Again, in 1869, Prof. Harkness discovered in the continuous spectrum a single green ray, which, till now, has been a subject for endless controversy. This line was so nearly identical with one of the numerous iron lines that it was then considered that this heavy metal, in a gaseous state, was evident in the corona at a distance of at least a million of miles from the sun's surface. This view, however, has subsequently proved to be erroneous.

In 1871 the sodium line was perceived as a dark line, and, at the same eclipse, Lockyer at Baikul, and Respighi at Poodacottah, perceived hydrogen in this substance 200,000 miles above the sun's surface, and established the

fact that the corona "is of a highly complex construction, being made up in part of glowing vapours, in part of matter capable of reflecting sunlight."

On 29th July, 1878, Professor Langley, at a height of 14,500 feet, on Pike's Peak, saw the corona four minutes after totality extending to a distance of ten millions of miles from the sun, *i.e.*, more than ten times the sun's diameter in extent. This is a marvellous observation, which, though amply credited, has not since been repeated.

In 1885, Dr. Huggins made experiments with the view of photographing the corona without total eclipse; although carried out in the clear air of the Riffelberg, success was not then nor has it since been attained.

In 1887, the most extensive preparations ever made to view a total eclipse were attended by the most wide-spread disappointment; but at one place, Petrowsk, Professor Kononovitsch, of Odessa, succeeded in photographing the green line, provisionally known as 1474 K, or coronium (for want of a better name).

Professor Ramsay, in 1895, discovered a terrestrial origin for Helium in the Norwegian Mineral "cleveite," and so settled the character of many other coronal lines which till then had not been identified.

Two total eclipses were observed in 1889—the first on 1st January from California, and the second on 22nd December from the West Indies. A well equipped party at Cape Ledo, in South Africa, from whose co-operation with those stationed in the Western hemisphere double photographs, intended to shew whether the shape of the corona underwent change in a space of two or three hours, was disappointed through bad weather.

This eclipse entailed a serious loss to astronomy by the death of the Rev. S. J. Perry, of Stonyhurst College, who was well known to students of astronomy in

this locality. Father Perry frequently attended the meetings of the Liverpool Astronomical Society, and was President for a year. (His devotion to duty was extreme, and was exemplified by the long and arduous expedition of which he took command to observe the transit of Venus at Kerguelen Island, in 1874.)

On the occasion of this eclipse he occupied a station on the Isles du Salut, near Cayenne, where there was great mortality among the convicts. Although he became dangerously ill with the epidemic, his characteristic energy enabled him to use the last of his strength to carry through successfully the important observations, after which he was conveyed on board the *Comus*, but did not live to reach Demerara.

The year 1896 was memorable for a new departure, in the despatch of an expedition by the British Astronomical Association (a society numbering over 1000), of 80 of its members to Vadsö, near the North Cape. Clouds unfortunately utterly obscured the sun during the whole of totality, and frustrated the principal object of the expedition.

Their lack of fortune did not, however, prevent the despatch of another expedition, consisting of two parties, by the same society, upon a smaller scale (on account of the distance) to India for the eclipse of 22nd January, 1898. These were in every way successful (*vide Indian Eclipse*, 1898, E. Walter Maunder). On this occasion several important results were obtained, the most interesting perhaps being that Mrs. Maunder, on a small plate, obtained the greatest extension of the corona that has yet been photographed. One ray extending itself to a distance exceeding three-and-a-half times the sun's diameter.

The third expedition promoted by this enterprising society was divided into no fewer than five distinct parties

for the purpose of observing the total eclipse of 28th May, 1900. Stations were occupied by them in the United States, at sea, in Spain, Portugal, and Algeria. *Vide The Total Solar Eclipse, 1900*, by E. Walter Maunder.

There is a part of the subject which is of extreme interest, and which is actively discussed after every eclipse, but which is by no means ripe for judgment, *i.e.*, the connection which mutually subsists between the chromosphere, the prominences, and the corona; and also their liability to be affected by physical changes on the sun.

There seems to be no doubt about the connection between sun-spots and prominences, but what the connection is between spots and the corona is not so manifest, though the character of the corona varies in type at maximum and minimum spot periods. The chromosphere and prominences apparently are subject to the vast attraction of solar gravitation, and the latter attain their enormous height by reason of the violence of their projection, and in spite of the attraction, but the corona is as undoubtedly not controlled by the sun's attraction, but chiefly caused by glare of solar light upon gases and matter that have been brought into his influence in ways about which at present it is not possible to come to any definite conclusion.

In so cursory an attempt to exhibit the state of our knowledge of solar surroundings as revealed by eclipses, many points, for want of time, have been omitted, which might have rendered the subject clearer, especially details of spectroscopic researches upon terrestrial elements and upon gases at varying temperatures and densities, under which, to some extent (*cum longo intervallo*), solar conditions have been approximated to.

It is through the continued application of spectroscopy to solar research at every eclipse that future progress appears most feasible. May we hope that, in a not far dis-

tant future, the sciences of optics and chemistry may solve the difficult problem of showing how such research can be carried out without waiting for these rare and exciting opportunities.

NOTE.

References too numerous to point out in detail have been made to the following :—

Grant's *History of Physical Astronomy*.

History of Astronomy during the 19th Century, Miss A. M. Clerke.

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ON PLATO'S COMMUNISTIC THEORY.

BY J. L. RATCLIFFE, B.A.

Good with bad
Expect to hear.

MILTON.

THE dialogue, which is known as the *Republic*, has for its object the discovery of the "true nature of justice and injustice." But since it is easier to read large characters, it is decided to trace in thought the gradual formation of a city, that the way in which justice and injustice enter may be marked. Plato never forgets what is the object of all his speculations, and often recalls his companions if they are going into detail irrelevant to the main purpose.

Whether or not it is true that ideals are painted by the elimination of all supposed imperfections in the real, it is undoubtedly true that Plato was profoundly impressed by the evils which were preparing the Athens of his day for the yoke of the conqueror. His keen observation is never more strikingly in evidence than in those inimitable books of political pathology, in which he traces the course of the ruin of the perfect state. By a succession of deteriorations the state, where justice holds sway, is shown to end in that "most beautiful of all commonwealths," despotism, the rule of injustice. The amusing sketch which he gives of democracy, the next to despotism in the career of ruin, is a remarkably clever caricature of the Athens, made familiar to us by Demosthenes, the Athens whose glory had passed away. For individualism and its attendant evils were supreme. The state was neglected. Whereas in

the days of Pericles all took a pride in embellishing the city, Plato saw his compatriots "build fine large houses, and furnish them in corresponding style."* We cannot perhaps do better than let Plato tell, in his own humorous way, of the lamentable condition into which, in the fourth century, Athens had sunk.

What of her citizens? "First of all, are they not free, and does not liberty of act and speech abound in the city, and has not a man license therein to do what he will? And clearly where such license is permitted, every citizen will arrange his own manner of life as suits his pleasure. Again, consider that in this state you are not obliged to hold office, though your talents may be equal to the task: and that you need not submit to government if you dislike it, or go to war when your fellow-citizens are at war, or keep peace when they keep peace, if you do not want so to do: and again, consider that though a law forbid your holding office or sitting on a jury, you may, nevertheless, do both the one and the other should it occur to you to do so. . . . How magnificently such a commonwealth refuses to trouble itself in the least about the previous pursuits of those who enter on a political course, whom it raises to honour, if only they assert that they wish well to the commons."† The citizens of this "agreeable, lawless, parti-coloured commonwealth, which deals with all alike on a footing of equality whether they be equal or not,"‡ "end by making light of the laws themselves, in order that, as they say, they may not have the shadow of a master."§ "Beggars and persons who hunger after private advantage take the reins of government with the idea that they are privileged to snatch advantage from their power."|| The ignorance of those who controlled the affairs of state called forth the ridicule of Plato as of

* Par. 419. † Pars. 557, 558. ‡ Par. 558. § Par. 563. || Par. 521.

Socrates before him. The mutinous sailors who bind the captain, and will not take on board the true pilot, are the men who ruled Athens.* The simile of the huge and powerful monster, whose caprices are ever humoured by its keepers, reveals the arts of the demagogues in winning over the powerful Athenian assembly to their side for the furtherance of their own exclusive interests.†

In such a commonwealth, thought Plato, injustice had an almost uncontested course. What, then, did he conceive to be the essence of justice?

Briefly, the performance of appropriate function. Every man, every thing has its place; justice demands that every man and every thing should remain in its place. Whosoever undertakes tasks for which he is not fitted, or shrinks from that for which he has peculiar abilities is, to Plato's mind, unjust. Justice reigns in the soul, when each of the component elements, the rational, the spirited, and the appetitive, fulfils its assigned duty, and does not attempt to usurp another's place. If there is not complete unanimity as to the right of the rational element to claim the obedience of the spirited and appetitive, then injustice is laying the foundations of her throne. So, in the state, unless the auxiliary and productive classes, which correspond to the spirited and appetitive elements of the soul, acquiesce in the rule of the philosopher-king, injustice reigns. But how is she to be ejected? How are the evils, which are welding the chains of an intolerable tyranny, to be remedied? How is that huge and powerful monster to be kept in subjection, and taught that its whims and caprices are not always to be studied? How are the able-bodied citizens to be persuaded to put off their indolence, and prepare at need to take the field in support of the true ruler? How, in fine, is the philosopher-king, the true

* Par. 488. † Par. 493.

pilot, to be established at the helm of the state? Was any remedy at hand?

*Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
Uxor.*

Communism was no novelty in Greece. Plato's mythological Atlantis had been, to some extent, realised in the Lipara Islands, where, at the beginning of the sixth century, colonists from Rhodes and Cnidus founded a state on communistic principles. Part of the citizens tilled the land, and part guarded the coast. The common-meals, which prevailed in the Dorian cities of Crete and at Sparta, were, at any rate, a step in the right direction, and are mainly accountable, we may suppose, for the approval with which Plato regards those states.* Above all, there was growing up at Athens a partiality to communism among the poorer citizens, a partiality which was the almost inevitable outcome of the spread of individualism. For great poverty prevailed by the side of great riches. The poor, unable to find leisure for politics through the necessity of finding for themselves a livelihood, fled to communism as that which alone had power to make their boasted liberty something more than mere liberty to die, and their vaunted equality with the rich a thing of fact.

Communism, too, was Plato's panacea. But communism carried to its logical conclusion. The remedy which he would apply to the evils of the body politic is not less heroic, not less drastic than those which he recommends for the evils of the physical body. A good physician, he thinks, should not make use of drugs when there is need of the knife.

"If the constitution of the state is to be carried to perfection, it must recognise a community of women, a

* Par. 544.

community of children, and of education in all its branches; and, in like manner, a community of pursuits in peace and war. Its kings must be those who have shewn the greatest ability in philosophy, and the greatest aptitude for war. As soon as the rulers have established their position, they are to take the soldiers, and settle them in dwelling-places of a certain description, in which, by our direction, no private rights are admitted, but which are the common property of all. They shall not hold any such property as is commonly held at the present day, but in their capacity as trained soldiers and guardians they ought to receive, in return for their guardianship, year by year, from the other citizens, the maintenance required by their position, and devote their attention to the whole state, including themselves."*

Plato anticipated great opposition, as well he might, to his scheme; he expected "large numbers of by no means contemptible assailants to rush desperately upon him without a moment's delay, after throwing off their upper garments, as it were, and grasping the first offensive weapon that comes in their way."† The opposition is in the main as strong to-day as it was two thousand years ago. In their haste the assailants seize weapons which are often out of date; yet many a telling blow may be dealt.

Before considering the proposal in detail, we may note that it is not all in the state that are forbidden to hold private property. This is sufficiently clear, one would think, from the provision made that the other citizens shall render to the guardians, in return for their services, the maintenance required by their position. But since there seems to linger doubt in the mind of so considerable a scholar as Jowett, it will be perhaps excusable to point

* Par. 543. † Par. 474.

out that the evidence on this rather important point is quite unequivocal.

In the ideal state there are three classes, determined by psychological analysis. There are rulers, the philosopher-kings, who are cognisant of the world of ideas, and fashion the institutions of their state after "a pattern laid up in heaven." There are the auxiliaries, whose duty it is to enforce the commands of the philosopher-king. These two classes are together named the guardians, and it is to them that the prohibition of private property applies. Thirdly, there is the productive class, comprising all those who give themselves over, in whatsoever way, to the acquisition of wealth; the huge monster which must be kept in subjection. Plato recognises inequality of natural gifts, and divides the state into classes, which consist of men in whose souls the rational, the spirited, the appetitive elements are respectively predominant. But that the rule of reason might be more readily acknowledged, and that the guardians may the more easily resist the temptations which the pleasure of private property present, Plato relates his famous myth of the earth-born,* at the expense, it may be, of the Athenians, and their favourite boast that they were autochthonous. "We shall tell our people in mythical language: You are doubtless all brethren, as many as inhabit the city, but the God who created you mixed gold in the composition of such of you as are qualified to rule, which gives them the highest value; while, in the auxiliaries, he made silver an ingredient, assigning iron and copper to the cultivators of the soil, and the other workmen. The rulers, therefore, have received this in charge first and above all from the gods, to observe nothing more closely in their character of vigilant guardians than the children that are born, to see which of

* Par. 415.

these metals enters into the composition of their souls; because there is an oracle which declares that the city shall then perish when it is guarded by iron and copper."

As for the guardians, that they may not lose vigilance by a desire for earthly wealth, "we must tell them that they are in perpetual possession of a divine species of the precious metals, placed in their souls by the gods themselves, and therefore have no need of the earthly ore; that, in fact, it would be profanation to pollute their spiritual riches by mixing them with the possession of mortal gold, because the world's coinage has been the cause of countless impieties, whereas theirs is undefiled. Therefore to them, as distinguished from the rest of the citizens, it is forbidden to handle or touch gold and silver, or enter under the same roof with them, or to wear them on their dresses, or to drink out of the precious metals."*

If more explicit statement were needed of the fact that communism is restricted to the guardian classes, it would indeed be sought in vain, for Plato never, in so many words, says that the members of the industrial classes shall be privileged to have houses, and lands, and wives of their own. But there is abundance of evidence none the less convincing because less patent to the eyes of the casual observer. We may adduce one fact. Freedom from law-suits,† from the vexations and embarrassments which are inseparable from the bare maintenance of a household,‡ is one of the results of communism, which, together, make the life of the guardian more blissful than that of an Olympian victor. When, then, we find Plato arranging for the administration of justice in his ideal state,§ and refusing to legislate on questions of minor importance,|| we may reasonably infer that communism,

* Par. 417. † Par. 464. ‡ Par. 465. § Par. 433. || Par. 425.

with its beneficial results, was not enforced on the members of the industrial class.

We have said that Plato held communism to be the panacea for the evils which had Athens in their grip. Two questions naturally arise. How does communism effect its end? And how does it avail, seeing that its application is restricted to the guardians, confessedly "the smallest of all classes possessing this or that branch of knowledge, and bearing this or that name in consequence?" *

There will be few found to deny that strife is due to the desire of all men to gratify the instincts of appetite, and checks which the rights of private property impose on their gratification. War arose, according to Plato, when citizens were so given over to the accumulation of wealth that land for pasture and tillage failed, and it became necessary for them to cut a slice out of their neighbour's territory.† Civil strife entered the state when its citizens ceased to apply the terms "mine" and "not mine" to the same objects, when some were pleased and others equally grieved at the same events affecting the city and its inmates.‡ In fine, community of interest is only possible when there is community of property. Almost all the cities of Greece, as Plato says,§ contained at least two cities within one wall, a city of the rich and a city of the poor, hostile one to the other. And inasmuch as none of the cities of Greece were fashioned on the lines laid down by Plato, the men of ability were sometimes rich and sometimes poor, so that there were ever some able men to support each faction. But in the perfect state care has been taken for the promotion of all gold and silver children, which may by chance be born among the citizens of copper and iron. There may, then, and will be diversity of interest in the state, but it will no longer rend and tear

* Par. 428. † Par. 373. ‡ Par. 462. § Par. 423.

the state asunder, so long as "the men of the auxiliary class be free from internal dissension." * The strength of this argument is irresistible. If those that rule and those who enforce their commands be agreed, no danger need be apprehended. It was in Greece a common political phenomenon for a tyrant to rise to power by deserting the oligarchy to which he belonged, and espousing the cause of the people, ending up with that "notorious device," the request of a bodyguard that the popular champion might be protected. And it is a law of wide application that "changes in the constitution originate in the governing body, and only when that body becomes the seat of dissensions."† In the ideal state, at any rate, the law holds fast. For even if the people, *i.e.*, the industrial classes, the bulk of the population, were to neglect the lesson of the myth of the earth-born, and to defy the coercion of the strongly posted auxiliaries, who could lead them, provided that the task of selection had not been overlooked by the duly appointed officers, provided, too, that the auxiliaries still dwelt in enjoyment of the blessings of communism, and retained the conviction that they ought to preserve the established constitution? The people would be without a leader; and the ungoverned mob would soon begin to quarrel amongst themselves, and thus render their revolt ineffectual. The firm head and the strong arm would easily keep in control the unruly members, and restore them to their allegiance. Thus we may feel satisfied that Plato's ideal city corresponds most nearly to the condition of an individual man, whose whole frame responds in sympathy to the hurt of the least of its members. The citizens in the industrial classes would not be allowed to pursue wealth to the ruin of the state; their happiness would not be considered to the exclusion of the

* Par. 465. † Par. 545.

happiness of the whole state. But with these restrictions we may gather that the guardians would promote their pursuit of wealth, and do all in their power to enhance their happiness consistently with the belief that the object of the state is not to make any one class pre-eminently happy, but to make the whole state as happy as it can be made.*

We have remarked earlier how clear it is that Plato was profoundly impressed by the evil condition of Athens. It is interesting to notice to what a degree the remedies which he suggests would be effective. The city would be ruled by men who combined philosophical ability with aptitude for war; men who did not snatch at power, but "entered upon their administration as an unavoidable duty;"† men who were beyond the reach of bribery and corruption inasmuch as they were wealthy, "not in gold, but in a wise and virtuous life, which is the wealth essential to a happy man."‡ To enforce their commands they have not to resort to a swashbuckler with his band of mercenaries, some venturesome Charidemus, but to a trained band of citizen soldiers, devoted to the welfare of the state, and taught to recognise that its happiness and welfare are the condition of their own. The rest of the citizens are not allowed to do what they like; in their pursuit of private gain they must not transgress the limits set by the wisdom of their rulers. Wealth would be more evenly distributed among them by the sifting from their numbers of those endowed with sufficient ability to warrant their appearance among the men of silver or of gold.

Throughout the state there would be unanimity as to who ought to rule and who ought to obey. At last, by the union in one man of political power and philosophy there will have come deliverance for cities and for the human race.§

* Par. 420. † Par. 520. ‡ Par. 521. § Par. 473.

There remain to be considered the questions which are interwoven with those provisions in the communistic theory which affect womankind.

We are told that "male and female guardians are to have all their pursuits in common"; and that "these women shall be without exception the common wives of these men, and that no one shall have a wife of his own: likewise, that the children shall be common, and that the parent shall not know his child, nor the child his parent."*

The first clause of this proclamation is not likely to shock us as much as it would undoubtedly shock the ancient Greeks, accustomed as we are to see the weaker sex breaking down every barrier which checks their onward progress to the complete attainment of Plato's wish, the equality of the sexes. But things were not so in the days that are past. Athenian women of repute were taught to regard as their greatest glory the obscurity of their fame among men, whether for good or for bad. They were accustomed to keep within the doors of their houses unless some public festival, some public or private funeral warranted their appearance in the streets of Athens. Xenophon relates how that his friend Ischomachus bade his virtuous wife take exercise by folding and re-folding the household linen. In short, Athenian women of repute were in a condition somewhat worse than that which was endured by respectable English girls till the middle of the nineteenth century. We can barely imagine then the consternation which Plato's announcement would make, that women must share in the education, and in the pursuits, warlike and peaceful, of the men. The equality is to be complete. After describing the advanced education of those who are fitted to sit at the helm of the state, Plato avows that his remarks are not intended to apply any

* Par. 457.

more to the men than to the women, "so long as we can find women whose talents are equal to the situation,"*—a reservation which will be thought by many to be superfluous. In his rebellion against the degrading restraint which was imposed on respectable Athenian women, Plato is obeying, he thinks, the mandates of justice. Nothing more and nothing less than the performance of appropriate function will satisfy her demands. If, then, as Plato firmly believed, "there is no difference, so far as the guardianship of the state is concerned, between the natures of the man and of the woman," he was justified in demanding that there should be no difference in the duties assigned to them. "We shall have to select duly qualified women also to share in the life and official labours of the duly qualified men."† The question at issue is perhaps insoluble. Writers, in prose and verse alike, have descanted on the mutually supplementary qualities possessed by man and woman, on

The double-cell, beating with one full stroke
Life.

Unequivocal proof is perhaps impossible. Yet, though we may point now to Artemisia, whose valour at Salamis wrung from Xerxes the cry that "his men had become women, and his women men," and now to Aspasia, whose political wisdom a Pericles did not disdain to consult, the majority of people will be prepared to recognise that an insuperable barrier has been fixed by nature to prevent the complete equalization of the sexes. Whether Plato had a clearer view into one of the greatest mysteries of life, or was merely led astray by an undue pressure of the analogy of the watch-dogs,‡ some praise is due to him as to one who would have lifted Athenian women from the degrading restraint which they were forced to endure.

* Par. 540. † Par. 456. ‡ Par. 451.

The remaining clauses in the proclamation which abolish the institutions of the family and of marriage, will—we had almost said, for ever—meet with the most determined opposition. All men, all civilized men have, rightly or wrongly, come to the conclusion that the family is a necessary institution. At one fell stroke Plato is thought to demolish the foundations of public and private morality. The charge is a weighty one. Kin to kind is the normal progress for human affections. Where are the kin? To this Plato will answer that “no younger man will insult his seniors: for there are two warders that will effectually interpose, namely, fear and shame: shame restraining him from laying hands on one whom he regards as a parent; and fear, lest the person attacked should be succoured by the rest in the character of sons, brothers and fathers.”* But what will happen if perchance the filial affections of the young man are weakened, not strengthened, by the width of their operations?

Another objection is raised that large institutions inevitably fail to take into account the idiosyncrasies of each particular child, without regard to which the development of character is impossible. Plato would perhaps have answered that parents have shown their inability to train their children, and shall accordingly be deprived of their charge. Yet another objection is that affection for the state, and still more for humanity at large, is not possible without the institution of the family. As the rings which, when a stone is thrown into the pool, spread out wider and wider till they reach the side, so must the affections centre in the family, and emanate thence in ever-widening circles. Here we can fancy that Plato would smile as he pointed to Athens, where the rings never reached the side, and where the affections centred permanently in the family. Indeed,

* Par. 465.

the disintegrating influence of family life is the cause, or or rather one of the causes, why he decreed that his guardians should possess neither houses nor wives of their own. There was another cause. Seeing that dog-fanciers exercised great care in the selection of the best dogs for breeding purposes,* Plato thought that his hymenæal festivals should be arranged with surely not less care. The potency of this argument cannot well be tested. It meets with the bitterest opposition, because it introduces law where we think

We live

Law to ourselves.

The whole range of marriage customs advocated by Plato are of a peculiarly savage type, and do not invite inspection. If any one be tempted to pursue the inquiry he will find that they bear a remarkable resemblance to the customs which, at the present day, obtain among many of the savage "packs," the most primitive savages which people Central and Northern Australia.

Plato's only apology is his unflinching honesty of purpose. "The highest perfection of the state is due to the community of wives and children, which is to prevail among our auxiliaries."† Some praise is always due to the man who, in the face of obstinate resistance and embittered prejudice, holds fast to that most excellent maxim that "the useful is the noble, and the hurtful is the base."‡

There is an argument to which every communistic theory is subjected. Objectors say that since communism tends to simplify the problems of the moral life, it tends also to dwarf the moral stature. The truth of this is indubitable. Moral strength is the outcome of moral temptation; and we can scarcely refrain from surmising

* Par. 459. † Par. 464. ‡ Par. 457.

that the guardians would be not moral, but, perhaps, innocent. For the moral virtues, indeed, Plato seems to have a slight contempt. "They resemble," he says, "the virtues of the body, inasmuch as they do not pre-exist in the soul, but are formed in it in the course of time by habit and exercise; the virtue of wisdom, on the other hand, does most certainly appertain to a more divine substance." * He had such a distinct preference for the element of reason, which alone he seems to have considered immortal, that he thought "virtue, unaided by philosophy," † of small avail, and was willing to discard the means by which such a virtue is attainable.

We are now inclined to agree with the words of Glaucon:—

"But I really think, Socrates, that if you be permitted to go on in this way, you will never recollect what you put aside some time ago before you entered on all these questions, namely, the task of shewing that this constitution of things is possible, and how it might be realized. For, in proof of the assertion that if it were realized it would ensure all kinds of advantages to a city which was the seat of it, I can myself adduce facts, which you have omitted, as, that such soldiers would fight to perfection against their enemies, in consequence of the unwillingness to desert one another which would arise from their knowing one another as brothers, fathers, and sons, and using these endearing names familiarly: and if the female sex were to serve in the army, whether in the same ranks with the men, or posted as a reserve behind to strike terror into the enemy and render assistance at any point in case of need, I know that this would render them invincible: moreover, I see all the advantages omitted by you which they would enjoy at home. But as I fully admit the

* Par. 519. † Par. 619.

presence of all these merits, and a thousand others in the constitution, if it were brought into existence, you need describe it no further. Rather let us try now to convince ourselves of this, that the thing is practicable, and how it is practicable." *

Against the feasibility of communism there is always brought the objection that the motive required in those who practise communism is higher than is found to actuate the average man. There is another objection commonly made that schemes of communism, though they may be practised by a select and small body, are not capable of being accepted as a rule of life by the whole human race. This objection, however, is not applicable to Plato, seeing that, for his purpose, communism need only be practised by the minority in each city-state. The former objection, however, holds to some degree good. But let us first hear Plato's answer.

"Our theory of the state is not a mere aspiration, but, though full of difficulties, capable of realization in one way, and only one, which, as we have said, requires that one, if not more, of the true philosophers shall be invested with full authority in a state, and condemn the honours of the present day in the belief that they are mean and worthless; and that, deeply impressed with the supreme importance of right, and of the honours to be derived from it, and regarding justice as the highest and most binding of all obligations, he shall, as the special servant and admirer of justice, carry out a thorough reform in his own state." †

We may admit that the ideal state is just within the realms of possibility. In the "Laws" Plato lays down 5,040 as the number of citizens which should occupy his state; of these perhaps 1,000 ‡ might be guardians. A

* Par. 471. † Par. 540. ‡ Par. 423.

doubt may well be raised whether so great a number would be found ready to surrender everything that men count most dear for their love of the state.

“All who are above ten years old in the city must be despatched into the country, and their children must be taken away from their parents' influence, and bred up in the manners and laws of the true philosophers, whose nature we have described above.”*

Even then, we think, the instincts which prompt men to lay their hands on certain things, and claim for their own, would break out, and put an end to the rule of the philosopher-king. The many-headed monster of appetite † is not destroyed by the creative fiat of any philosopher-king; and many have ere now found that

Who overcomes by force
Doth overcome but half his foe.

The lesson that may be learnt from the various communistic societies which have passed along the world's stage since the Apostles lived together and had all things in common, is that the ineradicable instincts of human nature cannot be with impunity ignored. Those who think to establish the reign of righteousness before its time on earth, are counting on motives which have little or no existence. As to the evils which they hope to remedy,

They do but skin and film the ulcerous place,

which gathers strength unseen, and at last breaks forth again with irresistible violence to the ruin of the whole body. It was even so that the majority of those societies which have arisen on communistic principles fell prey to the very evil which they arose to correct. Even so would the reforms of the philosopher-king prove ineffectual. Their dissolution would be due not, we think, to the

* Par. 541. † Par. 588.

failure on the part of the guardians to catch the auspicious season for the celebration of the hymenæal festivals.* Good institutions gather force like a wheel † in their progress, and are not to be checked by the first barrier. The dissolution of the perfect state is inevitable because this fundamental law of all moral and political progress has been overlooked, that “a good body will not by its own excellence make the soul good, but, on the contrary, a good soul will by its excellence render the body as perfect as it can be made.” ‡

. *The translations are given according to the version of Davies and Vaughan. The references are to the paragraphs.*

* Par. 544. † Par. 424. ‡ Par. 403.

THE PROBLEM OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY R. F. GREEN.

It is a winter afternoon, and a lady is sitting by the fire reading. At her feet, on the hearthrug, a child is playing quietly with a doll, and a cat, overcome by the warmth and a diurnally recurring drowsiness, sleeps—lying on its side with legs and tail stretched out lazily.

The woman is absorbed in her book, it is *The Mill on the Floss*, and she has nearly finished it; she breathes quickly; a slight sob escapes her, and her eyes fill with tears. The awful pathos of poor Maggie's life appeals to her as it has appealed to all of us. She ceases to read, and sits musing, book in hand.

Meanwhile, the child, tired for the moment of her playing, has made her doll sit down, propped up against the cat, and this, of course, pussy resents. She is disturbed, and too sleepy or lazy to move, shows her irritation by an ominous waving of her tail. No notice being taken, and dolly being indifferent, too, to the annoyance she is causing, the cat rouses herself—the child puts out her hand to the rescue of her plaything, and receives a quick blow and scratch. Her cry startles the mother, who, letting her book fall, springs up, takes the little one in her arms, kisses and soothes her—the cat, running to the door, tries to get out of the room. Incidents more familiar and commonplace than these can hardly be imagined, and yet they illustrate phenomena perhaps the most inscrutable that nature presents to us. The transmission of complex abstract ideas by means of arbitrary signs—the effect of

such ideas, which are probably outside of one's own personal experience, upon the physical functions—the woman is reading an imaginary biography—no such experiences as those of Maggie Tulliver have been hers—she draws her breath—her heart beats quickly—she sobs. The wonderful maternal instinct in the little one who loves and cares for her doll just as the mother loves her child—the cat, sleepy in the daytime like its cousin in the Indian jungle, and despite every incentive to nocturnal slumber—its selfish resentment at being disturbed—its expression of anger by lashing its tail, a habit it has in common with other members of its genus—the vicious attempt to revenge itself for a slight discomfort—its fear of punishment—the cry of the child following instantly on receiving the wound—the start of her mother, and the involuntary dropping of her book—the effect of her sympathy upon the child in relieving its pain and lessening the effect of the shock upon its nerves.

We can describe these phenomena, we can point out even the nerves and muscles which produce them, but what it is that brings these nerves and muscles each in their turn into play—how we come to think, and remember, and act as we do, are secrets that we are fain to admit must lie for ever beyond us. They are part of that great mystery we call life, they come with us out of the mist, stand out sharp and clear in the pageant of experience that is moving so quickly before us, and we are in the mist again, and have *only* seen—have understood nothing. The phenomena just indicated represent some of the highest and most complex forms of consciousness we can recognize—indeed, the ability to convey and receive abstract ideas by means of language is peculiar, so far as we know, to the highest organism—man. Consciousness, apparent to us in other forms of life, is a simpler expression, but

differing, as we shall see, rather in degree than in kind as we descend the scale of living matter.

It is to be assumed that there is no risk of misconception in the use of such terms as *living organism* and *life*. The living organism is an entity which grows by absorption from outside, and which is capable of reproduction. It may have other functions; it always has in fact; but these two are essential. Its functions, separately considered, present to us the phenomena we call consciousness, and the sum of the functions, be they few or many, of an organism we call life. To state the case inversely: life is shown to us by acts of consciousness only, we have no other means of distinguishing between dead and living matter. Consciousness may further be described as *effort to a definite end*. We may not recognize the particular end in view, but if a purpose is obvious we must admit consciousness. We see a man making calculations on a piece of paper, though we do not know the problem he is working out; we have a heated discussion with a political or theological adversary, and we tell him, after a long speech, that we don't know what he is driving at; but none the less we admit these acts imply consciousness. The definition—effort to an end—is the basis of the present Essay. It may be insufficient, it may be incorrect, and it is certainly open to drastic criticism, it is, however, the best I am able to formulate, I cannot find another which will embrace such facts as have to be collated. And simple as the definition seems to be at first sight, it gives us quite enough to think about, the statement of the problem even on these lines is no easy matter, and, moreover, brings us no nearer to its solution. If it helps to make clear the relation of the various phenomena life presents to us, that is all we can ask of it, and it will have served its purpose well.

Let us begin, then, at the beginning. The earth in its solemn swing, the planets in their never hastening, never tiring procession—do they give us any sign of consciousness? None that we have yet recognised. Their motion is apparently impressed upon them by the one great force which binds other solar systems together, and which controls them no more and no less than it does the smallest grain of sand upon our sea shores. Regarded as one body, each planet seems under the complete dominion of the force of gravitation—*subject* to it as we see by its axial and orbital revolutions, *exercising* it as we see by its inducing like revolutions in its satellites. No purpose is evident to us. In fact the very regularity of these motions would of itself forbid our thinking of them as conscious. Regular invariable motion of any kind seems opposed to consciousness; irregular variable motion seems to imply it. When we come, however, to regard the *matter* of which our planet is composed, a very different series of phenomena presents itself. A careful examination reveals to us some 68 substances, which, with the means now at our disposal, we cannot reduce; they are called, therefore, elementary substances, and it is they and their combinations which account for all matter on the earth. These elementary substances exist in widely different conditions, some—oxygen and hydrogen, for instance—are gases at ordinary temperatures; mercury and bromine are liquid; the greater number are solid. Some, like gold, are found native pure, but in most cases they exist in nature only in combination, and can be isolated only with great difficulty. Their combinations are found to be regular and in definite invariable proportions, following a law which has been formulated by comparisons of their relative weights. Thus, taking the lightest of the elementary substances, Hydrogen, as 1, we find oxygen always combining as 15·96, or a

simple multiple of that number. This, moreover, represents the weight of oxygen, bulk for bulk, under equal conditions as compared with Hydrogen—that is, if a globe filled with hydrogen weighs 1 lb. net, the same globe filled with oxygen, under exactly the same conditions of temperature, pressure, etc., would weigh 15.96 lbs. net, and if filled with mercury would weigh 199.8 lbs.

These figures: $H = 1$,

$O = 16$,

Mercury = 200, gives us the invariable proportions of H, O, and Hg. in their respective compounds. Take a simple example: Water, H_2O , is a compound of two parts of H and one of O. (We eliminate fractions for the sake of brevity).

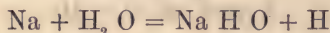
2 parts of H = 2

1 part of O = 16

—
18

so that in 18 ozs. or 18 lbs. or 18 tons of water there will be 16 ozs. or 16 lbs. or 16 tons of oxygen, and 2 ozs. or 2 lbs. or 2 tons of hydrogen, and this of course can be proved empirically. These facts, and some others arising out of them are embodied in the atomic theory. Matter in its original form is supposed to exist in grains or atoms all of the same size, so that if we could get an atom of oxygen it would weigh 16 times the atom of hydrogen, and the mercury atom would weigh nearly 200 times the hydrogen atom. These atoms represent the smallest quantity of the substance that can exist even in combination, and it is suggested that if by any means we could divide an atom of silver, for instance, the resulting parts would not be silver at all, but that primary form of matter from which silver and all the elementary substances are derived. This, of course, is a supposition, but it is one to the truth of which

facts point. Now, in connection with the combination of these atoms some significant facts are to be noted: Mix H and O in a glass bottle—both are colourless gases, and you have a colourless transparent mixture; the gases are only mixed, they have not combined. Expose the bottle to the sun; an explosion takes place, and the gases have combined to form water. If there was a wrong proportion of H or O in the bottle—that is, if there were not exactly two parts by volume of hydrogen to each part of oxygen, the surplus quantity would remain uncombined. Continue the experiment: take the water produced by the explosion, place in it another elementary substance, sodium, the water is again decomposed, one atom of the sodium combining with one atom of the O and one atom of the H to form caustic soda, the remaining



atom of H being set free. The atomic weight of sodium as compared with H is 23, so that if we had 23 lbs. of Sodium and 18 lbs. of water, we should have exactly

Na 23

H 1

O 16

—

40 lbs. of Na H O

and 1 lb. of H.

And if we put 24 lbs. of sodium into 18 lbs. of water, 1 lb. of H. would still be set free, and 1 lb. of sodium would remain uncombined. If we had put gold or platinum in the water instead of sodium, no change would have taken place, these metals not having the power to decompose water as sodium does. There is no need to cite further examples, every text-book of chemistry will furnish them, and we have only to indicate the unexplained force of chemical affinity. How is it that every atom of O in a

mixture of H and O combines with two atoms of H and no more, to form water? How is it that in no circumstances can we get an atom O to combine with more than two atoms of H? (If an atom of O cannot get two atoms of H, it will combine with one, but the combination is highly unstable, the O is always on the look out, so to speak, for the other atom of H, and seizes the first that comes in its way). How is it that the atom of sodium can displace an atom of H in water, forming caustic soda, while neither gold nor platinum can do so. I do not know. No one knows. But it is here, I submit, somewhere here among these elements of our earth's crust, that we must look for the solution of the problem of consciousness. And let us beware at this point of an almost inveterate tendency to dismiss such questions as these by postulating an anterior force of any kind. It is easy to say—one section of the community is constantly saying it—yes, these atoms display certain powers, certain qualities, but their powers and qualities were given to them, impressed upon them by another power outside and beyond them. The matter cannot be in this way settled. The difficulty has only been put a step further back, and in putting it back we don't overcome it, we increase it immensely, since, if an outside unknown power has impressed these elementary substances with their known functions, this outside power must continually operate, it must always have operated, there can be no limit to it. Our minds refuse, however, to conceive of such a power as this. Such as our experience is, it is finite, it has reference only to existences of which it is cognizant, and of which the beginning and end can be conceived. Power, apart from an existence is inconceivable. We may use phrases or terms which, by repetition, have become familiar, but on examination they answer to no mental conception. If we cannot conceive of

matter as eternal, still less can we conceive of an eternal force, and the latter formula has, moreover, the additional tax upon our imagination that its finite expression transcends our experience. We have experience of matter, and so far as we know, it may be eternal, we have no experience whatever of force apart from matter affected by it. But we must continue our experiments. Take a portion of salt and dissolve it in water. Water, as is well-known, has the power of separating the atoms of certain substances, and of holding them in suspension. This is quite different from combination. Sodium does not dissolve in water, it decomposes it. Potassium monoxide K_2O does not dissolve in water, but combines with it to form caustic potash. On the other hand, sugar, salt, and numberless other substances dissolve, and, as we shall see coalesce, and return to their original form if the water is taken away. We take then a portion of common salt and dissolve it in water. The result is a clear liquid which we will divide into two parts, and put into two glasses. To glass No. 1 we will apply a gentle heat—heat is not necessary, but it expedites matters—the result in either case is, of course, to evaporate the water slowly, and as this is driven off, crystals of salt begin to form in the shape of cubes. If we watch them carefully we shall find that they spring into a definite shape, and grow. If the evaporation is very slow, few crystals are formed, but they grow to a comparatively large size; if the evaporation is rapid, the crystals are more numerous, but they remain small. Continuing our experiment until all the water is evaporated, let us examine the result, the glass is lined with crystals, all of the same shape, some have grown together, it is true, but a comparison of their exposed angles will convince us that they are all of the same shape—a cube. A series of similar experiments would have the same result.

Salt slowly evaporated crystallizes in cubes. Substitute cane sugar for salt, and we have crystals in the form of oblique prisms, substitute alum and we have octohedron crystals always. We will leave now our other glass of the salt solution for a moment in order to look at some other crystal formations. The elementary substance, boron, which is ordinarily an amorphous powder, crystallizes under favourable conditions into regular octohedra, combined with oxygen and water, which latter, by the way, crystallize in the form of hexagonal prisms, boron forms boracic acid, which again crystallizes, not into octohedra or prisms, but into thin plates something like talc. A still higher salt of boron, common borax, which is a combination of sodium and boracic acid, crystalizes in rhombic prisms, all these forms being invariable.

Borax, Rhombic prisms.	{	Boron, octohedron.
		Water, hexagonal prisms.
		Boracic acid, thin plates.
		Sodium.

The differences in form follow no law that we have been able to formulate, and are altogether unaccountable. We will now go back to glass No. 1, which it will be remembered contains salt crystals evaporated to dryness; we will take one of these, the largest for choice, and with a hammer break a portion from one of its edges, placing the broken crystal in glass no. 2, containing the remainder of the salt solution. What happens now? Slowly and carefully the broken surface is being filled up as the water evaporates, small portions of salt are arranging themselves, not on the sides of the crystal, but on its broken edge, repairing the damage done, bringing back the crystal to its proper shape. We have thus to record the definite and regular forms assumed by comparatively simple substances, whenever the atoms composing them are free to

arrange themselves. The striking changes in form resulting from combination with other substances, the growth of this form in size (the smallest crystal of alum is as perfect an octohedron as the largest), and lastly, the power to adjust accidental irregularities. Surely there is evidence here of a force inherent in matter, of a force working to a definite result, but we know it only empirically, and cannot predict it in a single instance.

Another phenomenon displayed by elementary substances and their combinations is that of allotropy or isomerism. The same substance takes different forms and properties. Oxygen on being electrically disturbed becomes slightly odorous, and exerts a marked chemical action distinct from the gas in its normal condition. The two forms are chemically identical. Phosphorus in one form is a yellow waxy substance, so highly inflammable that it must be kept under water; in its other form it is a red powder, familiar to us on the sides of safety match boxes, hardly inflammable at all. The compounds of both forms are identical. Similar phenomena, rare among elementary substances, become less so as their compounds become more complex; so that when we enter the domain of organic chemistry, isomerism, to an increasing extent, becomes almost a rule. Butyric acid, which gives the delicate flavour to fresh butter and is mainly responsible for the offensive smell of that product when stale, is chemically identical with acetic ether, the flavouring principle of apples. The marked difference in the flavour of certain wines grown in the same district, or even in neighbouring *vineyards*, between Chateau Lafite and vin ordinaire, or even between the Chateau Lafite of a good and a bad year, are due to differences inestimable by chemists in their constituents; while brewers have long recognized the necessity of breeding from a single yeast

organism. The study, in fact, of the properties of these higher organic compounds, formed, it may be, in our laboratories, brings us to the threshold of life in the vulgar acceptance of the term. We see that all the facts are pointing that way; greater stability, generally in the simpler natural compounds—generally less stability as compounds become more complex. And, moreover, the study of the elementary substances and their primary combinations is not without its use in indicating the lines and direction of further development. In what form is this most likely to take place, and in connection with what substance? The solid form obviously is least amenable to combination. But few solids will combine at all, and when they do, the result is frequently a reversion to a more liquid state.

Gases, on the other hand, combine too freely and offer too little resistance to outside forces, they have no coherence, they readily become diffused and dissipated. The middle or liquid state is most promising. Substances in this form combine with comparative freedom, and, though mobile, will resist considerable pressure. Liquids, however, show a persistent tendency to revert, when conditions are favourable, to the solid form of crystals, and this reached, there is an obvious bar to further development. A liquid which does not crystallize, but of which the component atoms can retain, so to speak, their individual powers, would seem of all forms to be the best, and it is certainly one that organic nature produces in her laboratory on a liberal scale. Matter in this liquid non-crystallizable state is called colloid—glycerine and the white of egg are familiar examples of it. So far as we know, no elementary substance assumes such a form. It is rare among simple compounds, though we see it in silicic acid and the hydrated oxides of some metals. In

the higher organic compounds, such as go to make up living organisms, it is common. The elementary substances most favourable to development are, naturally, those which combine most readily, and the study of inorganic chemistry indicates three or four pre-eminently—carbon, oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen. So that if we did not know the form of matter that is associated with and displays the simplest phenomena of life, the study of inorganic chemistry would lead us to search for it in some colloid or jelly-like substance which was a combination of one or more of these elementary bodies. *A posteriori* conclusions like these, however, are of no constructive value. We have worked, so to speak, from the other end, but having the facts before us, we can see both in the methods of combination and in the properties of compounds in inorganic nature, a definite indication of the higher and more complex organic nature which we know to be the basis of consciousness.

A colloid substance, a small mass of albuminous jelly, composed mainly of carbon, nitrogen and oxygen, is observed floating about in sea water. From time to time, it comes in contact with microscopic portions of decaying plants and animals, these stick to its slimy surface, are absorbed, undergo still further decomposition, and become part of the mass of jelly, consequently the mass grows bigger. From time to time, too, excrescences appear on its surface, part of the mass is pushed out as it were, emerges and recedes, sometimes unchanged, sometimes taking back with it to the mass a fragment of food to be absorbed. When the mass attains a certain size, its shape definitely alters. From being more or less circular it assumes that of the figure 8. The junction between the upper and lower portions becomes narrower, and finally they separate, each portion thenceforth having an independent existence.

This is the whole life history of one family of the protozoa—the monera of Haeckel—the most simple form we know of living matter. Why, being identical in chemical composition with albuminous nitro carbons made in the laboratory, and with other organic nitro carbons, it should display powers so vastly in excess of these latter—why the natural moneron should move, feed, digest, and propagate, while a chemically identical substance should show no trace of such powers, we do not know, and no intelligible explanation has yet been suggested, but given protoplasm, given this living substance of the protozoa, we have before us all the factors of organic evolution. From the little floating jelly disc we can trace a development of consciousness which has produced the bee's cell and the spider's web, the butterfly's wing and the changing tints of the chameleon, the Jupiter symphony and the Pantheon.

The development of consciousness from its earliest expression seems to follow, up to a certain point, the development of the organism. Given a simple organism like the monera or amœba and we have simple expression of consciousness—absorption of food—increase in size, and assimilation of reproduction by division. Given a more complex organism we have an expression of consciousness correspondingly more complex. The jelly disc floating in the sea becomes condensed in the middle, and forms a nucleus, its outer surface becomes harder and forms a sort of skin round it; before division takes place a second nucleus is formed—the mass becomes hollowed out and assumes cell form, and this cell has the power of reproducing other cells as well as of living a communal life with others. From the simple cell the development can be traced with some degree of certitude of all the higher forms of life, both plant and animal, and it must be borne in mind that whatever it is that gives the particle of

albuminoid jelly we call protoplasm its special consciousness, the same force is still operating constantly, unceasingly. The organism we call a plant has in some mysterious way the power of decomposing the earth, the water, or the air in which it lives, and of forming out of the elementary substances thus produced living protoplasm. We can form complex nitro-carbon combinations, but ours, if left to themselves, do not grow, they either remain inert or decompose, forming other combinations—the compound that the plant forms goes to increase its size, becomes part of it and takes its share in the work of making new protoplasm. The algæ do this out of the sea water in which they live—the oak does it partly out of the air by its leaves, and partly by its roots out of the ground. This is why plants purify the air so much. In the day time, when the sun shines, and they are busy at their work, they are drawing in atom after atom of carbonic acid gas, are splitting it up into carbon and oxygen, using the carbon to make more protoplasm, and setting free the oxygen.

The organism which we call an animal cannot do this. It must obtain the protoplasm of which its cells are made from plants ready made. It has lost, if it ever had, the power of producing this substance from the earth. There is a genus of ant, *formica sanguinea*, which has so long compelled another little ant to work for it that it is now in many ways helpless—it can do few or none of the ordinary duties of its life, it is dependent upon its slaves. So it is with animals. They are dependent on the plant organisms for their protoplasm, without which they could not grow, nor reproduce, nor live.

The words animal and plant are used here in sharp contrast, but it must not be inferred from this that there is any line of demarcation between them. There is not.

Here, as elsewhere, nature makes no leap. There is a borderland where the organisms cannot be separated into either class. The *fungi*, mushrooms, are a family of parasites, with most of the characteristics of plants, but which feed upon them as animals do, assimilating ready made protoplasm, and, like animals, excreting the surplus carbon in the form of carbonic acid gas. Some of the orchidacea also have taken to live on decaying vegetable matter, they have little in common with the plant organisms, and they betray their abnormality by their curious and fantastic shapes. Then there are whole genera of carnivorous plants, some of which obtain their sustenance much as lions and tigers do. In short, we can see no break in nature between the moneron enveloping a fragment of decayed seaweed and the philosopher at dinner. As to the consciousness of plants the keenest botanists are the most eloquent. Their colours and scent, their wonderful contrivances for fertilization, for the protection of their seeds, ensuring their distribution, and planting when ripe, their susceptibility to sun and light, even to slight variations of temperature, to narcotic and other poisons, their powers of adaptation. The deep-rooted deep-feeding rice of Burmah becomes a surface feeder in one generation in India; Arabian dates, English apples and strawberries, Muscat grapes, are all popular testimony to the fact that plants are in a way conscious of their *habitat*, and thrive or degenerate in accordance with it. The old gardener will tell you that peach trees like a south wall, and that potatoes want a light sandy soil. There is no lack of proof, moreover, of a more active consciousness in plants of a disposition alert and ready to take immediate advantage of favourable circumstances. The insect eating *Dionæ* closes its leaf instantly upon a misguided fly, holds him tightly so long as he struggles, keeps him until all his

juices have been absorbed, and then lets him drop; the same leaf clasping a falling morsel of wood will release it quickly, realizing that it is not good to eat, but it will hardly move when the wind brushes another leaf against it. Bury an old bone in a vineyard, in a day or two the vine roots will have found it, and will have clasped it tightly, sucking out its juices.

A shoot of the common hop moves round steadily in the direction of the sun, describing a complete circle, and continuing its motion until it comes to a support round which it can twine.

After a shoot has wound round a stick, say, if this be withdrawn, it retains for a time its spiral form, it then straightens itself and again commences to revolve.

The shoots of the *Scyphanthus elegans* persistently turn with the sun at first, and then change, moving round in the opposite way.

One of the *Convolvuli Impomœa*, indigenous to South Africa, always grows straight there; brought to Dublin, to a damper climate, where its shoots grew quickly, it began to twine.

As applied to animals, the problem of consciousness has been somewhat confused by attempts at specialization. We have *reflex action*, *instinct*, *intelligence*, *self-consciousness*, *reason*, all implying certain forms of it, but none exclusive or definite. Whether there is any essential difference between them is more than doubtful. It is certain that we cannot discriminate accurately. They are all indissolubly connected with the physical organism, and though we look in vain for the highest phenomena in the lowest organism, the lowest phenomena are common to all. Moreover, the highest expression of some modes of consciousness—the senses of hearing, sight, smell, for instance—is not found in the highest organisms: a man cannot see so well as a

hawk ; nor hear so well as a horse ; nor has he so keen a scent as the hound. The most we can say is that, generally speaking, a higher form of consciousness is displayed by higher organisms than by the lower. And here let us stop for a moment to enquire what we mean when we use such terms as *reflex action*, *instinct*, *intelligence*, and *reason* ; they do unquestionably denote distinctive phenomena. They represent phases of consciousness which are distinct enough, but which overlap and form an unbroken series such as we cannot divide accurately at any point. The first, the lowest form that reveals itself to us, is *reflex action* : non-mental nerve muscle adjustment as Dr. Romanes describes it. The organism or part of it responds to certain stimuli, always in the same way to the same stimulus, and it does so apart from any mental effort. This power is generally inherited, although it may to some extent be acquired. Digestion, the heart's action, the contraction of the skin by cold, which we call "goose flesh," are familiar examples of it in man. *Instinct* is reflex action into which *mental effort* is imported, the action has a definite end, but the necessity for it is often beyond the experience of the organism, and the end is not necessarily in view. This power is, generally speaking, inherited, but it can be and is developed in the individual.

Sir Benjamin Brodie defines instinct as a principle by which animals are induced, independently of experience and reasoning to the performance of certain voluntary acts which are necessary to their preservation as individuals, or to the continuance of their species, or in some other way convenient to them.

Hartmann, in his *Philosophy of the Unconscious*, says, "Instinct is action taken in pursuance of an end, but without conscious perception of what the end is."

Darwin points out that instinctive action shows little or

no improvement in the individual: the beaver builds its dam and the bird weaves its nest as well the first as the last time in their lives.

Later observations, however, have somewhat modified this view. Instinctive actions are frequently repeated by the same individual, and are performed similarly by other individuals of the same species. The tailor bird sews leaves together in the same way year by year, and all tailor birds make their nests in the same way.

Intelligence reveals mental effort more clearly, and may be conceived to be the result of experience. This and *reason* differ in degree only, the latter term being reserved for the power of deducing abstract ideas from experience, and adapting them as a guide to future action which is beyond experience. A particular intelligent act recurs less frequently than an instinctive act in the life of the organism. When the same action recurs frequently, the mental effort in connection with it is less obvious, and it has a tendency to become instinctive. That is only to say, if we are in the habit of doing the same thing over and over again, our muscles and nerves get used to the work. In many of our factories girls perform intricate mechanical operations—making packages, filling boxes—without the slightest mental effort, and at a speed which the eye cannot follow.

Similarly, instinctive action has a tendency to become reflex. Make a sudden movement as if to strike a new born child in the face, its eyes remain open; repeat the experiment in a month or two, its eyes close instinctively, it has learnt mainly by inheritance, partly, perhaps, by experience, to protect itself in this way. In the adult no power of will suffices to keep the eyes open in view of such a demonstration.

The observations of naturalists afford us so many

examples of these various forms of consciousness in animals that there is some difficulty in making a selection. That the subject is of entrancing interest goes without saying, and one is tempted to dwell upon it unduly. As every student knows, the line of development of living organisms separates a little beyond the genus *annelida* into two main branches—vertebrata and invertebrata. The former culminating in the anthropoid apes and man—the latter in the lepidoptera—ants and bees. The development of mental power along each line has been enormous, transcending even the enormous organic development until, when the end is reached, one is in sober earnest tempted to compare the two intelligences. For, recollect, our investigations in connection with such small organisms as ants are made necessarily under most adverse circumstances. We cannot hope to observe their whole life, since their home is underground, and we cannot see them in their more intimate relations with their fellows. Enough, however, is on record to warrant our attributing to them every mental quality we possess, and, to tell the truth, one or two of our vices. They have solved the question of communism—we haven't—for they can generally live peaceably in colonies, and on good terms with their neighbours. This, in a district where all are foraging for a living, and when questions of ownership are sure to arise, is no small matter. Occasionally, civil war breaks out, and it is more ferocious and merciless than the battles with other colonies. They recognise their parental responsibilities to the fullest extent, feeding, washing, and brushing their children, and teaching them most carefully. They are given to harmless play—to friendly trials of strength—to gymnastic exercises—they sleep much, as we do, kicking their neighbours now and then, and when they wake, yawn, stretch their legs, and proceed immedi-

ately to their toilet. They plant and cultivate rice—if not other grains—harvest and store the seed, and prevent it germinating—they keep aphides for the sweet juices these insects excrete—build stables for them—keep the eggs carefully during the winter months, and when March comes, and the eggs are hatched, the young grubs are carried up and set to feed on the daisy stalks. They keep slaves, and make organized raids to obtain slaves' eggs. And they leave so much work to their servants that they become effete and almost helpless. They bury their own dead with ceremony in a place set apart and clearly marked out—strangers who die in their midst are carried far away, are never interred with their friends—they can recognise the members of their own colony after more than a year's absence, and their descendants whom they have never seen, and they can communicate with them, if not by actual language, at least by a system of signs that can express abstract facts. Though less intelligent than ants, bees and wasps show mental powers of a very high order, in fact the making of their cells is one of the most wonderful *examples* of inherited consciousness that nature shows to us, and evidences of what we cannot call by any other name than reason are not at all uncommon in many of the lower order of the invertebrata. Among the vertebrates more than one form of intelligence is to be remarked that has lapsed or become dull in higher organisms.

The homing instinct in some birds is a case in point. A homing pigeon will fly straight home if thrown up fifty or sixty miles away, although it has been in a basket in the train since it was taken from its companions. This power is quite inexplicable, since it certainly does not depend upon sight. The curvature of the earth would prevent a destination fifty miles away being seen at any height to which a pigeon can rise.

When returning from very long distances, pigeons are seen to make one or more wide circles in the air before flying off, and they appear to get their compass in this way with perfect accuracy. Some survival, it may be, of this faculty of direction has been remarked among savages, who can find their way through thick forests with perfect ease; and Capt. Parry, in his polar voyages, says he noticed that while piloting his way, compass in hand, among the masses of drifting ice, the Esquimaux always knew the direction to go in. To the higher vertebrata, reason, more or less independent of inherited instinct has *always* been conceded, and I will not weary you by giving illustrations of it.

To sum up, then, the results of our enquiry. We find evidences throughout nature of a force, to which we have given the name of *consciousness*. We see it only in connection with matter, we cannot conceive of it apart, alone. We distinguish between this force, consciousness, and the universal force of gravitation, not because we admit any difference between them *per se*, but because, given the factors, we can calculate the effect of one and not of the other. The force of gravitation appears to us regular, unswerving; the force of consciousness appears to us irregular, adaptable. Given the distance of the moon, given her diameter, etc., we can calculate to a minute the time of high water at any part of the globe; given all the information chemistry has for us, we cannot predict a single property of a new compound, or say how it will crystallize. The existence of the planet Uranus was demonstrated on paper as certainly as the 47th proposition of Euclid, and its position in the heavens indicated before it was ever seen. We had all the factors. In dealing with the problem of consciousness one factor is ever wanting, stultifying all our predictions, defying all analogy. Our

only knowledge of it is empirical, and a new and unforeseen experience seems to await each new investigation. Whether, if we had all the factors of consciousness, the phenomena of life as we know them now would range themselves in order and take their place in that great concatenation which is being slowly revealed to us, we do not know, we can only surmise, and our conjectures, so far, have been idle dreams. We see elementary substances as we call them, substances that have resisted every attempt at division, taking upon themselves different shapes and different natures; we see them attracting and rejecting other elements, casting off one to embrace another like a girl her sweethearts, without apparent reason; we see both elementary substances and their compounds to the third and fourth generation, persistently assuming definite forms and resisting interference or modification. Then there is a gap, and we find a not very complex compound—only a little carbon and nitrogen and hydrogen, and perhaps a trace of phosphorus—endowed with powers of locomotion, assimilation, and reproduction, we can trace the beginnings of an organism; there is a nucleus in which these simple functions seem to centre; then there is a cell—two cells—in partnership, then what we may call a commune, each part a separate organism, and yet each subordinating its functions to a common end—the zoo-phytes, the beautiful sea nettles, are examples of this. Advancing in complexity we see a centre of authority developing in these communes, and communications may be traced from its centre to its limits, nerves develop, and the functions of the different communal organisms begin to be specialised, some occupying themselves with one function, some with another. The central authority becomes more necessary for the co-ordination of these specialized functions, the communications with it become more

intricate—nerve centres and ganglæ begin to develop. Centralization still goes on, a concentration of the authority becomes more evident, the brain develops, the ganglæ becoming secondary and distributing centres, the brain begins to record the experiences of many functions, it discriminates between them, its action becomes more or less ratiocinative, it neglects its functions and they begin to lapse. That is, perhaps, the *last* phase of consciousness—man is solving problems in conic sections, but he is losing his eyesight. He is much concerned over a possible fifth dimension, but his sense of smell is pitifully poor. He has invented the microphone, and it has told him that he cannot hear. And so we leave the problem. Guesses at its solution have never been wanting, but they have been mere conjectures, or else they have only increased our difficulties. This much only we can assert, that there is a force acting in what we call matter, and that the phenomena of consciousness and life are the expressions of it.

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- 21.—1897 Henry Longuet Higgins (care of Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co.), *17 Throgmorton-street, London, E.C.*
- 22.—1899 Rev. G. H. Rendall, M.A., Litt.D., *Charterhouse School, Godalming, Ex-PRESIDENT.*
- 23.—1901 Rev. Walter William Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Ph.D., Professor of Anglo-Saxon, Cambridge, since 1878, *2 Salisbury Villas, Cambridge.*
- 24.—1901 Richard Garnett, LL.D., 'C.B., *27 Tanza Road, Parliament Hill, London, N.W.*

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TREASURER'S ACCOUNT, 1900-1.

Dr.

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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
LIVERPOOL
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

NINETY-FIRST SESSION, 1901-02.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held at the Royal Institution, on 6th October, 1901.

Rev. E. A. Wesley, President, occupied the chair.

The following Report of the retiring Council was read and adopted :—

REPORT.

The Council has pleasure in presenting to the Society the Annual Report for the Ninetieth Session, 1901-1902. During the past Session, thirteen ordinary meetings, in addition to the Annual Meeting, were held.

The Session was a successful one, and the papers were of high average merit and interest. The attendance at the meetings was above the average of that of recent years, and the Council congratulate the Society on this fact.

The distinguished name of Professor F. H. Max Müller has been removed by death from the roll of our Honorary

Members; on the other hand, the Council has pleasure in recording that Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., and Rev. W. W. Skeat, Litt.D., Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge, have accepted the invitation of the Society to become Honorary Members.

The Annual Dinner of the Society, which was to have been held in February, and at which the Society was to have entertained Lord Avebury, F.R.S., as its guest, was abandoned, in consequence of the lamented death of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The Society during the Session presented, in conjunction with the Liverpool Philomathic Society, an Address to His Majesty King Edward VII, expressing their sorrow in the lamented death of Queen Victoria, and assuring His Majesty of their loyal devotion and support. His Majesty was pleased to accept the Address, and sent to the Society a gracious reply.

The membership of the Society shews a slight decrease; the Council hopes that all members will endeavour to reverse this state of affairs during the coming Session.

The Treasurer's accounts were submitted, but their final consideration was postponed until the following meeting.

The following officers were then elected:—Vice-Presidents, Mr. A. Theodore Brown and Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, re-elected, and Mr. George Curwen, elected by a majority in the place of Rev. E. A. Wesley.

Mr. J. W. Thompson was re-elected Hon. Treasurer, and Mr. A. W. Newton, Librarian.

The office of Hon. Secretary was not filled, Dr. K. Monsarrat undertaking the duties for a time with the approval of the Society.

In place of the five retiring Members of the Council the following were elected:—Mr. R. H. Case, Mr. R. R.

Douglas, Dr. A. E. Hawkes, Rev. J. B. Lancelot, and Mr. John Mellor.

The Honorary Members of the Society were re-elected.

The President then read his address on "Utilitarianism in England during the Nineteenth Century."*

ORDINARY MEETINGS.

I. 21st October, 1901. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. Mr. G. H. Ball called attention to the recent experiments in the transmission of telegraphic messages through land and sea without the medium of wires. Dr. J. Birkbeck Nevins read an illustrated paper on "The Norfolk Broads."

II. 4th November. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. Mr. T. L. Dodds read a paper on "Francis Parkman and the making of America."

III. 18th November. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. Dr. Keith Monsarrat read a paper on "The Learning of the Ancient Egyptians."

IV. 2nd December. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. Dr. J. Murray Moore shewed to the Society an old print illustrating the trial of Lord Melville. Mr. James Birchall made some remarks on the subject of the trial. The President referred to the manner in which the Admiralty accounts were audited during the 18th century, and the abuses attached thereto. Mr. James Birchall read a paper entitled "How the Bishops of Rome became Temporal Princes."† The paper was illustrated by large and specially prepared maps.

V. 16th December. Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, Vice-President, in the chair. The Rev. E. N. Hoare, M.A.,

* See p. 1. † See p. 121.

Ex-President, read a paper on Sir Edwin Arnold's new poem "The Voyage of Ithobal."*

VI. 13th January, 1902. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. The President announced that the Annual Dinner had been fixed for 13th February, Lord Avebury having consented to be the Society's guest. Prof. J. MacCunn, M.A., read a paper entitled "The Cynics."†

VII. 27th January. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. The President proposed Mr. Edward G. Narramore as Hon. Secretary of the Society upon the recommendation of the Council. Mr. James Birchall seconded the proposal, which was carried unanimously. The President then proposed, and Mr. J. W. Thompson seconded the proposal, that the Society's best thanks be given to Dr. Keith Monsarrat for his able services to the Society; which proposal was heartily carried. Rev. W. E. Sims read a paper entitled "Edward Gibbon."‡

VIII. 10th February. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. Dr. Nevins referred to the possibility of there being some source from ancient records and history in Sir Edwin Arnold's poem *The Voyage of Ithobal*, and read a letter from Sir Edwin Arnold saying, emphatically, that no part of his poem had any such origin or relation. The President read a paper entitled "English Essays and Journalism."

IX. 24th February. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. Mr. James Birchall referred to the great loss to the world of History in the death of Prof. Gardener. The President and Mr. Theodore Brown recalled some of the characteristics and labours of the great historian. Mr. G. H. Ball drew attention to a letter from Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., in the *Times*, dealing with

* See p. 163.

† See p. 175.

‡ See p. 143.

the attitude of the various continental powers towards this country, and proceeded to emphasize the importance of gymnastics and military training for this country in view of its coming needs. Mr. Roland J. A. Shelley read a paper entitled "The Foreign Relations of Cromwell with France and Spain."*

X. 10th March. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. Mr. Richard Steel read a paper entitled "On the Infinities of Time, Space, Matter and Human Existence."†

XI. 24th March. The meeting was adjourned to the Physics Theatre of University College. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley in the chair. Prof. L. R. Wilberforce delivered a lecture upon "Pendulums," illustrated by elaborate and delicate experiments.

XII. 7th April. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. The election of the President for the coming session took place, and Rev. E. A. Wesley was unanimously re-elected. A very hearty vote of thanks was passed to Rev. E. A. Wesley for his services during the session. Dr. J. Birkbeck Nevins, M.D., delivered a lecture entitled "Explanation of the Origin and Date of the Heraldic Term, Coats of Arms."‡ The lecture was illustrated by a series of specially prepared coloured lantern slides.

ORDINARY MEMBERS ELECTED DURING THE SESSION.

Mr. Roland Mott, Mrs. K. Parr, Mrs. Wesley, H. E. Annett, M.D.

* See p. 105. † See p. 37. ‡ See p. 63.

PAPERS READ DURING THE SESSION.

UTILITARIANISM IN ENGLAND DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY REV. E. A. WESLEY, M.A.

AMONG the many intellectual movements that mark the progress of thought in England during the nineteenth century, none has proved more pregnant with results—important both morally and socially—than that which has received the inexpressive name of Utilitarianism. What that movement was, how it originated, and what were its effects, is the subject of this paper.

In the opening words of his introduction to the *Principles of Morals*, Jeremy Bentham, the father of Utilitarianism, wrote:—

“Utility is that property in any object whereby it tends to produce benefit, advantage, pleasure, good or happiness to the party whose interest is concerned.”

We need not find fault with this definition of utility on account of the arbitrary meaning attached to that word, since philosophers in all ages have assumed a right to use words in their own way, consistency in their employment being the only matter of real importance. From this statement it is of consequence to note that, in the language of Utilitarianism, utility and happiness are convertible terms.

The writer follows on with an axiom which appeared so clear to him as to demand universal and immediate assent: that “Nature has placed mankind under the government of two sovereign motives—pain and pleasure—and it is for them alone to point out what we ought to do, as well as what we should do.” By should, he apparently means

what we are constrained to do by our intellectual constitution; by ought, that which is dictated to us by our moral nature.

This axiom assumes that in every conscious human act man is determined by some anticipated pleasure or pain, and that what we call moral good, is the line of action conducing to happiness; and moral evil, that leading to misery. Bentham claims no originality for this axiom. He found it, he says, on the title page of one of Priestley's tracts; but we may trace it further back than that, for Hutcheson in his *Enquiry concerning Moral Good and Evil*, published 1725, wrote:—"That action is best that secures the greatest happiness of the greatest number:" best, meaning most virtuous or most praiseworthy.

Hutcheson himself may have derived this definition of duty from some earlier writer, for variously expressed, the idea was familiar to students of moral philosophy from an early time. The pursuit of happiness is no modern quest. Before the dawn of history, as men in troubled times have been fond to dream, there existed a golden age when happiness was universal, an age when the joy of life was the birthright of an uncorrupted race; and ever since it has been the aim of earnest men, philosophers, mystics, patriots and preachers to lead wanderers back to that long lost Paradise. Aristotle bade his pupils seek it by the road of moderation; Zeno, by the path of duty; Epicurus, by personal self-restraint. In Christian Europe, men of many different moulds have pointed out the way to the long lost home through the thorny paths of self-disciplined submission to Divine commands, whether revealed through an infallible church, or infallible Bible. Disappointed, yet still pursuing, they have fared forwards in quest of happiness as to an ever receding horizon:

To the goal that is not, and ever again the goal.

There was nothing new in the quest of happiness, nothing new in the idea that man's duty consisted in conferring it on his fellows. But never did any moralist before Jeremy Bentham think of founding on it an entire system of moral philosophy. According to the Utilitarians, the sole duty of man consists in conferring the maximum of happiness on the maximum number. This is the touchstone of all conduct. By it alone can the morality of an act be known.

Bentham tells us it came to him as a heaven-sent light. While floundering in a quagmire of legal contradictions, seeking in vain for some safe path, some unifying principle, it suddenly flashed on him that the authors of these inharmonious and conflicting laws were imbued with a common spirit, were each seeking in his own way to confer happiness. Their want of unity was not due to their seeking different ends, but seeking those ends by different ways. Their eyes had been all fixed on the load star, though their feet had followed devious tracks through the morass. Here, then, was the missing link, the lost key to unlock the darkest chambers of the law! Yes, and not only law, but ethics, which underlay the law. Here was a principle which applied to them would convert the most empirical of systems into an exact science. What gravitation was in the physical world, the greatest happiness principle would be in the world of morals. If happiness was the sole motive of human conduct, and of this he never entertained a doubt, was it not clear that the course of action that promoted the greatest happiness was the only line of right? And if so, here was a felicific calculus ready to hand; all we had to do was to measure the amount of happiness, its intensity, duration, certainty, proximity, productiveness, purity and extent, to have a precise measure of morals. Having thus passed from law

to ethics, he naturally extended the rule to all human government. "What do Parliaments exist for," he asked, "but to promote the happiness of the governed?" The cliques and parties that from time to time have turned parliamentary government aside into channels of self-interest, are but adventitious influences to annihilate which every true patriot should fight with heart and soul. Against every form of chicanery, and sinister influence in law, morals, and government, he determined to contend so long as breath remained in his body.

To gauge the fighting capacity of the man, we must, however, know something of his character and circumstances. Jeremy Bentham came of a serious Tory family, the son and grandson of Jeremiahs, both attorneys, who had amassed comfortable fortunes when it was easy to make money at law. He was born on the 4th of February, 1747-8 (O. S.) in Red Lion Yard, a little opening off Houndsditch, where stood the old family house of the Benthams. Whitechapel hard by, the great eastern road out of London, was then a breezy open thoroughfare, straggling out through green fields on its way to Epping Woods.

In after years, his parents would recall a dreary afternoon when he was discovered, a little child in petticoats, only three years old, perched on a high stool at a desk, reading a folio volume of Rapin's *History of England*, with two wax candles alight to assist his studies. By five he was well advanced in Latin and had begun Greek. When only eight his father sent him to Westminster School, where his diminutive size, and shy old-fashioned ways made him the butt of his rough play-fellows. Scarcely more congenial did Oxford prove, whither he was removed at the boyish age of thirteen. There he was entered as a commoner at Queen's College, and a miserable time he had

of it, learning little but what he taught himself, for Oxford was a negligent mother to her sons in the last half of the eighteenth century. Nevertheless, he took his Bachelor's degree at the age of sixteen, and was duly entered, and ate his dinners at Lincoln's Inn the following year. For the bar, however, he had no stomach, too honest to adopt the practices of his contemporaries, too diffident to push his way where a bold and domineering presence was demanded to ensure success. Two or three cases which his father had kept at nurse for him, he put to a speedy death, proving even to his most partial friends how little suited he was for making a fortune at the bar. Want of success weighed heavily on his spirits, and plunged him into a deep despondency from which he discovered no relief except in hard work. Fortunately, he had a genius for work.

A short treatise entitled *A Fragment on Government*, which he published during this period of dejection, aroused considerable interest, its authorship being ascribed to some of the leading lawyers of the day; but this transient spark of fame was quickly quenched when his father, unable to keep the secret, confided to a friend that it was the work of young Jeremy, a briefless barrister about whose opinions no one cared a straw.

It is good sometimes for a man to walk through the valley of humiliation. For Bentham it was no wasted season. To his order-loving mind the wine of life was to pore for hours, days, years, over musty volumes, classifying, arranging, pigeon-holeing ideas, and codifying, as he says, "like a dragon." In the seclusion of his chamber he would plunge into the muddy depths of the law, diving deeper and deeper till he touched the bed rock, a restless student, nothing if not thorough. Thus, in obscurity and unremitting toil, fourteen years passed by. For income he had only a modest £90 a year, arising out of a small

property his father made over to him, on which he was obliged, he tells us, to live like a gentleman, and pay his laundress, barber and shoe-black ten guineas between them.

Hard by in Holborn the tide of life ebbed and flowed; the groan of loaded waggons toiling from the country to the markets, the clatter of post chaises, the cry of apprentice lads, and all the myriad voices of the streets inviting him to the eager, industrious life in which he had no share. His was the silent world of thought, where the shy, studious young hermit came and went at will.

Not far away, another hermit lived a few years later, quite as poor, toiling in his garret up aloft, among the red tiles and the chimney pots; William Blake, artist, poet and seer, to whom also it was revealed that the better part of life is not to be discovered in the thick of the crowd, nor the nobler part reckoned by the abundance of the things a man possesses. But Blake's child-like soul could relieve itself in singing—

Since all the riches in the world
May be gifts for the devil or earthly kings,
I should suspect that I worshipped the devil,
If I thanked God for worldly things.
The countless gold of a merry heart,
The ruby and pearls of a loving eye,
The idle man can never bring to the mart,
Nor the cunning hoard up in his treasury.

Idleness was a vice unknown to Bentham, nor could his simple earnest spirit ever be the abode of cunning. Even in his poverty he was always generous and self-forgetful. But he could not sing like Blake, for he was fretful under neglect and disappointed with himself. From this condition of self-abasement, he was at last rescued by Lord Shelborne, a reader and admirer of his *Fragment*, who

visited him in his chambers and carried him away to Bowood. Here, in pleasant surroundings and congenial society, he recovered self-confidence, and learned, as he says, that after all he was still good for something. Here, too, he met distinguished men, young William Pitt, not famous yet, Dunning, Lord Camden, and gentle ladies, who would listen with flattering attention to his dry metaphysics, to one of whom he half lost his heart. Out of this visit to Bowood may be dated two friendships that were destined to influence his subsequent career: the one with Dumont, a French tutor newly come from Switzerland, through whose French version of Utilitarian Philosophy Bentham became widely known on the continent; and Romilly, afterwards Sir Samuel Romilly, who one day would become the exponent of Utilitarianism in the House of Commons.

On his return from Bowood, Bentham applied himself with ardour to the completion of his great work on the *Principles of Morals*, on which he had been long engaged. To this period, too, must be assigned a visit to his brother, who was acting as jack-of-all-trades to the Czar of Russia. He travelled through Turkey, and settled down for awhile near his brother's Russian estate, where he completed a short treatise in opposition to the Usury Laws. Adam Smith, whom he acknowledged as his master in all the concerns of commerce, had stopped short of applying his principles to the lending of money, apparently afraid of incurring odium, for these Usury Laws were supposed to have the authorization of the Mosaic code. Bentham, a much more remorseless logician, carried his principles out in their integrity, denouncing the laws as useless and immoral. The book that was published immediately on his return became one of the sacred volumes of the Utilitarian party. Next appeared the long delayed *Principles*

of *Morals*, the only considerable work prepared for the press with his own hands. All subsequent books and tracts were issued by disciples.

To understand the work of Bentham and his friends, we must bear in mind that England was not then a land of even-handed justice or of disinterested government. A good land it was, no doubt, for the rich, replete with domestic comforts, pigs, poultry and port wine; but for the poor, a land of dear bread and dear clothing, where beasts were often better housed than men, where schools were few and evil; a land of much work and little pay, and that doled out as a pauper's pittance by the guardians of the poor; a land where the thriftiest worker in the fields looked forward to a pauper's home in old age, and a pauper's funeral. In all the larger towns the sanitary conditions were deplorable, the poor huddled together in ill-lighted, ill-drained courts, the workshops uninspected, the hours of labour long, the recreations few and often demoralizing. A land whose institutions were ingeniously contrived to make industrious men paupers, and paupers thieves; a land in which the common gaols were hot-beds of immorality, in which were herded together in one common hall of debauchery the little child and the criminal old in vice; a land in which such evils as state lotteries, duelling, cock fighting, bear baiting were thought nothing of, in the presence of a thousand other evils more dangerous to society; a land in short where certainly the greatest happiness principle was a great *desideratum*.

For nearly a hundred years the Whig and Tory families had managed the affairs of the country between them, usually in their own interests. There was much patriotism in these parties, but little public spirit, each regarding the prizes of office as the rightful spoils of the victor. Borough-mongering and universal nepotism were reckoned

the duties a party owed to itself. Never was there a time probably when the greatest happiness of the greatest number was more systematically neglected.

All this wide-spread discontent and misery was still further increased by the tremendously heavy taxation under which the country groaned; the natural consequence of the exhausting wars in which England had long been plunged, to defray the cost of which the government seemed bent on grinding from the poor widow her last mite. Everything was taxed, from the baby's cot to the old man's coffin. The very daylight was taxed, as if God's freest gifts could not descend to man without some greedy chancellor laying on them an embargo by the way.

Even more oppressive than taxation was the incidence of the poor rate, which was levied in accordance with a foolish old law maxim that each parish should support its own poor. Consequently, in poor parishes, the rates mounted up till they actually equalled the rental, and all the better-to-do people were driven out, their houses falling into ruin; yet hard by, in a sister parish, perhaps, not half a mile away, the rate might be but a penny in the pound. At that time no one knew what the actual population of the country was, but any one could see that under the administration of existing laws the pauper element was rapidly increasing. Malthus showed with incontrovertible logic that, but for vice and misery thinning the ranks of the poor, the population would increase far faster than the food supply. The laws of settlement had practically turned the peasant into a serf, tied to his native parish. His wages were in part paid out of the poor rate, each new born child enabling the pauper to claim a further dole; thus a premium was set upon large families, and the farmers were relieved from paying wages at the cost of shopkeepers and professional men.

All these miseries were augmented by the corrupt administration of law. Dr. Southwood Smith, a fervent utilitarian, wrote:—"The substantive part of law, whether written in books or expounded by judges, is a chaos, fathomless and boundless; the huge monstrous mass being made up of fiction, tautology, technicality, circuitry, irregularity, and inconsistency; the administration of it a system of exquisite chicanery; a system made up of abuses; a system which constantly places the interests of the judicial minister in opposition to his duty . . . a system which encourages mendacity, both by rewards and punishments . . . in a word, a system which maximizes delay and denial of justice."

The picture is darkly coloured, but true to fact, and the irony of it lies here, that a land, groaning under such abuses, and governed so vilely, was yet to the suffering nations of Europe the one last home of liberty.

On the death of old Jeremiah Bentham, his son, so long inured to poverty, came at once into a handsome fortune. This, though it made no change in his studious and retiring habits, enabled him to enlarge his circle of acquaintance and entertain his friends. From the cheap chambers he had occupied in Lincoln's Inn he migrated to 4 York Street, Westminster, a handsome house, in whose garden stood an ancient building, once the home of John Milton. Hither came George Grote, the young banker and future historian of Greece, to confer on matters political and philosophical; here, too, came wise, cool-headed Romilly, Bentham's life-long adviser and friend. Bowring, too, who edited his works in eleven dry quarto volumes, and wrote his biography. More important still, a "stickit minister" from Scotland, seeking the bubble reputation in the ranks of Grub Street,—James Mill, his most staunch and valiant champion, a hard,

jealous, unsympathetic father of a yet more illustrious son, John Stuart, the last of the great utilitarians, on whom in after days should fall the mantle of Elijah. James Mill, the father of this hopeful boy, was a man of real literary power, and a shrewd hard-headed competent polemic, full of matter, and a fighter from his youth. Between these friends, the *Westminster Review* was started, with Bentham's money, as the organ of the party.

It will be impossible to recount in chronologic order the various enterprises undertaken by the little knot of united friends meeting at York Street, for the utilitarians were accustomed to keep all their irons in the fire at once. During his long period of obscurity, Bentham had worked out a complete scheme of political reform, prominent in which stood the amelioration of the criminal code. The singular preamble to the 6th Geo. III, c. 70, curiously illustrates the capriciousness of the English law:—"Whereas, notwithstanding the great prejudice and detriment which occasional acts of insolvency may produce to trade and credit, it may be expedient in the present position of the gaols and prisons, that some of the prisoners who are now confined should be set at liberty." To free prisoners whom the law regarded as guilty because the gaols were full, is a curious setting of the cart before the horse, of which a Benthamite would never have been guilty. With their keen common sense they perceived that the severity of the law was actually defeating its own ends, for prosecutors would not come forward if a death sentence were likely to ensue from a natural dread of being guilty of the blood of a fellow creature. Juries in like manner would reduce their findings in order to avoid the capital sentence.

In a debate raised by the utilitarians in the House of Commons in February, 1811, Mr. Abercromby observed:—"The instances in which verdicts are found contrary to

the clearest and most indisputable evidence of facts are numberless; but there is one I cannot refrain from stating, because it cannot fail to make an impression on all who hear it. A female was charged with having stolen a bank note of the value of ten pounds, and the fact was most clearly proved, and yet the jury, with the approbation of the judge, returned a verdict of stealing to the amount of under forty shillings." Sir Samuel Romilly added a still more striking instance of the desire of juries to avoid the capital sentence:—In this case, bills and notes to the value of £100 were stolen, yet the jury returned a verdict of stealing thirty-nine shillings! Basil Montague in his *Thoughts on the Punishment of Death for Forgery*, published in 1830, cites a long list of similar cases. Still more convincing were the arguments adduced by the leading bankers and merchants of the city of London in their examination before a committee of the House, who showed that crime was actually being fostered by the severity of the criminal code, so easy was it for a miscreant to escape through the failure of prosecutors to come forward, the reluctance of juries to convict, and the readiness of the Crown to exercise clemency. Yet in spite of all evidence, the bill for the abolition of the death penalty for forgery only passed the House with a majority of thirteen; while in the Lords it was opposed by all the chief lawyers, with Lord Eldon at their head. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, no less than 160 offences were punishable with death, and the lawyers fought tooth and nail against any mitigation. Their only idea of reform seems to have been to whittle a little off here and a little off there, but to leave the root of the evil untouched.

At the present time all this is entirely changed, the prisons are far less numerous, imprisonment for debt is practically abolished, crimes against property, in propor-

tion to the population, are far less numerous, and juries are no longer compelled by the severity of the law to give decisions in opposition to evidence. This vast change has been mainly the work of the utilitarian party, labouring in season and out of season to create an enlightened public opinion, and to break down the opposition of prejudiced lawyers.

Crime, according to the utilitarians, is really the mistaken conduct of a man seeking the greatest happiness for himself, but seeking it in a wrong way. For an action to be really good it should conform to what Bentham called the sanctions. They were four in number—physical, moral, religious and legal. By a sanction was meant the pain or pleasure attached to an action. Thus, the act of eating had the physical sense of taste for its sanction. The verdict of a man's family circle which praised or reprobated his acts was the moral sanction. The religious sanction was the knowledge a man had that any particular deed of his received the approbation or the reverse of the Supreme Being, while the legal sanction was the reward or punishment which the law prescribed for a virtuous or a criminal action.

It will be perceived that the felicific calculus of Bentham makes no account of different kinds of happiness; there is no measure applied to test the quality, only the quantity of a pleasure or pain. Bentham held that all motives were alike; you could not get behind them, they were the ultimate original causes of human action. In itself the happiness caused by a beautiful song was of the same substance or quality as the pleasure caused by eating a good potato. This was the point on which Carlyle seized when he condemned the universal-happiness-theory as a system for distributing universal pig-wash. John Stuart Mill gave away the position when he admitted that

happiness might differ in kind, but he did not follow up the idea. Bentham and his friends were wont to express sanctions in figures. Thus they would say that if the legal sanction for sheep stealing, that is the pain attached by law to the act were to be represented by three, the moral sanction by three, and the religious sanction by three, the three sanctions equally condemned the act, and came to nine. If, however, the legal penalty were death, represented by six, the moral penalty would be reduced, for people revolted at the enforcement of the death sentence in such cases, and were apt to take sides with the prisoner. Hence the legal sanction being opposed by three, the nett result, allowing the religious sanction to remain unaffected, would be deterrent to the extent of six, instead of nine. Physical sanctions in actual application of the calculus were omitted, since all other sanctions really resolve themselves into final physical sanctions, and are included in it.

The value of the felicific calculus obviously depends on the possibility of assigning numeric or quantitative values to happiness. If you can measure bliss like you measure coals, and ask which lasts longest, and gives the best results, you may express conclusions by figures. The question is, can this be done? Can two human beings be discovered in whom the four sanctions apply with equal force? Bentham, assuming that all men were governed by pure reason, unhesitatingly answered yes. But philosophic and economic men are not the men we meet in daily life, creatures of passion, prejudice, whim, and caprice, guided by reason only, when other motives are subordinate. Nor can we close our eyes to the fact that behind Carlyle's sneer concerning universal hog-wash, there is the valid objection, that happiness differs as widely in quality as it differs in amount. Numbers may stand for

definite sums if we deal with ethical abstractions, ideal, philosophic or moral men, but for the real flesh and blood creature, with body, parts and passions, they stand for nothing at all.

Bentham's abstract method of treating men as pawns in a chess game, natural at the time when such abstractions were popular, and still more fascinating to a recluse who knew his fellow men only at a distance, led him into one of the most characteristic undertakings of his life, the scheme for a grand Panopticon, or model mill, to grind rogues honest.

Assuming that every rascal would be honest if it could be shown that honesty was a short way to happiness, and reasonable time allowed to bring his bad habits under the control of reason, Bentham argued that you had only to contrive a suitable institution, where all acts would be under supervision, all under the sanction of law, that is suitably rewarded or punished, and all co-ordinated with the object of forming habits of industry, and self-respect, to have such a mill, the rogue walking in at one door, and the honest man coming out at the other.

The building was to be circular, the superintendent like a spider in the middle of his web, the workers arranged in rising tiers around him. Elaborate plans were drawn up, and the Panopticon system described with abundant detail. The scheme met with much popular support. Bentham volunteered to act as first gaoler. Parliament actually authorised the philosopher to acquire land, and erect a suitable building. No less than £23,000 were expended on the project by its inventor, a sum which he afterwards recovered from the Treasury with great difficulty, before the opposition of vested interest put a check to his plans. Ultimately, however, in other hands, it was carried out on the site originally secured in Mill-

bank, where the great penitentiary, since demolished, was for many years a conspicuous object viewed from the penny steamboats. An amusing account of the Panopticon will be found in Benjamin Disraeli's skit on the doings of *Vraibluesia*.

Bentham regarded the failure of the Panopticon as one of the chief misfortunes of his life, yet really it proved most fertile. From it may be traced not only an entirely modern and humane system of prison discipline, but the Industrial School and Reformatory system generally. It was a pet idea of his that by a slight modification the Panopticon might be adapted for paupers. He knew that nearly all the inhabitants of the existing workhouses were unskilled labourers, and that their children were growing up equally helpless. By teaching bootmaking, tailoring, and other suitable occupations, the typical pauper might be reformed, and an army of industrious workers turned out, capable of earning their own living in honest independency. Many years were to elapse before his enlightened and humane ideas were to find shape; many years have still to elapse before they take final form in the workhouse of the future. One point, however, of his scheme has received tardy recognition; pauper children are no longer neglected and ill-fed, and if Oliver still asks for "more," he may thank Jeremy Bentham and Charles Dickens for what he has got—good food, good schools, and emancipation from the taint of pauperism.

About this time an eccentric educational reformer named Lancaster hit upon an inexpensive method of teaching poor children, by training them to hear each other's lessons. There was a great deal of hearing of lessons in the schools in those days, for the better traditions of an earlier time had been long forgotten, and new ideas were yet in the bud. To teach then, meant to train

the memory by compelling the children to learn everything by rote. First came the horn book with its chris-cross row, the letters of the alphabet and the Lord's Prayer. These were duly learned. Then chapters in the Bible. As far back as the days of Shakespeare, children in village schools had been taught reading by learning their reading book by heart, so that many who professed to read could only make sense of books and passages they had already committed to memory. In *Romeo and Juliet* a servant accosts the youth—

Serv.: God gi 'godden—I pray Sir, can you read ?

Rom.: Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv.: Perhaps you have learned it without books,

But, I pray, can you read anything you see ?

Rom.: Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

This the servant takes to be an admission that the young gentleman can only read what he has already learned by heart. In many of the poorer schools there were not enough books to go round the class, and the children learned by one reading out a passage and the others repeating it after him. This custom gave Lancaster the idea of teaching the children to teach each other. Instead of wasting weary hours on learning whole pages, he divided the task into ten minute doses, and made the clever boys hear the dull ones as a reward for their intelligence. Masters in the old elementary and grammar schools had generally large classes, so that a pupil could not expect to be called up more than once or twice a week. This was a great premium on laziness. Most of the idle lads at Westminster, as Bentham well remembered, took the chance of a thrashing. The boy who had learned by heart one or two standard classics, who had acquired an exact knowledge of heathen mythology, a smattering of classical history, and the faculty of writing indifferent Latin verse,

had done all that was required of a gentleman's son, and could proceed with a light heart to the University.

Bentham eagerly welcomed Mr. Lancaster's method, and set himself to devise a Chrestomathic school in which a scientific education could be imparted on this system.

With this object he drew up a great broadsheet, displaying a comprehensive conspectus of human knowledge, divided, sub-divided, and elaborated in appalling fashion. No human being could ever cover in the longest life so vast a scheme. Yet this was to form the rough outline of the course in his model academy! The building was to be erected on Bentham's own garden, and subscriptions were collected for the purpose, but before the scheme ripened, the philosopher began to realise that perhaps even Chrestomathic boys might be better a few doors further off, and his zeal began to cool. Ultimately the subscriptions were returned. Bentham's advocacy, however, did much to further the cause. No small gain was it to the friends of popular education to have secured the support of so distinguished a philosopher, and they made the best of it. For many years after Bentham's death the utilitarians laboured to promote the education of the people by schools, workmen's clubs, mechanics' institutes, and by the publication of cheap literature. In this reform an immense number of people were engaged, without respect to party or creed, but the leaders were men deeply imbued with utilitarian principles, men of wide sympathies, whose reforming zeal was not confined to a single channel.

Bentham's idea of a model school for the poor corresponded little with the modern board school. With him, practical and immediate usefulness was all in all. The children should be taught, he maintained, what was necessary to enable them to practice intelligently the business

to which they were brought up. In this respect his ideas were in the narrowest sense utilitarian.

At this time the country was entering upon an era of great industrial activity. The invention of the steam engine and of the power loom and spinning jenny were revolutionizing home industries. Great factories were rising in the northern towns, and cities were springing up like mushrooms to accommodate the crowds of workers employed in the new mills. Bentham, like his friend Ricardo and all the utilitarians, was eager for the repeal of the corn laws, partly as a step in the direction of free trade, and partly for the sake of cheap bread for the working people. Never was there a tax devised whose incidence was more unfortunate than the tax on bread. It touched the poor man as nothing else could.

Before these unfortunate laws were repealed, Bentham had passed away, but the agitation was carried on in his name. Ebenezer Elliot, the corn law rhymer, dedicated his volume of verse: "To all who revere the memory of Jeremy Bentham, and wish to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number for the greatest length of time." The corn laws, however, were but a link in the long chain that bound down the commerce of England. Elliot's muse is not classic, but it could speak plain common sense. Here is a sample:—

Dear sugar, dear tea, and dear corn,
Conspired with dear representation,
To laugh worth and honour to scorn,
And beggar the whole British nation.

The sugar and tea duties no longer press sorely on the poor, nor does it take ten thousand pounds to buy a man a seat in the House. Free, ourselves, from these burdens, we forget how onerous they were. Malthus maintained that cheap bread only meant more mouths to eat it, and

this was a general view amongst Tory squires and farmers. If you have not had too much of Ebenezer Elliot, these three lines will express tersely their view—

Men starve, he owns, and justly so,
But if they marry and get brats,
Must he provide them coats and hats.

Although you see the farmer was glad enough to utilize the cheap labour provided for him by the poor law system, he drew a line at coats and hats. One must draw the line somewhere. Malthus, however, and his friends made a great mistake in supposing that a reduction in the price of food would be immediately neutralised by a corresponding increase in the population. Statistics were not to be had then, but what were available led him to infer that population increased in geometric, and food only in arithmetic proportion. Bentham urged the desirability of periodic census, that this matter might be definitely settled. In point of fact the population was rapidly increasing.

The reform bill passed in 1832, the poor laws were amended in 1835, but the corn laws were not repealed till 1846. The period between 1832 and 1846 was one of transition. Machinery was rapidly displacing hand labour. Under the new poor law, out-door relief was sparingly given; the farmers were trying to keep wages down, now they could no longer eke them out by poor relief; the population was growing fast and bread was very dear; causes quite sufficient to account for riots and rick burning.

Now the passing of the reform bill was the one great object for which Bentham had unceasingly laboured from the time of the miscarriage of the Panopticon scheme. With his usual shrewdness, he perceived that his campaign against sinister interests would come to nothing so long as parliament, the head centre of abuses, was unreformed.

It was an integral principle of utilitarianism that every man knew best what conduced to his own greatest happiness. Therefore, under a truly representative form of government only, could the greatest happiness principle have full play. Parliamentary reform, therefore, became what would now be called a chief plank in the utilitarian platform. For this reason the chartist agitators, in their day, clamoured for the six points—manhood suffrage, one vote one value, ballot voting, annual parliaments, free choice and payment of members, most of them changes already advocated by Bentham, whose political views were strongly democratic. Had the corn laws been repealed at the same time that the poor laws were altered, there might have been no chartist agitation. The form of the agitation was ostensibly Benthamite, but the real cause was the obstructive attitude of the landowning interest to the cheapening of bread.

It will here perhaps be convenient to notice the position which the utilitarians held in relation to existing political parties. Bentham considered himself a philosophic Radical, he was really a reformed Whig, or what we call now, a Liberal. The parties of his day were three: the Radicals—a very miscellaneous collection of malcontents, forming a cave, many of whom professed opinions similar to those of the revolutionary party in France, seeking equality and fraternity by what we know as levelling down; the Whigs—representing the gentlemanly interest, eager to retain the reins in their own hands, fond of power which placed at their disposal numerous sinecures for their friends, opposed, therefore, to reform, but willing to meet the Radicals to some extent by levelling up; and Tories—who did not believe in any sort of levelling, nor any sort of reform. The utilitarians were absolutely free from the virus of the French revolutionaries. The rights

of man, Bentham ridiculed as "vague generalities," a pet phrase of the party, meaning much. Nor did he sympathise with those who would level down, unless, perhaps, to substitute a president for a crowned king—he was open-minded as to that. Put concisely, he was for levelling up. These parties have long passed away. The Tories of to-day are not the Tories against whom Bentham contended, the Tories whose spirit was condensed in old Lord Eldon, the arch-obstructionist. The Whigs, too, are gone, having absorbed the Benthamites, and been thereby transformed into the Liberal party. The Radicals, also, after anointing the Conservatives to be prophets in their room, have departed, leaving Socialists and labour members to bear their name but not their nature. Of these three parties, the dominating influence during the middle years of the nineteenth century was undoubtedly the Liberal. Adam Smith, Ricardo, George Grote and Jeremy Bentham won the city of London to Liberalism. The long series of commercial and financial reforms, carried out by Peel and Gladstone, were successive triumphs of Benthamite principles. The programme, which for fifty years the Liberals worked upon, was almost in detail that of Bentham.

If this statement appears too sweeping, the following list of measures, advocated by Jeremy Bentham in his numerous and voluminous writings, and urged by his party both in the House and out, may possibly convince, or at least justify the remarks with which this paper opened, that Utilitarianism was one of the most pregnant movements of thought which the nineteenth century has known. (1) Reform in parliamentary representation. (2) Municipal reform, and the abolition of exclusive privileges. (3) Mitigation of the criminal code. (4) The abolition of transportation, and the reformatory system of prison administration. (5) Removal of defects in the jury

system. (6) Abolition of arrest on mesne process. (7) Improved bankruptcy laws and practical abolition of imprisonment for debt. (8) Abolition of the old semi-ecclesiastical usury laws. (9) The abolition of law taxes and fees in courts of justice. (10) Removal of exclusionary rules in evidence. (11) Repeal of the Test and Corporations Act. (12) Repeal of Catholic and other disabilities. (13) Abolition of taxes on knowledge. (14) Training of pauper children. (15) Central administration of poor laws. (16) Foundation of savings banks and friendly societies on sound principles. (17) Cheap postage. (18) Post office money orders. (19) Uniform registration of births, deaths, and marriages. (20) Registration of merchant seamen, and laws for their protection. (21) A periodical and detailed census. (22) Simplification of the patent laws. (23) Abolition of tithes. (24) National system of education. (25) Vote by ballot. (26) Equal electoral districts. (27) Sanitary legislation, and sanitary inspection. (28) Laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

This list reads like a record of Liberal triumphs during the nineteenth century, and when it has been extended by the addition of that long series of important measures directed to freeing commerce from artificial restrictions, to which allusion has already been made, we see that practically the entire Liberal programme of the century was drafted by the Utilitarians. Symptoms of party exhaustion appeared with the exhaustion of the programme; for parties cannot trade on old memories. The triumphs and services of the past, though they may furnish grounds for gratitude, are never considered, even by a grateful country, grounds for political support.

But this dependence of the Liberal party on the inspiring genius of Bentham is further illustrated by the attitude adopted by some members of the party

towards governmental centralization, and the imperial idea.

Bentham objected to a strongly centralized government on the ground that individuals knew better what suited their happiness than any central government could possibly do. To leave the people, therefore, to adjust their own affairs, so far as consistent with national unity was, he thought, the policy of wise statesmanship. For this reason also he advised a parent country to cast off its colonies so soon as they were able to shift for themselves, in furtherance of which view, he urged La Fayette to advise his people to renounce all foreign possessions. From this it will be seen that Home Rule and Little Englandism, so called, are Benthamite legacies.

All the early Utilitarians were what we would now term staunch individualists. Excessive interference with individual liberty, and every form of grandmotherly government they detested as wrong in principle, and mischievous in practice. Long after Bentham's death, when the subject of factory inspection came up, John Stuart Mill opposed interference with commerce on Benthamite principles. Better, he said, to tolerate individual hardships, than introduce retrograde legislation, imposing fetters on industry. Manufacturers like Bright and Cobden justified the employment of children in mills on the ground that it was better for them to be there at work than starving at home. Hence, through excessive individualism, the passing of numerous measures to ameliorate the condition of women and children—as the housing of the working classes, factory inspection, protection of dangerous machinery and the like—have been carried through by Conservative governments more frequently than by that party whose early claim it was to represent the wants of the poorer classes. Historians of party politics will trace

the rise of democratic Conservatism to the alienation of the working class constituencies through the excessive individualism of Utilitarians.

More important than any of these measures as affecting the permanent well-being of the working classes was the repeal, in 1824, of the laws prohibiting combinations of working men for the purpose of regulating wages and hours of labour. Out of this small egg have been hatched the vast trades unions, which have compelled capitalists to meet their men on equal terms. Mr. Mallock has shown with great ability and abundant illustration, the extraordinary influence that these societies have had in promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number. At the beginning of the century, trades unions were forbidden under severe penalties, so the workmen were obliged to meet like the old covenanters, in dens, and caves, and waste places of the earth. During the last half century they have transferred to themselves a large and ever increasing portion of the national earnings. According to the same ingenious writer, at the close of the nineteenth century, the labouring classes received forty-seven million pounds a year, more than the entire income of the country in 1843, their wage earning capacity rising from £7 to £20 per head each year.

During the first half of that century a great industrial transformation took place. The whole country buzzed like a gigantic hive; the commerce of Britain, freed from legal trammels increased with prodigious rapidity. England became in fact the giant manufactory of the world. Her ships were on every sea, her bales in every harbour. Free trade and peace were hastening on the utilitarian millennium, at least as men deemed who

Dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

It was a beautiful dream, which seemed nearer to fulfilment when the glassy walls of the great exhibition glittered through the trees at Hyde Park, whither all the world flocked to see the harvest of organised labour in the world's fair of 1851. Carried away with enthusiasm, the country pictured an age of gold, golden peace knocking at the door, the good time coming, coming so long, come at last, when

The war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled

In the parliament of men, the Federation of the World!

But the high water-mark of Utilitarianism was not reached until John Stuart Mill, the heir of Benthamite traditions, entered Parliament by the votes of the working men of Westminster. Distinguished alike by the purity of his life and his eminent achievements in philosophy, his constituents fitly deemed he honored Parliament by his presence more than Parliament could honor him. If he passed away without fulfilling the high hopes that centered in his unique personality, it was because the programme of his master was near exhaustion. The sands were fast running out. New problems were opening up, for the solution of which Bentham had left no key, and John Stuart Mill was not a creative politician. What the master had taught he could expound and enforce with consummate precision, but his mind was not adaptive to new conditions. Two ideas were contending for mastery in the heart of the Liberal party: individualism and the principle of "greatest happiness." In an evil day for the Utilitarians, the former took the lead. It was over certain factory legislation. Individualists urged abstinence from interference; advocates of the "greatest happiness" principle demanded definite, even drastic interference. Mr. Gradgrind and his fellows were on trial. The

Liberals as a body took his side, the Conservatives found him guilty, and on the popularity of their verdict has been based the power of the ever-growing democratic Conservative party.

Over-government is an evil, but under-government is as bad; for, after all, what is government for, but to protect persons and property? That individual manufacturers were guilty of many cruel practices no one would now deny. For Liberals to stand aside and permit oppression from fear of inadvertently injuring trade, was a dereliction of duty for which the Nemesis was sure. From that hour the party began to lose touch with the masses.

It is time, however, to leave the purely political aspects of Utilitarianism, and to return, if only to say farewell, to Jeremy Bentham. The philosopher died at his house in York Street, Westminster, in the arms of a disciple, at a good old age, on the 6th of January, 1832, regretted by his country for which he had laboured so long with such unflagging patriotism, and deeply mourned by the band of friends whom he had attracted by his commanding genius.

Bentham was never married. Those who knew him best spoke warmly of the charm of his manner and invariable courtesy. He was a punctual man, taking the air regularly by the stroke of the clock, trotting along the same beat every day at a quick half-run, in drab coat, and woollen stockings drawn up over his short breeches, with a quaint, narrow brimmed straw hat above his exuberant snowy locks. A hermit he lived, and a hermit he died, seeing few friends, and those one at a time. The strange power he possessed of enlisting disciples to carry out in the world the schemes he had elaborated in the study, was one shared with other hermits, who at all times appear to

have possessed a curious fascination for people living in the world.

He bequeathed his body to the Council of University College for dissection, wishing, like a good Utilitarian, that nothing of him should be wasted. His body, embalmed, and clad in the robes of the University he had helped to found, and whose interests always lay near his heart, lies to-day, in a glass case, in one of the hospital corridors.

If Bentham's reputation was great in England, it was still greater abroad. He was consulted by many foreign governments, including those of Russia and Spain, and acted as referee for the statesmen of many lands. George Borrow, when arrested by an ignorant official while travelling in a remote part of Spain, under the mistaken impression that he was a Carlist, tells how he was brought before the local *alcalde*, with whom the following conversation took place:—

Alcalde. Oh, most ridiculous! Mistake a countryman of the grand Baintham for such a Goth?

Myself. Excuse me, Sir; you speak of the grand somebody.

Alcalde. The grand Baintham; he who invented laws for all the world. I hope shortly to see them adopted in this unhappy country of ours.

Myself. Oh, you mean Jeremy Bentham? Yes; a very remarkable man in his way.

Alcalde. In his way! In all ways. The most universal genius which the world ever produced—a Solon, a Plato, and a Lope de Vega.

Myself. I never read his writings. I have no doubt that he was a Solon, and, as you say, a Plato. I should scarcely have thought, however, that he could be ranked as a poet with Lope de Vega.

Alcalde. How surprising! I see, indeed, that you know nothing of his writings, though an Englishman. Now, here am I, a simple *alcalde* of Galicia, yet I possess all the writings of Baintham on that shelf, and I study them night and day.

Thus, from *The Bible in Spain*, we gather that the prophet had a higher reputation abroad than in his own country.

By reading Bentham's writings this worthy alcalde accomplished more than many Englishman would attempt to-day. Truth to tell, the eleven bulky volumes are very dry. His later writings, excepting the autobiographical notes, are almost unreadable. The greater part of Bentham's literary work was produced without thought of publication, as despatch notes for his friends engaged in the Utilitarian campaign, mere jottings and memoranda in fact, couched in a peculiar dialect invented by himself, scientifically precise, but dry as the mustiest blue book.

Bentham's life is the history of a mind, and the way that mind stamped itself indelibly on those of his fellow men. English history may be written, omitting many names, but no record of the intellectual forces prevalent in England and Europe during the earlier part of the nineteenth century, can leave out his name, or ignore the school of moralists and politicians he founded.

The title "Utilitarian" was the invention of John Stuart Mill, who transferred it, he says, from Galt's *Annals of the Parish*. By the word Utilitarian he meant that line of policy which sought final usefulness in all things, usefulness being gauged by happiness—its quantity, duration, and extent.

According to Bentham, all happiness was alike in quality, though what he called the different "lots" of it differed in amount. In reality, happiness is, in Benthamite language, a "fictitious entity," a name representing nothing with an actual existence behind it. Bentham believed there *was* an actual existence behind it. You cannot, however, eliminate happiness from a complex group of sensations, and measure it out like soap and

candles. The happiness derived from a beautiful poem is not of the same sort as that engendered by a good dinner. Carlyle was perfectly right here. Treat happiness as a mere sensation, separable from complex groups of sensations which occasion it, and you have nothing left but "universal pig-wash." There is as much difference between the different "lots" in quality as in quantity. "The quality of" happiness "is not strained, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven." Bentham never realized that what was one man's meat was another man's poison—that happiness was not a mere *thing*, but a relation, having reference to states of mind and body, so that the strain of music that comes o'er us as the breath of the south, repeated, loses charm. A felicific calculus to be worth anything must take into consideration man's before and after, what he is and what he will be, things entirely immeasurable and unknown.

Two theories of action have been presented to the world during the nineteenth century; that of Bentham, which regards man as guided by the sovereign influences of pain and pleasure, and that of Darwin, which regards man's life and acts as determined by his power to exist and thrive amidst competing forms of life, in what is called the struggle for existence. The two ideas are not actually contradictory. Like two Bishops on a chess board they move in parallel lines, unable to oppose, unable to support each other. According to Bentham, man aims at living happily and avoiding pain. According to Darwin, he just wants to live, and if happiness comes his way so much the better.

Between happiness and misery there lies a wide neutral zone, in which men act without conscious regard for either. Utilitarians said there was no neutrality, but always a small preponderance of one or other. It was a

gratuitous assertion for which no proof was offered. If, however, we ask ourselves in quiet moments why we act in this way or that, the answer comes: "because we thought of something before that suggested a thought, which in turn became parent to a deed." In answering thus we are right; for in the mind of man the turbid current of thought is determined, not only as Bentham said by the accidents of its environment, but by the quality of the mind and all that in the past made it what it is. In this thought-current may be discerned a struggle for existence always proceeding, like that between competing forms of life outside in the world; a struggle in which the strongest survives, not the pleasantest, and becomes the parent in its turn of deeds. Were it not so, why should the mind recur, as it so often does to a painful impression, harping on it, and refusing, in spite of strong mental effort, to be charmed by the charmer happiness, charm he never so wisely? Painful impressions are often the most powerful and the most lasting. Were Bentham right, a man receiving by the same post intelligence of an unexpected gain of five pounds, and an unexpected loss of a hundred, would dwell upon the good luck and forget the bad. In actual life he would not do that. The stronger impression would worry him, haunt him, dog his steps, until it wore itself out. That is the way things go in actual life.

And what is true of thought is also true of deeds, which are the children of thought. Intensity, vitality, fitness to survive, not a forecast of anticipated pain or of pleasure, is the operative power influencing the will.

Even if it were true that man is the puppet of these two sovereign influences, drawn this way and that like a marionette by strings, the complication of his mechanism is such that no human being could forecast the way he

would move. With the golden casket of pleasure and the leaden casket of pain before him, he might, like the Prince of Arragon, exclaim :—

What many men desire! that “many” may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty,
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

If you cannot tell how a man will act, even when his choice is restricted to pleasure and pain, how shall you determine the same when you offer him the silver casket, in which pleasure and pain mingle in such obscure proportions that the man himself cannot tell for the life of him which preponderates?

Yet the truth of a hypothesis, we must remember, is not always the measure of its value. Many a mistake has brought a blessing with it, for surely it is true that “men may rise by stepping stones of their dead thoughts to higher thoughts.” The rejected theory of one age becomes the accepted theory of the next. Men do not seek happiness in all their acts, but it may still be man’s duty to seek it for others, and to confer it as widely as he can.

In a certain sense, all-wise government is opportunist. Abstract principles, apart from utility, are but a Jack o’ Lantern. We may ride the principle of free trade so far and fast as to break his wind. The sacred rights of property, when politicians forget that all sacred rights are held under conditions, may become the golden fetters in which a nation is enslaved. Were some great foreign capitalist to buy up all real estate in England, and give us

tenants notice to quit, would any government enforce the ejectment? Or, if again, some gigantic trust threatened to absorb a trade and exploit the tens of thousands engaged in it, would any rational government, for the sake of supporting an abstract principle that property owners may do what they will with their own, degrade itself into the cat's paw of such a combination? Bentham's greatest happiness principle is a legacy the nineteenth century bequeathed to the twentieth. Properly applied it will enable statesmen to steer a true course amongst the conflicting currents of public and private interest.

It is easy to show that Bentham's reforms were suggested to him by previous politicians.

The origin of reform is the abuse against which it is directed. When an evil appears in the State there are many keen-eyed folks observant enough to point it out, but very few shrewd enough to devise a remedy; and among the few, harmony is often lacking. Each one has his psalm which he thinks the sweetest, his doctrine which he thinks the soundest. To organise reform was the life-task of Jeremy Bentham. As the rays falling on the surface of a burning glass are drawn together to a focus, so the many ineffectual schemes of reform, devised by previous statesmen and philosophers, passing through the clear crystal of his intellect, became deflected, gaining, as it were, a utilitarian turn or warp, and being brought thus to a centre, acquire power to wither and destroy abuses and venerable shams.

The illustration bears enlargement; for as an optical lens, through a defect called spherical aberration, forms two centres of light, one behind the other, so in the work of Bentham we have detected two incoincident foci. On the one hand his sympathy drew his thought towards the conservation and development of individual liberty and

the decentralization of government, while on the other his philosophy led him to propound a theory which, for its full development, demanded centralization of government and frequent restraint of individual liberty. This was the spherical aberration of Bentham. How to compensate this error is the task of the twentieth century. On the one hand, trades unions and great commercial trusts are demanding full scope for carrying out their individual schemes; on the other, the great majority of the people, feeling their happiness endangered by these schemes, ask for State interference. Trusts and great trade or labour combinations viewed in relation to the State, are an expression of intensely individualistic forces, but viewed from within, represent the subordination of the individual in a strongly centralized governmental system. For this reason they are regarded with favour by socialists, who see in them approximations in miniature to their own ideal of State-rule in every department of society. The difficulty is serious and practical. Within our State is growing up a commercial Oligarchy, an *imperium in imperio*, which, left unchecked, may disintegrate society. Some limits must be assigned to the conflicting forces. Decentralization or Home Rule, carried to excess, passes through municipal rule, ward rule, family rule, down till at last it comes to every Jack being his own master, and universal anarchy. Centralization, or the imperial idea, likewise carried to excess, binds the several parts of an empire in an iron chain. France, following this method, has crippled her colonies, blunting the colonial instinct of self sufficiency and self helpfulness. America illustrates the same centrifugal and centripetal tendencies in her republican and democratic parties. Every state is bound to find some middle path between the two, and thus to work out its destiny. The way is dark,—all human paths

are dark, but guided by the lantern Bentham lit a hundred years ago, seeking always, under every condition, the greatest happiness of the greatest number we may yet make progress. Certain we may be of this however, that the multitude following behind cannot from its low level discern in what direction the way of happiness lies. To discover that is the responsible task of government. Statesmen who shrink from the duty, who cannot see the light, and are for ever asking the people in the rear to tell them where they think it ought to be, demanding mandates and referenda, are unworthy guides of a progressive nation.

But we must not ask to see too far either. The light we have is enough to walk by. Pisgah sights of Palestine; Eldorados, dreamed of by enthusiasts; visionary Utopias, these are but illusions. For the position of man in relation to the ultimate organisation of society, is like that of a wanderer on the shore of an illimitable ocean, who strives to see the long, low, cliffs of the opposing land, and yet sees nothing, nor knows whether there be any shore beyond at all. No voice is borne to him across that sea; if he cry, the only answer returned is the echo of his own thoughts. We ask too much who ask for all:—

Would we know, being mortal?

Never breath of answering whisper stole

From the shore that hath no shore before it set in all the sea.

ON THE INFINITIES OF TIME, SPACE, MATTER, AND HUMAN EXISTENCE.

By RICHARD STEEL.

THERE is nothing in the idea of infinity to repel the human mind, inasmuch as there is nothing about it contradictory to human experience. As a mathematical term however infinity does not appear to have been brought into use until the great astronomer, Kepler, first availed himself of it. But religion, which in one aspect or another is the most universal form of human thought, postulated infinity long before Kepler. The Supreme Deity was held to be infinite by some religionists; the duration of the future was held to be everlasting or infinite; and immortality was conceived of as pertaining to many of the lesser gods of mythology. In modern times the idea of infinity has become almost familiar, for it is involved in numberless mathematical processes, and is one of the most necessary conceptions in the operations of algebra and of the calculus. The ratio of a circle to its diameter, and the square root of the number 2 expressed arithmetically; the quantity e , which forms the base of Napierian logarithms; and, indeed, the mantissæ of all logarithms to all bases where there are mantissæ at all; all of these can be completely expressed only by an infinite number of figures. And these instances are only some of the many illustrations that might be given of familiar forms of infinity.

The simplest, however, of all illustrations of infinity

is derived from an elementary process of arithmetic. Take any number you please; you can always obviously add one to it. But after you have done so the total is still another number. So that you again add one with a similar result; and conceivably you can repeat this process an endless number of times of adding one to the last result, whatever it may be, without cessation and without end. However large the total you can still go on without limit, and the endless arithmetical series, as it is called, which you establish in this way, step by step, is clearly infinite, and has no limit in the number of its terms.

To get at a still higher form of infinity, you need only widen the idea of the process just stated by availing yourself of the fact that all individual numbers, such as those you have just dealt with, may be represented for purposes of calculation each by its own logarithm. But there may be as many systems of logarithms as there are possible bases, and any number whatever may be a base. It thus follows that each of your infinite arithmetical series of numbers, as already obtained, may be represented by an infinite number of logarithms. And as each one of all these logarithms, except actual integral powers of the bases, is infinite, you have in the final resort in possible logarithms an infinite number of infinities of infinities, that is to say an infinity of the third order. These considerations are, no doubt, somewhat elementary, but are desirable by way of reminder in dealing with the general propositions of which this treatise will largely consist.

That there is a something which we call and conceive of as Time is an axiomatic proposition; meaning, of course, by "thing," not an object in the ordinary sense of the term, but an actuality nevertheless; and it is thus that the great philosopher Kant looked upon Time as a neces-

sary category of human thought. If we try to define and analyse our conception of Time we find at once that its fundamental idea is simply that of the succession of events, the fact that things and states of things *follow* after other things and states of things. This idea of Time is, therefore, a wider expansion of one of the factors in Causality. By Causality we mean that every effect has a cause: that effects succeed or follow causes, and that causes precede effects. But by succession in time we do not necessarily imply any causation whatever, but simply that events follow events, without connoting any reason for their doing so. Succession in time is, therefore, a larger term than causality, and includes causality as a special mode of succession.

This being so, it is evident that for every increment of time there must be a prior unit of time and a succeeding increment of time, or there would be no time. And this which is true of time *now* must always have been true, and must always continue true. Carry your mind back to the origin of our earth as we know it: there must have been a time before that. Go still further back in imagination to the origin of our solar system: there must have been a time before that also. Suppose you go still further and predicate a beginning of all things for the starry universe: there must have been a time when there had been no such beginning. So again with regard to the future. If you assume an end to human existence, as we know it; to our earth as an abode of life in any form; to our solar system as a mechanical whole; or to the myriads of stars which appear in space around us: there is still a time after each and all of these events which will grow on and on to a never ending eternity. The great angel of the Apocalypse is represented by the inspired writer as placing his right foot upon the sea and his left upon the earth, and swearing

that time should be no longer; but that did not refer to time in the generalized sense in which we are using the term, for even for him there was an "afterwards," and that afterwards itself was time.

The second form of infinity with which we have to deal is that of space. The simplest and, in all probability, the truest conception of space is that it extends in every direction from ourselves. It is not necessarily present to our minds in forming this conception that space contains matter, but that there is room in it for matter. Now if space be limited there must be a boundary or perimeter of some kind to space; but the very conception of a perimeter implies that there is an exterior to that perimeter. If however there is an exterior, that exterior itself must exist in space and be itself space. So that here again, as in the case of time, by a necessary induction, we are led, wherever we in imagination provisionally assume that space ends, to assume, by the same effort of thought, an externality to that provisional conception. But this externality is again space, because it is there, and so on *ad infinitum*. We pass from each concentric shell to a still external shell, from perimeter of any form to a still external perimeter, and there is no possible end or limit. If, therefore, there be space at all, the totality of external space must be infinite.

Now for this proposition there is much confirmation in physics. For, if space were limited, certain consequences would necessarily follow which have not followed. Whether space be conceived of as a spherical shell or as internal to an envelope of some other shape and character, the play of natural forces as we know them, within it, would necessarily in a sufficient time reduce all matter within that envelope to one continuous mass, destitute of

energy, instead of the universe such as we now know it, consisting in part of mighty suns and worlds at enormous distances from each other, glowing with energy and evincing activities of the most tremendous character. The only thing under existing physical laws as known to us required to produce the complete catastrophe and negation of energy, if the universe is limited in the sense referred to, is a sufficiency of time. But we have but just now proved that time is infinite, and that time has been already infinite in the past, as it also will be in the future. There has, therefore, already been that sufficiency of time, during which, or after and in spite of which, the phenomena of energies tending to dissipation, and separateness tending to collocation, still continue. It follows, therefore, that the assumption of limited space cannot be true if time past is infinite. And therefore the alternative must be true that, as time past is infinite, space must be infinite also. For if it were not so the material within space would have aggregated itself together in such a way that that which remained would be a complex mass in which all natural forces would have become absorbed into one final resultant of inertia. As this, however, is the exact reverse of what we know to be the case, we are bound to take it as proved that external space like time is infinite, and infinite too in all directions.

Even after this conclusion is reached something still remains to be said respecting space. There are in regard to it two forms of infinity: one, that with which we have hitherto dealt, and in the sense in which we have hitherto used the word. But the etymology of the phrase "infinite" simply denotes "the unbounded," and it is probable that this etymological origin represents, with fair accuracy, the idea of infinity as conceived of in the ancient world. But the unbounded in space may mean much less than the sort

of infinity which we have just now attributed to it. All complete and entirely continuous surfaces of spheres, ellipsoids, and so forth, are unbounded in one way, that is to say in themselves as surfaces. But taken as a whole they are bounded by the space external to them. There may, therefore, be a limited form of infinity within the finite. And it must be taken that this is really the case with all internal space; and that there is an endless process in the direction of the infinitely small as well as that which we have already dealt with in the direction of the infinitely large. You may conceive, for example, of a molecule as a very small body about $\frac{1}{100000000}$ of an inch in greatest section; but this molecule consists of atoms smaller than itself. Each atom, moreover, has form and mass, and any portion of its surface or of its interior must be smaller than the whole atom. This smaller portion of an atom again must have form and mass, and each portion of itself must again be smaller; and so on *ad infinitum*; this process of imagined continuous reduction in size being, just as was the process of imagined expansion in size we have already used, identical with the method of mathematical induction previously referred to. Or to take the illustration more familiar to some minds, it is identical with the arithmetical process of continuously dividing a numerical quantity and subsequently its dividend by the same divisor, and continuing the process with each succeeding dividend, and thus getting a series which has clearly no possible end.

Space, therefore, from our human standpoint, basing our reasoning, as we always I think should do, upon the philosophic theory of natural realism, is both infinitely large and infinitely small, and is an infinity which comprehends within itself an infinite number of constituents, each of which contains an infinite number of parts.

These considerations bring us to our third infinity, that of matter.

Our conceptions of matter are liable to some variations, and there is an acknowledged difficulty in giving an adequate definition to the word. Descartes' idea was that matter is that which has extension; later physicists have leaned to the idea that obedience to the law of gravitation is the best working criterion of matter. Neither definition, however, quite meets the popular and general idea of matter, which is practically that everything which has a substantial existence or presence is to be regarded as a form of matter; that, in short, matter is substance and all substance is matter. That matter does exist in this sense is a necessary belief to everyone who does not adopt the most barren form of pure idealism. And to those of us who adopt the probable philosophy,* and assume that things are much what they seem to be, owing to the perceptive power of the human mind itself having developed in mimetic lines, and thus necessarily grown up into a harmonious accord with the parallel development of natural objects and substance in general, the existence of all matter which seems to exist becomes the first inference from the maxims of our philosophical creed.†

Now all the scientific knowledge which our race possesses points to the conclusion not only that matter exists, but that it exists everywhere throughout space. We have no cognizance of any space whatever without matter. The nearest familiar approach to it is the so-called vacuum

* As expressed in "Philosophy of the Probable" (Steel), *Proceedings of Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool*, 1881.

† Reference is here made to the theory expressed in *Imitation, or the Mimetic force in Nature and Human Nature* (Steel), London, 1900; the view of the author being that instead of the *pre-existent* harmony postulated by Leibnitz there is a *resultant* harmony which has been developed and continues to be developed, as a consequence of a never-ending and universal *mimesis* in nature.

produced by an air pump. But what we call a vacuum under these conditions is only an extrusion of one form of matter, gaseous matter, and we know that such an extrusion is never absolutely complete. But even if we could get rid of the last particle of gas, a something remains which can transmit the vibrations of light and convey magnetic attraction. There is this something still there in the exhausted chamber of the air pump, and that something has substance and displays physical properties. This same substance lies between us and the most distant star that we can see, and is capable of the most enormous and wonderful elasticity, its vibrations passing through 186,000 miles in one second of time. So far as we know, then, matter is present everywhere in space. Proteus-like, it varies in form according mainly to the conditions of energy with which it is associated, but its conservation, like the conservation of force, under all its different shapes and forms, appears to be absolute. Its main history is that of continual variation in its combinations and movements; but the sum total of it, for the very largest areas of space of which we have any cognizance, appears to be absolutely constant. Matter as such, then, is only restricted in form by conditions of time and space, and as we have proved that both these conditions are infinite, it necessarily follows that matter as a whole is infinite in quantity and eternal in duration. No part of it can be taken away, for there is nowhere to which it can be taken away; there cannot be anything added to it for there is nowhere from which anything can be brought in.

Now this, our third proposition, is one which is by no means generally admitted, and will indeed, perhaps, be more generally disputed. There is a non-Euclidian system of geometry, the propounders of which could certainly take

exception to our second proposition, that with regard to space; but some even of those who adhere to the Euclidian ideas, and cannot believe in a straight line returning upon itself if sufficiently produced, or in two parallel lines eventually meeting, will demur to the proposition that matter as substance is infinite and eternal.

Let us then examine the statement in some detail, and in the first place let us assume, for the sake of argument, the contradictory of it to be true; that is to say, let us assume that an area of space exists in which there is no matter or substance whatever. This area of negation would necessarily be bounded by space in which matter did exist. Now all matter as we know it is in a state of tension and movement, under the influence of gravity and other physical laws which are probably allied to gravity. Under these conditions translatory movement must always be on lines of least resistance. But an area of negation could *ex hypothesi* supply no resistance whatever, and the contiguous matter must therefore continually tend to invade it. In a very short time indeed that invasion would be so complete that the negation would vanish, and the ether, by its elasticity, with or without grosser forms of matter, would certainly occupy the whole of that space however large or however small it might be. The elasticity of the ether is the most assured of its physical properties, enormously exceeding that of any other known substance, and if it were possible that there could be for a moment of time a vacant area, this elasticity would necessarily carry it all over that area instantaneously. To assume an absolute vacuum is therefore to assume that which cannot exist for any interval of time, and thus the imagined negation is itself absolutely negated. This is the general reply to the assumption that matter is not infinite.

But let us examine the position still further in rather more concrete fashion.

A not unpopular conception of inter-planetary and inter-stellar space is that there at least you have nothing at all except, indeed, the supposititious ether, which scientific men are sometimes said to have invented in order to frame a theory of the propagation of light; which ether, moreover, some scientific men themselves say is not matter at all as they define matter. Have you not in the region around the planets and the stars that which can fairly be regarded as a vacant area of vast extent?

The evidence is, I believe, completely to the contrary, even if you bar the ether as matter, which I certainly do not. But let us consider the position, even subject to that condition. All of us are well aware of the so-called nebular theory, first suggested by the philosopher Kant, further developed by Laplace, which, after being scouted by many very eminent men, has in the present day received a high degree of confirmation from telescopic and spectroscopic observation, and which is now as generally accepted by astronomers as the Darwinian view of evolution is by modern biologists.

Under this celebrated theory, the astronomical systems, of which our own sun and each of the so-called fixed stars are the separate centres, consisted in the first instance of vast aggregations of diffused matter, or, as Sir Robert Ball terms it, fire mist, which, as a distant object, would appear to an observer as being like those bodies which we ourselves see and call *nebulæ*. By gradual segregation this fire mist, assumed to be revolving around its axis, differentiates itself into denser and less dense areas, until at last ring after ring of matter in its grosser form becomes condensed as it were into planet after planet, the central body or sun shrinking continually into less bulk: the

stage of development which we witness in our own solar system, of a vast central body, with other bodies revolving round it at varying distances, being finally reached, and the process being accompanied also by the formation of satellites round the primary planets.

Now if this theory is a correct one there can be no vacant space within the area originally filled by the fire mist. Under such conditions matter would differentiate itself as between its lighter and its heavier forms, but no force could exist sufficient to create a gulf of nothingness between parts of the originally continuous matter. Gravitation between adjacent particles must always be greater than any force available to tear them asunder and leave nothing between. Even in a closed receptacle, such as the cylinder of a low-pressure steam engine, you cannot get by condensation a perfect vacuum ; and still less would it be possible in a body of unenclosed matter, whatever the conditions of cooling, condensation, or solidifying might be in portions of it, to produce anything approaching a vacuum in any other part of it. Unless enclosed in a rigid and impervious envelope, and subjected therein to force of overwhelming magnitude, matter originally continuous must remain continuous, though there may be a very wide difference indeed between the density of portions of it respectively to each other. The gravitative attraction of particles to each other must always, under conditions such as could exist in stellar nebulæ, be greater than any force of severance between them of which we have any knowledge or of which we can conceive.

Inter-planetary space must, therefore, if the nebular theory is a true one, be filled with continuous matter, though the kind and form of that matter, as between the discrete bodies which we recognize in the known parts of our solar system, must be enormously attenuated. It

would necessarily consist of the least ponderable form of the matter of the original fire mist. Hydrogen is the lightest form of matter of which we know anything, and the spectrum of hydrogen suggests that it is itself a compound body; if it actually has a constituent lighter than itself it would be that constituent which would occupy the most attenuated regions of space. The state of this body would be a state of which we have no experimental knowledge, for it would be presumably at a temperature lower than that which has, from the behaviour of gases, been somewhat inappropriately termed absolute zero.

Some matter, then, there must be throughout inter-planetary space, assuming the truth of the nebular theory. But that which is true of our solar inter-planetary space must be true of a huge additional amount of inter-stellar space. Each of the millions of suns which we can see through a powerful telescope must be presumed to have had the same sort of origin as our own sun, and each of them must be presumed to have a similar array of planets, with their satellites, revolving around it. Each, then, in its own special sphere of influence must be the centre of an enormous body of continuous, though differentiated, matter, coterminous with the original boundaries of the area of fire mist from which it has been segregated. And if matter is thus present in so large a part of the whole area of the visible universe as is implied by multiplying the whole original area of our solar nebula by the millions of visible stars, surely it is an inevitable inference that the remainder of the area is occupied in a similar manner. So that to sum up the result of this branch of our argument in a sentence: if the nebular hypothesis is to be accepted, then matter is continuous throughout the stellar universe, and therefore presumably through the whole of that infinite space to the proof of the existence of which

our second proposition was directed. And all this is true, even if you do not admit that the ether is to be regarded as matter at all.

Now we have already said that this last proposition of the infinity of matter is not by any means a generally admitted one, and as I attach the utmost importance to it we must very briefly consider the objections which may be, and indeed are, urged to it. The first is that the existence of matter in inter-planetary and inter-stellar space would mean a resisting medium, and that its effect would be to put an end to those movements of the heavenly bodies which are known to us, and which, through all historic time, have been practically unchanged. But the rejoinders to this objection are simple. The first is, that inasmuch as the whole body of fire mist originally rotated, so we must suppose that the whole inter-planetary matter of a system still rotates, thus minimizing the friction between it and the more ponderable parts of the system. The second rejoinder is, that the form of matter existing in this space is so extremely attenuated that it would take a much longer time than anything our race has been able to measure to trace any result of friction. Thus Professor Clerk Maxwell records the calculation that, if the temperature of our atmosphere were everywhere 0° centigrade, and if it were in equilibrium about the earth, supposed at rest, its density at an infinite distance from the earth would be 3×10^{-346} , which is about 1.8×10^{227} times less than the estimated density which has been arrived at for the ether itself. Now we may be assured that there is probably no nitrogen or oxygen, that is to say little or none of the chief constituents of our terrestrial atmospheric air in interplanetary space. There cannot be anything heavier than hydrogen, always

supposing that there is hydrogen enough to fill the area, and of this possible sufficiency there is some evidence in the spectra of nebulae, of the whiter stars, and of the surroundings of our own sun. So that even the almost unimaginable tenuity indicated in the above cited figures might be enormously exceeded; and though there would undoubtedly be some friction between this medium and the planets, it would be so small that the human race could not as yet have observed it.

These rejoinders, moreover, would be adequate even upon the assumption that matter, space, and time are none of them infinite. If they are, as contended, infinite, the obvious reply is that all natural forces, friction included, must long ago have arrived so far at a balance and equipoise with each other that no change of a catastrophic character could occur, but that all change would be of the nature of a gradual variation spread over vast cycles of time far exceeding any recorded human observation.

But there is another objection urged to the infinity of matter. If we assume space and matter to be infinite, we presumably assume by implication the existence of an infinite number of stars. And if stars are infinite in number, light, it is said, would reach us from every point of the firmament, because there must then be stars in every possible direction, and the whole heavens would therefore present a continuous surface of light upon a clear night. But this objection does not really hold good. Granted that the number of stars is infinite upon our view of the infinity of matter, it does not by any means follow that we should on our earth receive light from every part of the sky. We know that light takes a certain time to travel, *i.e.*, a second for every 186,000 miles. But it travels more slowly through denser mediums than those of the atmosphere and inter-planetary spaces; the equivalent

of the retardation in all cases must therefore be owing to force expended in setting up vibrations in the medium through which it travels.

This expenditure of force must vary proportionately to the distance traversed, whatever the medium, and it follows that at a sufficient distance the whole energy of light would be so far absorbed by work done upon the medium as to leave no residue of energy visible to the eye. Beyond a certain distance, then, we could not see any heavenly body however bright. Look at the matter in this way in corroboration. The number of stars visible to the keenest human eye is about 14,000, anything below what is termed the seventh magnitude being absolutely invisible. But with a telescope the same eye can see a very much greater number of stars, according to the power of the instrument, and there must also be a still greater number of stars which are not visible to the eye even when assisted by the most powerful telescope yet constructed. But why are there in these two respective cases stars which are not visible under the less favorable conditions just stated? Because, of course, their light is not potent enough to affect the human retina. And, just as there are millions of stars which can be seen with a powerful telescope, and which produce no impression on the retina without its aid, so does it also follow that even if the number of stars is infinite we should not see those of them which give out any less light than those which now lie at the furthest limit of our powers of observation. The limitation of human sight would alone, therefore, be sufficient to prevent the firmament appearing uniformly luminous with stellar light.

There is a further consideration telling moreover in the same direction. We have every reason to believe that there are stars, probably many stars, not removed from us

by more than an average distance, which we do not see at all for another reason. Human vision only appreciates light vibrations of from 39,000 to 60,000 waves per inch, and even the photographic plate, which is more sensitive than the human eye, does not extend our range of possible observation very much further. Vibrations of greater or less amplitude than those within the limits named cannot reach us at all as light. Now we know from the colour of the stars that there is a considerable difference in the quality of the light derived from those which we do see. Taking, only by way of illustration, some of the brightest stars visible in our latitude, we know that Rigel and Procyon are bluish white; that Vega and Altair have a tinge of green; that Arcturus is yellow; Aldebaran and Betelgeuse yellowish red; Antares brilliantly red; that is to say that, whilst the light of some stars comes largely of one portion of the visible spectrum, that of others comes of its other extreme. But it must not be supposed that the whole actual differentiation of vibrational efficiency in stars exactly corresponds with our limited faculty of appreciation of it. In all probability there are stars whose transmitted effect on the ether is largely ultra violet, and others whose effect is still more largely infra red, and if there are such we certainly could not expect to see them. That this is so is corroborated by observed facts. Everyone who is at all addicted to star-gazing knows Algol, the demon star, in the constellation of Perseus, which passes in the short period of 2 days and 21 hours from the 2nd to the 4th magnitude; this being generally attributed by astronomers to its regular partial occultation by a companion star revolving round it which we do not see. And besides Algol, there are many other more or less well known stars which exhibit the same phenomenon, though at longer periods; in each of these, and in all similar cases, there

being, presumably, though invisible to us, companion stars. Now, if there are so many invisible stars, the existence of which happens to be provable by their effects on their visible companions, it follows that there may be, and probably are, a large number of similar dark stars, that is to say stars invisible to us, which, owing to their *not* being members of binary pairs, can never be observed at all until, indeed, some general power of transmuting all non-visible rays or vibrations into visible rays has been devised by the scientific men of the future.

For every non-visible star in the firmament there must then be a deduction from a general and uniform luminous appearance of the firmament as a whole, apart from that caused by the other considerations to which I have referred. The objection referred to, then, does not hold good against the infinity of starry matter in space, and we are therefore able to revert without check upon this score to our position of the infinity of matter as unassailed by any competent opposing considerations.

Now if this proportion of the infinity of matter is a true one, the consequences which follow from it are of the most momentous character. If matter is infinite in extent, it must be also eternal in duration. In all its subordinate forms it must be taken to be in a state of perpetual change of collocation, building up continuous series of never-ending variety. There cannot be anything else but matter or substance; there cannot be at any period in the perpetual history of matter any catastrophe in which matter as a whole becomes diminished or decreased, or becomes discontinuous in its developments; and all the various series in which it becomes differentiated in detail must be continuous in their character. I shall not, however, attempt to deal with all the vistas of thought which open

up in every direction from this central truth. One only is more than sufficient; and I propose, therefore, in the remainder of this treatise, to apply the theorem solely in considering its application to the constitution of humanity itself.

Man is, as we say, an organized being, composed of many differentiated structures and parts, which are continually disintegrating and being continually renewed, or, as it would be more accurate to say, changed, by very small increments, so small that they may practically be regarded as infinitesimal. As an integrated whole, and during the most part of his life, he presents the appearance of permanence of form, but, as a matter of fact, we know that he is continually changing during every year, every month, every moment of time. From the cradle to the grave there is a constant change, both in his physique and in those characteristics which we are accustomed to call his mind. He must thus be regarded as a true series, the law of which is no doubt complicated enough, but a series nevertheless. The threads of the something we call personal identity, which really means unbroken succession, and of memory, are the chief, if not the only links between the boy and the man; and so far as the latter link is concerned we know that it is sometimes broken in detail, and that it is always broken with regard to the very earliest year or two of each individual life; for no one remembers in after life the first years of his existence. That which is most constant is simply what may be regarded as his differential coefficient, itself subject no doubt to variation of a higher order, but which is all that remains when the incidence of that term of the series which we call death appears to equate the organized being, as we have known him, to an approximate zero.

Our knowing faculty, so far as our brother man is concerned, is simply an integrating machine which integrates for our imagination a sector of the curve by which we can conceive him to be represented. But upon the theory which we have just established, nothing is really lost at the moment of apparent catastrophe, or at any other time. Just as the grosser matter of the human frame enters without break into new combinations, each detail of it following the law of its series, so also must the elaborated consciousness, the most wonderful outcome of man's life history, which itself is probably, as we shall see, a mode of less gross matter, persist under new conditions; and persist with further continuous variation, as do all other series out of the colligation of which the infinite universe is composed. Placed always amongst infinities, man himself is to be regarded as a limited form of infinity undergoing continuous variation.

But I can imagine that some will think that in this inference from the infinity of matter I am travelling out of the record, as the lawyers say, in assuming that the consciousness or soul of man is material in any sense. Consider again however the steps of our argument. Matter in the sense of substance is infinite; there can therefore be nothing but matter; the human consciousness exists, and therefore it must itself be a form of substance. A thing cannot both be and not be at the same time, and the inference drawn is therefore inevitable.

How, then, is this statement to be reconciled with physical facts as we know them? Is there not, moreover, a something essentially different from matter which we call spirit, and which has none of the properties of matter?

I answer these questions in the reverse order. So far as the last is concerned, the evidence is all to the contrary.

The spirit, as originally conceived of, simply meant the breath, and as such was distinctly material. Most religious teaching and literature have promulgated a similar view to this. There is no trace in the whole area of religious thought which has come down to us of an idea that the soul of man is a negation of matter, though it is apparent that it must be either material or such a negation. Indeed, so much is the contrary true, that every conception, not only of man's soul, but even of the Supreme Being put before us always contemplates substance as an attribute of that conception. As regards man himself, however, every one will admit that the inner consciousness and mind, which we call his soul, possesses at least one element of matter—that of extension. It exists during life within a certain perimeter or boundary surface, the surface of the body, and does at no time during life, so far as we can observe, exist at all outside of it. But anything which is thus bounded possesses the one quality which has been held by some philosophers to characterise matter, and in the absence of any evidence whatever to the contrary, we must therefore assume that this soul of man has a substance of its own, though, no doubt, of so refined a kind as to be unrecognisable by any direct means of observation at our disposal.

And now to answer the first of these questions which I have coupled together. Regard the problem in the light of the following considerations:—

We have already referred several times to the fact that there is an element or substance in nature which modern physicists call the ether; for, if the undulatory theory of light is accepted, it follows of necessity that there must be a medium in and through which its undulations are propagated. And, as light reaches us from the furthest

limits of space of which we have any knowledge at all, this ether must extend to those limits. Every star is therefore a witness to its existence, and the ethereal ocean in which the whole stellar universe is comprised must be by far the largest continuous body of homogeneous material within that universe. The proof of the existence of the ether does not rest upon the undulatory theory of light alone, but as the evidence thereby supplied is to most minds sufficient, it is not necessary to deal with this preliminary point further.

Not only does the ether reach through all external space known to us, but it also interpenetrates many if not all other substances. If light is transmitted only, as we are led to believe, by undulations of ether, then every other substance which allows light to pass through it must also be penetrated by this ether. From the phenomena of the X rays, for example, we know that light penetrates the human body, and, indeed, all animal and vegetable bodies, and therefore the ether as the vehicle of light must also penetrate them.

The question then arises: does the ether which thus penetrates bodies form any part of them as bodies? Is it to be regarded, as in some sort of mechanical combination with them, in such a way that the portion of the ether within the perimeter of a body becomes modified in its otherwise independent action?

An experimental answer to this question has not hitherto been obtained. We have already referred, however, in this treatise to the fact that there is a delay in the propagation of light as it passes through certain media, and therefore it certainly does appear that even very simple substances do, as a matter of fact, retard the translated force and speed of the undulations of the ether. They can only do this by some sort of mechanical inter-

ference, and therefore the inference is that the ether, as within a body, is modified in its action by that body. Moreover, if it is reasonably probable that there is a general mimetic force in nature applying to all things,* it would certainly follow from such a hypothesis that, in proportion to its propinquity to them, the ether would influence and be influenced by all bodies and parts of bodies in contact with it, whether externally or internally. And where there is an actual thorough interpenetration by it of other bodies, that influence must be so far affected as to vary in some proportion to their activities. That is to say, that where the activities are relatively simple, as in mineral substances, the influence of the ether will vary and be varied in a more simple manner; and that where the activities are more complex, then, in proportion to their complexity, the mutual interaction of the ether and the bodies it interpenetrates will also be complex and far-reaching.

Leaving, then, out of consideration for our present purpose all but so-called living bodies or structures, it follows, if the above-stated position is accepted, that the interaction between these living bodies and the ether must be highly complex and intimate, inasmuch as the activities of the internal structures of such bodies are complex in the extreme. The lowest possible phase of potentiality of that portion of the ether within a living structure is that of an invisible substance which is continually accruing and continually becoming dissociated, but which always remains in total quantity practically constant; and its most probable potentiality is that it interacts with all the vital processes in the structure, and thus becomes involved in a permanent manner with the whole body of the structure

* Allusion is here made to the theory expressed in *Imitation, &c.* (Steel). London, 1900.

itself. But this is as much as can be said of the more familiar constituents of the body. None of them remains as absolutely fixed and irremovable parts of the structure during the whole of its normal life history. The gaseous, fluid, and solid constituents of all living bodies are in a state of continuous change, being each and all of them constantly absorbed, metabolized, and discharged in the vital processes. That which is probably true of so much of the ether as lies within the perimeter of a living organism, is also, as we know, true of its ponderable constituents, and thus we are bound to assume that the occluded ether is as truly essential to the life of that organism, and as truly a part of it, as are those other ingredients with which we are familiar.

If we could see and weigh this ethereal part of the body, the proposition just stated would be admitted as an obvious and commonplace truth. But we cannot in these days limit and confine scientific evidence to those things which we actually see. We are entitled to say that things and forces exist of which we have no direct perception, but which we nevertheless know of, scientifically, by their action. And in this way we are able to say positively that there is as certainly an ethereal presence within the area of a man's body as there are those familiar and visible elements of which it is otherwise composed.

Now there is an exactly parallel fact to this in consciousness. All of us feel that there is a part of our being which is not to be identified with the grosser forms of matter as known to us in our bodily constitution. The conscious Ego seems to us to be an internal something different from muscle, nerve, and tissue. We know, indeed, experimentally, that any portion of the bodily framework which can be removed without causing death,

may be so removed without impairing in the least the continuity of the self-conscious Ego. According to the logic of natural realism there is therefore a strong probability of this being actually the fact, *i.e.*, that the Ego is not an implicit function of those substances only with which we are familiar, but that it is a something interior to them, and of so much higher a degree of tenuity that its presence or its absence makes no perceptible difference to the eye in the mass of the body, and is only observable to us as associated with the continuance or discontinuance of certain forms of motion within it.

If anyone demurs to the foregoing proposition let him simply reflect upon the following easily verified fact. If he so desires, he can place himself in a position of absolute rest so far as his voluntary muscular system is concerned, and can close his eyes so that as few as possible of the signs of the external world can reach him. There is thus no external stimulus to determine his mental constitution in one way or another. But he can at pleasure, without moving a muscle, call up in succession different states of mind or consciousness. He can form pictures of the past and anticipations of the future. He can conduct argumentative trains of reasoning. He can review and dismiss strong emotions of love, hate, and other passions. He can, by some subtle interior power of which no external or conscious physical sign can be discerned, range through a vast variety of mental states. Now, surely the initiatory power of turning the mind from one subject to another subject, under the circumstances stated, cannot be supposed to be a mere derivative of the grosser physical elements of the structure of the man. These are all, as far as possible, reduced to a state in which they do as little as Nature will allow, consistently with the continu-

ance of life. But the something within is in a state of full, and, indeed, voluntarily increased and selective activity. Granted that there is a nervous action correspondent to this activity, but the nervous system surely cannot be said to initiate, although it may and does register it.

If, however, the body as a whole possesses an ether constituent, as we have seen from another line of reasoning derived from things external to us that it actually must do, the fact that it does so exactly complies with those suggestions of consciousness which we have just now noted. It would be contrary to the law of parsimony to assume the existence of two media where one will suffice to explain phenomena, and we are thus brought to the provisional conclusion that in all probability the conscious Ego resides in the ethereal constituent of the body, and that this ethereal constituent must be conceived of as containing within itself the life principle and soul as it is sometimes termed.

That such a proposition harmonizes with the deeply rooted convictions of mankind as expressed in religions and in other ways, is so obvious that the point is hardly worth enlarging upon. Passages in the writings of Saint Paul, for example, will occur to everyone, but I prefer to quote only the lines of Spenser, in which, by a poetical intuition, he incorporates the idea and adds to it the grace of his own fancy—

So every spirit as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure.

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,
For soule is forme and doth the bodie make.

It would be a waste of time, however, to refer in any

detail to the vast mass of evidence, accessible to every one, which gives proof of the general and almost universal belief that there exists a human soul in some way separable and distinct from the body as we best know it; and it is interesting to find that the results of modern scientific research may be so construed as to point in the same direction. We are justified, moreover, by these considerations in averring that the train of inferences as to a future life, which many have so long cherished, are quite consonant with the inner and more refined probabilities of physical structure. For the death of the structure is simply a resolution into its component parts, involving a withdrawal from its grosser elements of the modified accretion of ether which is set free by the cessation of the activities of the body, carrying with it elsewhere the impress which has resulted from its interaction with that which it leaves behind, and continuing in an infinite series, proper to itself, a development of which natural life has been only a temporary and provisional integration.

EXPLANATION OF THE ORIGIN AND DATE OF THE HERALDIC TERM COATS OF ARMS.

By J. BIRKBECK NEVINS, M.D., LOND.

IN speaking of the royal Coats of Arms from the time of William the Conqueror, it is necessary to bear in mind that, in the strictly heraldic sense, the term "Coat of Arms" did not come into use until about the time of the Crusades, and that what will be hereafter spoken of as the Coats of Arms of William the Conqueror and his immediate successors, would more correctly be designated as the standards or banners which were used for the whole army engaged in a battle and indicated the king's position in the field.

But when the feudal system had become more or less universal in the European world, the great nobles, and the large landed tenants immediately under the king, owed him feudal service in the field, and there would, therefore, be several leaders all with their own followers engaged in the fight, and each independent of the other, though all engaged in the service of the one king. But these individual nobles or leaders would require a standard or flag by which they could be recognised by their own followers if they should happen to become separated during the battle. There would, therefore, be one banner—the king's—for the entire army, and several standards or flags for the several feudal nobles serving under him.

ORIGIN OF COATS OF ARMS.

It is further to be borne in mind that, until the time of the Crusades approached, the leaders in the armies of Europe were not generally encased in coats of armour; but when this form of defence became customary it became necessary that some badge should be placed in a prominent part of the armour, so that its wearer might be recognised and assisted by his squires or other followers if he should become unhorsed or otherwise disabled during the fight, or during a joust, if it were in a tournament. The most prominent piece of armour would naturally be the shield, and the wearer's individual badge acquired the name of his Coat of Arms, to distinguish it from the "banner" of the king, which was for the whole army.

CRESTS.

But a further distinguishing mark became necessary at the same time; for as the visor was often dropped, the face of the knight was so hidden that neither his friends nor his opponents could recognise him in a *melée*, and a badge of some kind was therefore placed on the top of his helmet, and this acquired the name of a "crest," as distinguished from the arms borne upon his shield. It was not usual for a knight to have more than one Coat of Arms, but it was not uncommon for him to vary his crests, and there are numerous instances of two or even more crests being worn together, or separately under different circumstances, by the same bearer of the one Coat of Arms.

ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS HAVE COATS OF ARMS, BUT NOT
CRESTS.

As the crest was a military badge, and its only use was to enable a combatant to be identified on the field of

battle or in a tournament, the archbishops and bishops did not require a crest, they being supposed to be non-combatants; and therefore they have no crests above their Coats of Arms in the British dominions. But this was not always the case in Germany; for some of the great ecclesiastics, archbishops, bishops, abbots, and even others held their fiefs direct from the emperor, and as such were liable to feudal military service. Spener, the great German herald, says that in Germany, at any rate, universal custom is opposed to the omission of the crest, and ecclesiastics retained the full knightly insignia. On the other hand, in the southern kingdoms, clerics almost invariably replaced the helmet and crest by the ecclesiastical hat.

SOMETIMES MORE THAN A SINGLE CREST IS WORN.

Our reigning king will be taken here as our first illustration of this fact. He has four crests, though we never see them represented at the same time, as he always wears the single crowned golden lion on his crown or helmet, as if it were his only one. But on referring to the illustration of George IV's Coat of Arms in Debrett's *Peerages of Great Britain and Ireland* (1828), plate I, following p. cxxxvi, we find the crown surmounted: 1st, by a crowned standing *golden* lion for England; 2nd, by a *red* lion *sitting on its haunches*, and holding in its fore-paws a sword and a sceptre, for Scotland; 3rd, by a *white* hart with branching horns leaping out of a castle or tower, for Ireland;* and 4th, by a *red* dragon with erect wings, for Wales.

Under what circumstances George IV used these crests, or whether he ever did employ them, I have not been able

* The origin of this crest seems to have been the Coat of Arms of Richard II, which he wore when on his expedition to Ireland, p. 76.

to learn ; but his present majesty, King Edward VII, has desired the Prince of Wales to wear the crowned golden lion as his central crest, the Prince of Wales's plume of feathers as his dexter,* or right hand badge, and the red dragon for Wales as his sinister, or left hand badge—all at the same time, which is a departure from previous custom for some centuries.

SUPPORTERS.

There were no Supporters (so called) attached to the Royal Coats of Arms until the time of Richard II, and when they did appear they were so little hereditary that they changed with almost every succeeding monarch, whether king or queen, until the time of Charles I.

They were sometimes used by private nobles and other persons previous to Richard's date ; and in some instances they became eventually royal supporters. Thus, Henry VII adopted his private Tudor supporters as his royal ones, and Henry VIII at first retained his father's red dragon and greyhound, but eventually changed them for a golden lion and a dragon. Edward VI retained the dragon for one supporter, but adopted a unicorn for the other, which he took from the Arms of his mother, Lady Jane Seymour. Mary took as one of her supporters the Spanish eagle, which had belonged to her mother, Catharine of Arragon, though she retained the greyhound of her father. James I discarded the Tudor dragon and greyhound as his supporters, but adopted the lion, and introduced the unicorn. This had been a Scotch supporter from the time of James III of Scotland, that is nearly a hundred and fifty years before our James I succeeded to the English throne. The lion and the unicorn have been the English royal supporters ever since.

* These terms dexter (right) and sinister (left), when used in heraldry, always refer to the right and left hands of the wearer, not of the spectator.

MOTTOES.

Mottoes did not appear upon the banners of the kings or upon the Royal Coats of Arms until the time of Richard I, who adopted that of "*Dieu et Mon Droit*" under the following circumstances. Richard, after his return from the Crusades and his release from his imprisonment in Austria, was called upon by Philip Augustus, King of France, to do homage for his French possessions, which Philip asserted that Richard held simply as a feudal fief from him. Richard indignantly repudiated all such obligation, and declared that he would not render homage, but would submit the question to the ordeal of battle; and when this took place Richard took for his banner, "*Dieu et mon Droit*"—I fight for "God and my own right." He conquered in the battle of Gisors, 10th October, 1198, and the motto has been upon the Royal Coat of Arms to the present time.

The story of the origin of the other motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," is so well known as to require no repetition; but although it is almost universally present in the Royal Coats of Arms, and is popularly thought of as a royal motto, it is not so in reality, for it is merely the motto of the Order of the Garter, and every knight of that "most noble order" is entitled to wear it surrounding his Coat of Arms, and does so. It is therefore upon the English Royal Arms not as a royal motto, but because the King of England is the supreme Knight of that Order, and it is equally borne by the many foreign royal Monarchs who are Knights of the Garter, and by the closely limited number of eminent nobles, whether of British or foreign descent, who are also Knights of that Order.

QUARTERINGS AND QUARTERED.

These terms, when used in heraldry, do not imply that a Coat of Arms is divided into just four quarters, each with a separate design, nor are they confined to Royal Coats of Arms. They imply that the armorial bearings of any number of families, with whom the bearer of the shield has become allied by marriage or descent, are included in the arms under consideration. Our own King Henry I added with his arms the Scotch *red* lion of his first wife, and at a later period the Brabant *blue* lion of his second wife; but as he left no heir they disappeared from the Royal Coat on his death. Henry II had at first his own two golden lions on an undivided shield, but he afterwards added the single golden lion of his wife, the shield being still undivided, not of four quarters.

At a later period Edward I impaled the French Royal Arms of his wife, Margaret of France—the *fleurs de lys*—but his Coat consisted still of only two halves. His son, Edward II, married Isabella of France, and he commenced the system of four quarters for his Coat of Arms, an example which was followed by his son, Edward III, the additional two quarters being filled up by repeating the original two; and from this time forward it became the custom to fill up the four quarters in that way, viz., by having the English lions twice over, and the French *fleurs de lys* twice over also.

But when Henry VI married Margaret of Anjou, she had at least six sets of arms already upon her Coat, and, though the Royal Coat still consisted of only four quarters, the King impaled in the Royal Coat the quartered arms of his Queen.

Mary (Philip and Mary) placed in her Royal Coat of Arms the French *fleurs de lys* in the first and fourth

quarters, the English golden lions in the second, and the Spanish Coat of Arms of her mother, Catharine of Aragon, in the third quarter. But that Spanish Coat embraced Aragon, Castille, Leon, Grenada, Sicily, and several other smaller principalities, so that it is almost hopeless to attempt to count her "quarterings."

Towards the end of Henry VIII's reign he became King of Ireland for the first time in history, he himself and his predecessors having been merely "Lords" of Ireland; but he did not introduce Ireland into the royal Coat of Arms, nor did Edward VI or Mary. Elizabeth, who succeeded Mary, made her shield into what may be called a triangle of three detached shields instead of four quarters. In the first she inserted the old English and French lions and *fleurs de lys*; in the second she placed the Irish harp for the first time: and in the third she placed, also for the first time, a portion of the WELSH arms, viz., the Coat of North Wales, consisting of a yellow lion on a red ground, and a red lion on a yellow ground.*

James I restored four quarters to the shield, and placed France and England quarterly in the first quarter and repeated it in the fourth, introduced the Scotch red lion into the second quarter, for the first time for above 460 years,† and the Irish harp in the third quarter.

At last, in 1801, the French *fleurs de lys* were left out by George III; and the arms of Hanover, which had been added by George I, were also left out by Queen Victoria in 1837; and the Royal Coat now consists of just four quarters, filled up by the English lions duplicated, the Scotch red lion and the Irish harp filling up the second and third quarters.

* See Burke's *Peerage*, 1901, p. cli.

† See p. 71.

THE SUCCESSIVE CHANGES IN THE ROYAL ARMS FROM THE TIME OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Having in the foregoing pages described as briefly as possible the various parts of which the Royal Coats of Arms consist, as they will be considered in the following pages, we are now in a position to examine the entire Coats individually, and trace the changes they have undergone and the historical causes that have led to them.

COATS OF ARMS IN THE NORMAN PERIOD, 1066-1154.

WILLIAM I, the Conqueror, 1066-87, had, as his traditional Coat, two golden lions* upon a red ground on one half of his Coat, and the traditional Arms of his wife, Matilda of Flanders, upon the other half. But the designs, as taken from the Bayeux Tapestry, are so complicated and unlike ordinary heraldic designs that they are looked upon as simply imaginary, and the two lions are regarded as being his banner—one for his Duchy of Normandy, and the other for his Duchy of Poitou.

Such as they are, however, they are pictured by Willement, in his beautiful book on the *Royal Arms of the Kings and Queens of England from William the Conqueror to George IV*, dedicated by permission to him, and published in 1821, which contains beautifully coloured illustrations of the various Royal Coats.

WILLIAM II—*Rufus*—third son of William the Conqueror, 1087-1100. His traditional Arms were the two

* In early heraldry the animal under consideration was called a "lion" only if it was in an attitude of springing upon its prey—like the red lion rampant of Scotland. If it was in a tranquil attitude, like the three golden lions of England, it was called a "leopard." The two names merely related to the attitude of the animal upon the shield. In the year 1235, the Emperor Frederick II sent three "leopards" to Henry III "in token of his armorial bearings." Willement's *Royal Armorial Insignia*, p. 12 and also pp. 7-9; see also Boutell's *English Heraldry*, pp. 84, 85.

yellow lions of his father upon the red shield, but as he was never married, there are no wife's arms.

HENRY I—*Beauclerk*—1100-35, fourth son of William the Conqueror. He retained his father's two golden lions, but added to them the *red* rampant lion of Scotland, brought by his first wife, Matilda of Scotland, who was the great, great, great, great grand-daughter of King Alfred, of whom England has always been so justly proud. At her death he substituted for her Coat the *blue* rampant lion of Brabant, brought by his second wife, Alice of Brabant. Although he had a son, the youth was drowned in crossing the channel from France, and at Henry's death both the red lion of Scotland and the blue lion of Brabant disappeared from the English Royal Coat of Arms for many hundred years. The red lion of Scotland, however, reappeared about 460 years afterwards in the coat of arms of James I, and the blue lion of Brabant reappeared nearly 600 years afterwards in the Hanover coat of arms of George I, thus connecting the Saxon Alfred and the Norman conqueror, William I, with our late Queen Victoria and our present King Edward VII.

Henry died, but left a daughter, Maud or Matilda. She married the German Emperor Henry IV, but was soon left a widow, and she afterwards married Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, and their son Henry became afterwards our Henry II of Anjou, or as he is still commonly called Henry Plantagenet.

STEPHEN OF BLOIS, 1135-54.—Stephen was a grandson of William the Conqueror, being the son of William's fourth daughter, Adela, but that did not give him a clear title to the vacant throne, Henry having left his daughter Maud as his heir.

CURIOUS CHANGE MADE BY STEPHEN IN THE ROYAL COAT OF ARMS.

Stephen knew that his title was not an honourable one, so he never took the Royal Coat of the two lions of William the Conqueror and of Henry I, but he adopted as his Coat *three* centaurs, armed with bows and arrows. These three centaurs were the Zodiacal sign of Sagittarius, the archer, which is the sign for December, the month in which Stephen was crowned; and perhaps he thought it might bring him good fortune, so he took it. The fortune that it did bring was, however, a very mixed one; for he was constantly at war with Maud and her adherents during the twenty-one years of his reign, at one time even being her prisoner; and when he died the so-called "Norman dynasty" came to an end, having lasted just eighty-eight years.

COATS OF ARMS OF THE ANGEVIN OR PLANTAGENET FAMILY, FROM 1154-1485.

HENRY II, 1154-89, great grandson of William the Conqueror, was the first of the Angevin or Plantagenet family, which occupied the English throne for above 300 years.*

* Until comparatively recent years English people have been accustomed to consider the title Plantagenet as if it had been applied to Henry II and his family from the first, and was unquestionably theirs. But the modern school of historians (whom we may name alphabetically as Freeman, Green, Nortage, and Stubbs) have applied the name Angevin to Henry II and his two immediate successors, Richard I and John—because they were in many respects more intimately associated with the limited territory of Anjou, in France, whence they came, and with the gradual accretion of French territory which they made there, than they were with English affairs.

Their title to historical importance rested, therefore, at first upon their Angevin (Anjou) property and doings, rather than upon their English tran-

He made only one change in the Royal Arms but that change has endured until the present day. He retained the two golden lions as of old upon his own shield, and he inscribed also—but at first separately—the shield of his wife, who had a single golden lion upon her shield. At a later period he combined the three golden lions upon a single shield, and they constituted the whole of the Royal Coat of England during the reigns of Richard I, John, and Henry III; and of Edward I also, when he first came to the throne.

RICHARD I—*Cœur-de-Lion*—1189–99, son of Henry II, adopted his father's Coat without change, except that upon his shield he first carried two lions on their hind legs (*rampant*), facing each other, instead of the three lions on all fours (*passant*) which he adopted at a later period. His first shield gave birth to the traditional story attributed to the troubadour who accompanied the forces, and was acting apparently as “our special war correspondent.” He relates that on one occasion when Richard had been unhorsed, or had come to some other disaster, he recognised that it must be the King who was on the ground by his “two lions that were grinning at each other on the opposite sides of his shield.” It is to be hoped that the assistance which he rendered to the fallen monarch gained for him the Victoria Cross, but the troubadour's modesty

sactions; and to the first three of their race with whom England has been concerned the title of Angevin family has been applied by the above-named noted historians.

Henry III, and especially Edward I (to whom the English constitution and English law are so deeply indebted), have been so essentially connected with England rather than with Anjou, that their French territory and “Geoffrey of Anjou” have become little more than mere names in English thought.

This appellation of Angevin family will not improbably be used in future along with the old familiar title of Plantagenet; although the title of Plantagenet was not applied to the family in England until nearly 100 years after the accession of Henry II.

seems to have prevented him from including that news in his despatch.

JOHN—*Lackland*—1199–1216, the next son of Henry II, continued the Coat of his father unchanged, but he added his wife's arms on one half of the shield. They have, however, no historical interest, and were never repeated.

HENRY III, 1216–72, John's son, made no change in the Royal Coat of his father.

EDWARD I—*Longshanks*—1272–1307, son of Henry III, was absent from England at the Crusades when his father died, and this *delayed his coronation for two years*.

He made a change in the Royal Coat of Arms, which lasted for 500 years, and is scarcely entirely absent, even at the present day, on collars or other portions of dress. At first he took the simple three golden lions of his father, Henry III, but in 1299 he married Margaret, the daughter of Philip the Hardy, King of France, and he afterwards decided to add the Royal Arms of France to his own English Coat, for he had inherited a large portion of France to begin with, and besides that he had gained some important victories over the French king. The French Royal Coat of Arms was a considerable but variable number of *fleurs de lys*, and Edward added these to his English Coat, and also styled himself King of England *and France*; and this French Coat and title remained upon the English Royal Coat until the thirty-ninth year of the reign of George III, when they were both dropped, and have never been resumed.

EDWARD II, of Carnarvon, 1307–26, son of Edward I; and EDWARD III, the son of Edward II, made no change of interest in the Royal Coat of Arms. Edward II was the first Prince of Wales, but he did not put anything upon his Coat of Arms to commemorate it. Edward III's eldest son, called the "*Black Prince*," from the colour of his

armour,* died during his father's lifetime, and his son, Richard II, came to the throne on the death of Edward III in 1377.

RICHARD II, son of the Black Prince and grandson of Edward III, 1377–99, made several changes in the Royal Coat, for he introduced “supporters” for the first time in English royal heraldry, and he incorporated the alleged arms of Edward the Confessor in the Royal Coat. Richard seems to have regarded the Confessor as a sort of patron saint, and one of his alleged supporters was a winged angel, which Richard adopted; but it is impossible to decipher the other supporter (which is worn away by time and exposure to the weather) so as to say what it was meant for.

Besides this addition, Richard placed on the dexter, or honourable, side of his own Coat that of the Confessor, and two supporters *under* it. But, as Coats of Arms did not exist in the Confessor's time, there was a difficulty about it, which was got over by taking one of his silver coins instead. This coin was stamped by a cross, in the angles of which were placed four birds, called “Martlets,” which had no feet. These birds were used in heraldry in the Coats of younger sons, to indicate to them that they must strive to rise by the wings of virtue and merit for they possessed no land whatever to put their feet upon.†

* General Ainslie, in his interesting work on Anglo-Norman Coinage (full of engraved illustrations, and to be found in the Liverpool Free Library), relates a curious tradition about the Black Prince, which he found to be still current among the Aquitaine peasantry so lately as the time of George IV. The tradition was that the prince was a black man, a Moor, a sorcerer, from which circumstance he had received the designation of “Black Prince.” That he was in compact with the devil, who aided him with infernal powers, which enabled him to gain his victories and succeed in all his warlike undertakings.

† Webster's *Dictionary*—“Martlet.”

As his favourite supporters Richard had two beautifully antlered harts placed under the shield instead of at its sides.*

Whether or not Richard thought that not being in favour with the nation for his own good qualities it might bring good fortune if he entered into partnership with a departed saint, history does not tell us, and the interpreter of the arms has therefore to draw more or less upon his imagination. But Richard took these alleged arms of Edward the Confessor with him when he went to settle some outbreak in Ireland, and they did secure him a favourable reception there, for no Saxon or Norman king had ever shown himself so friendly to the Irish as Edward the Confessor.

As a result of this favourable impression Richard was urged to go here and to go there in Ireland instead of returning at once to England; and when at length he did arrive at Milford Haven, he had been detained for three weeks further by contrary winds that had prevented his sailing. All this delay resulted in Henry, Duke of Hereford (afterwards Henry IV), gaining continual accessions of followers on his way towards the South of England, while Richard's friends were as steadily leaving him and going over to his opponent. Ultimately Richard and Henry met in battle, in which Henry was victorious, and Richard was taken prisoner, and was then induced, or, more strictly speaking, was compelled, to resign the throne in favour of Henry. He was then taken as a prisoner to Pomfret Castle, in Yorkshire, where he was violently murdered, or put to death in some other way, and Henry IV succeeded to the throne.

* See note, p. 65.

LANCASTRIAN BRANCH OF THE PLANTAGENET DYNASTY.

HENRY IV, of Lancaster, 1399–1413, son of John of Ghent, or Gaunt, and grandson of Edward III, made no change in the Royal Coat of Arms of his grandfather. For although he was not the direct heir to the throne (being descended from the fourth son of Edward, whose third son had descendants still alive), he wished to pose before the nation as being the lawful heir, in order to satisfy the national English preference for hereditary occupation of the throne. He therefore put forward in his coronation proclamation that he was the direct heir, and that Richard had resigned the throne to him as being the next heir in order of descent.*

Under the conflicting influences of a weak title, to which he desired to join the appearance of legitimacy—of jealousy of the parliamentary power, both of election to and deposition from the throne—and of the probable national revolt against such a title as one by conquest, he decided, upon the whole, to claim legitimate descent as his title, and with that view he adopted his grandfather's Royal Coat of Arms without making any change.†

HENRY V, of Monmouth, son of Henry IV—1412–22—adopted the old Royal Arms of the English lions and the French *fleurs de lys*, with one change only.

After having practically conquered France in his great battles there, he proposed to marry Katharine, or “Kate,”

* He appears to have been afraid of claiming to have been elected by parliamentary vote, for if Parliament could elect him, then it might at some subsequent time depose him if so inclined, as it had deposed Edward II and Richard II. He, however, so evidently preferred a title by conquest to one by parliamentary vote, that it was apparently with some difficulty that he was persuaded not to put forward the claim by conquest in his coronation proclamation.

† See the elaborate account of his accession difficulties given in Stubbs' *Constitutional History*, vol ii, pp. 552–6, and vol. iii, pp. 10–13.

of France.* Her father, Charles VI, seemed to have lost heart before consenting to the marriage, but he made a stipulation that during his life-time Henry should not style himself King of France, but only heir of France, to which Henry consented, and at the same time he reduced the previously numerous but indefinite *fleurs de lys* to three, at which number they remained until the middle of the reign of George III, when they disappeared altogether from the English Royal Coat.

HENRY VI, son of Henry V, only eight years old on his accession in 1422, made no change in the Coat of Arms of his father, but he adopted new supporters, for whilst Henry V used none, Henry VI introduced two large white antelopes, antlered, and copiously spotted with golden spots—for it was then the fashion to think the spotted antelope the most beautiful animal in creation.†

The supporters of the King's wife were a spotted antelope and an eagle, and her name is still in daily remembrance in Cambridge, from the college which she founded there in 1449, still called Queen's College, or Queen Margaret's College. Her Arms, which embrace many quarterings (six at least), form the Arms of that college.

YORKIST FAMILY.

EDWARD IV, of York, from 1461–83, made no change in the Royal Coat of Arms on coming to the throne after his conquest over Henry VI; for, as they were both

* The imaginary wooing scene is vividly described by Shakespeare in *Henry V*, act v, scene 2.

† It was the fashion in England, some 60 years ago, to think that a pair of white spotted dogs formed an ornamental accompaniment to a carriage and pair. So that it was the proper thing, for some time after the regency of George IV, for those who could afford a carriage to have a couple of these dogs (nick-named "plum-pudding dogs"), running under the carriage, or keeping company with it alongside the horses.

descended from Edward III, there was no change called for. He did, however, change the supporters, using sometimes a bull,* and sometimes a white lion,† and at last a white hart, with antlers, which had been the supporters that Richard II had used before him.‡

EDWARD V, son of Edward IV, was a mere boy when he nominally came to the throne in 1483, but was murdered the same year by his uncle, Richard III, without having been crowned at all.

Richard, however, desired to pose as having been such a careful, affectionate uncle that he had a single coin struck bearing Edward V's name; and he had also a Coat of Arms for the little Prince, which was really the same as his father's, except that one of the supporters—the antlered hart—was changed into a hart without horns, probably to indicate the youth and still beardless condition of the young king.

RICHARD III, 1483–85, was, like his predecessors of York and Lancaster, descended from Edward III, and he retained that King's Arms without change; but he used his own private supporters, which were two wild boars, instead of the white lion and white hart of Edward IV. The wild boar was a favourite "great game" at that time, as the South African lion and the Indian tiger have been the great game of men desiring to gain reputation as mighty hunters in the present day.

TUDOR DYNASTY.

HENRY TUDOR (Earl of Richmond), 1485–1509, made no change in the Royal Coat of Arms, but he introduced a change in the supporters, which lasted for nearly 120

* An ancient supporter of the Duke of Clarence.

† A supporter of the Mortimore family.

‡ See p. 76.

years, viz., until James I, in 1603, with one short exception in the case of Queen Mary.

His title to the English throne, to which he laid claim on the death of Richard III, was a curiously mixed one, for it was essentially a title by conquest, as he was crowned King of England on the battlefield, Richard's crown having been picked up after the battle from a tree on which it had in some way been thrown, and placed at once on Henry's head. But he claimed also to be great, great, great grandson of Edward III, and to have some imaginary claim because Katharine of France, widow of Henry V, had married Owen Tudor after Henry's death.* And, although Henry Tudor before the battle was only Earl of Richmond, he claimed that he had a few drops at any rate of royal blue blood in his veins, in order to satisfy the English, who were traditionally attached to hereditary descent.

For his future Welsh subjects, however, who were attached to tribal descent, he further claimed to be descended from Cadwalader, the last elected titular King of Wales. Of this descent Henry professed to be very proud, for there was a Welsh tradition that, when but little of the Welsh territory was left to Cadwalader, he had consoled himself in his misfortune by the assurance (? a Bardic prophecy) that one of his posterity would wear

* The marriage of Katharine with Owen Tudor is said to have originated at a ball, at which both happened to be present. Owen Tudor was an exceptionally handsome man and an excellent dancer, and he engaged Katharine's fancy so that she married him quietly without any court ceremonial. But, when she returned to Paris, the Parisian court ladies there reproached her with having married so much beneath her rank. She therefore desired Owen to send for the other members of his family for her inspection, and they assembled and proved also to be men of exceptionally good looks and physique. But, as Katharine knew no Welsh, and they knew no other language, they were mutually unintelligible, and not a word passed between them that the other side could understand. Her report, therefore, to the French ladies was that the Tudors were the finest dumb animals that she had ever seen.—Yorke, *Royal Tribes of Wales*. pp. 12, 13.

the diadem of England. "And here am I," said Henry, "in fulfilment of this prophecy." He therefore adopted as his own banner (probably on this ground) the red dragon, which was said to be that of his alleged ancestor, Cadwalader.*

This red dragon, with four short legs on the ground, and a long curling tail, was therefore on Henry's banner at the battle of Bosworth Field, and when he came to the throne he converted it into one of his supporters, but changed its attitude into that of a dragon sitting on its haunches, with large wings. His son, Henry VIII, still further modified it by making it stand erect on its two hind legs, with wings of a reduced size. And again, our present King, after an interval of three hundred years, has still further modified it by placing it in a marching attitude, with large elevated and expanded wings, and has restored it to a place of honour—assigning it to be worn habitually as a badge by the present Prince of Wales.

Henry VII's other supporter was another private Tudor one, viz., a white greyhound. But this retained its place, even with the Tudor Coat, for a much shorter time than the dragon.

HENRY VIII, son of Henry VII, 1509–47, made no change in the Royal Coat of Arms, and at first adopted both the dragon and the greyhound of his father as his supporters; but at a later period he adopted the *golden lion* and the dragon, leaving out the greyhound. He also adopted the white and red roses combined as a badge.

All his wives had their private Coats of Arms, two of which influenced the Royal Coats of their children who succeeded him on the throne; but Henry did not himself add them in any way to his armorial bearings.

EDWARD VI, son of Henry VIII, 1547–53, adopted his

* Willement, *Royal Heraldry, Kings and Queens of England*, pp. 57, 58.

father's Arms without change; but he took the unicorn of his mother, Lady Jane Seymour, as one of his supporters, thus placing it for the first time with the English Arms.

MARY, Henry's daughter, 1553-58, materially altered the Royal Coat of Arms of her father, and also its supporters, out of filial reverence for her mother, the unhappy Catharine of Aragon, of whom she was the only descendant.

Henry, after twenty-four years of marriage, had divorced Catharine, and had added the further degradation and insult of obtaining an Act of Parliament declaring Mary, her only child, to be illegitimate, and incapable of inheriting the throne.

The Spanish Arms of Catharine were a largely quartered Coat, containing Aragon, Castille, Leon, and many others of less importance, with the Spanish eagle as one of its supporters. Catharine had adopted her husband's Tudor greyhound as one of her supporters, but she retained the Spanish eagle as the other; and when Mary did at length come to the throne, she was determined that her mother's name and memory should no longer be under reproach in consequence of Henry's conduct towards her; and while Mary retained the Tudor white greyhound as one of her supporters, she made the Spanish eagle a very prominent feature by taking it with its outspread wings as the other. She did not discard her own royal descent by leaving out the three English golden lions, for she placed them in one quarter of the shield, while her mother's multiple Coat of quarterings occupied the fourth quarter.*

* MARY'S MOTTOES.

In lieu of the Garter motto, which she did not adopt, Mary placed upon the first gold coinage issued after her seat upon the Throne had become firmly established, the touching motto—"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes"—or as it is in the original—*Domino factum est istud et mirabile est in oculis nostris*, although she did not adopt it upon her Royal Shield. She might well take such a motto; for she was in continual danger

ELIZABETH, Mary's half-sister and Henry VIII's daughter, 1552-1603, made great changes in the Royal Coat of Arms, and a curious one also in one of its supporters. She changed the form of the Coat from a shield of four actual quarters into a triangle of three quite separate shields,* on the first of which she placed the English united golden lions and the French *fleurs de lys*; on the second she introduced the harp as the emblem of Ireland for the first time in the English Royal Arms; and on the third shield she placed, for the first and only time, the Arms of (NORTH) WALES, which were a golden lion on a red ground, and a red lion on a golden ground quarterly. For her motto she took a new one "*semper eadem*," which was curiously inconsistent with her political actions towards Holland and Spain in their tremendous struggle. She discarded the motto of Richard, "*Dieu et mon Droit*," which her brother Edward VI had previously used.

of life from Henry's capricious temper, and, although previous to his death, he had had another Act of Parliament passed, declaring her legitimate and a possible heir to the throne, it was after all but a "possible" heirship; for on her accession she still had to fight for it against the claim of the Duke of Northumberland and others in favour of Lady Jane Grey, whom Edward VI, in his last illness, had declared by his will to be the next heir.

When, then, at last, by Henry's will she did occupy the throne, she might well say, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Mary, even during her own trials, had sheltered her younger half-sister Elizabeth as best she could; for Elizabeth was equally with herself in disfavour with Henry after Anne Boleyn's disgrace; and almost the first measure passed by Mary as Queen was to repeal the death penalty for clipping the coinage for which so many persons had been hanged in previous reigns. Her married life was rendered miserable by the cruelty and neglect of her husband, Philip of Spain, because she was a great sufferer in health, was unattractive in appearance, and brought him no heir to his Spanish and other world-wide dominions. Her life, previous to her marriage with him, had been one of pity and shelter for others, rather than of the actions committed under his predominant and cruel will—actions which brought upon her eventually the title of odium by which she has so long been known—a title which may perhaps not unjustly be changed in our thoughts about her now (with increased historical knowledge) from "*Maria Sanguinea*" to "*Maria Infelix et Miserima*."

* She seldom used these three shields, but almost invariably bore the old Coat of France and England quarterly.

For supporters she retained her father's golden lion, and also the Tudor dragon, but she made it into a bright yellow dragon, instead of a red one. History does not say why, and it must be left to the reader's imagination to decide whether it was because her own hair was—well! inclining to auburn, which she thought becoming, while the red of her grandfather's dragon scarcely came, even in her reign, within the limits of a fashionable colour for ladies' hair.*

A HARP FIRST USED AS THE BADGE OF IRELAND.

The period at which the harp first became the national emblem of Ireland is involved in obscurity, but the time at which it was officially placed by an English Monarch upon the Royal Coat of Arms is distinctly that of Queen Elizabeth, after whom it was retained by James I, and by every succeeding British Sovereign. Henry VIII was the first English Monarch who adopted the title of "King" of Ireland, but he did not place any badge of that country upon his Royal Coat, nor did Edward VI, or Mary, who succeeded him.

"The oldest record of the arms of Ireland in the Herald's Office, in Dublin, is in a MS. about 1590, the thirty-second year of Queen Elizabeth's reign. It is a golden harp with silver strings, upon a blue ground. I

* It is interesting to notice how Elizabeth's Welsh descent, as a Tudor, influenced her actions towards that portion of her realm. We have just seen how she placed the North Wales Coat of Arms upon her Royal Shield; and almost the first Act of Parliament she passed was one ordering that the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, should be translated into Welsh, and so many copies should be printed that there might be one in every cathedral, college, and *parish church* throughout Wales; and that the services should be in Welsh, wherever the people did not understand English. Bishop Morgan, of St. Asaph, executed the principal part of the translation, with the assistance, in a minor degree, of seven other Welshmen.

should say the harp became the national badge of Ireland about 1541, on the assumption of the title of *King* of Ireland by Henry VIII. I do not know why Henry VIII, Edward VI and Mary omitted the harp in the Royal Arms, unless it was that England, Scotland and Ireland were treated separately in an armorial sense.*"

When one of Henry's predecessors, Edward IV, was about to issue a new *Irish* coinage, he appointed a commission to inquire what were the real Irish Arms; and it reported that from the time of Richard II they were *three golden crowns*, one above the other, on a blue ground, surrounded by a silver margin. In accordance with this report, he issued a silver coinage for *Ireland* with the English and French lions and *Fleurs de Lys* on the obverse, and the three golden crowns for Ireland on the reverse, but no mention is made of any Irish harp.

In the calendars of State papers, Carew MSS., under 19th November, 1540, reference is made to an *Irish* coin bearing the print of the harp on the one side thereof, and prohibiting its being current in England.†

Willement (p. 81) says in a note that, in an early MS. in the British Museum (Bib. Harl., No. 304), the arms of Ireland are three golden *harps*, with silver strings, on a red ground.

General Vallency, in the preface to his *Irish Grammar*, says that the harp was the sacred emblem of Baal, the principal deity of the ancient pagan Irish, which occasioned its being the emblem for Ireland; but he gives no authority beyond popular tradition, and his accounts of Irish traditions are not credited by modern Irish anti-

* MS. letter from Sir Arthur E. Vicars, Ulster King of Arms, Office of Arms, Dublin Castle.

† Several illustrations of these three golden crowns in the Irish coinages of Edward IV, Richard III, and Henry VII are given in Sainthill's *Olla Podrida of Irish Antiquities*, vol. i, plate xiii, p. 171.

quarians, as his sources of knowledge were very limited. There is no known trustworthy authority for connecting the Irish harp with the Phœnician Baal.

Sainthill's *Olla Podrida of Irish Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 72-4, says that a portrait of Richard III in Rous's *Roll* (which was contemporary with that monarch) represents him in full armour, wearing an arched crown, and standing upon a boar, between six helmets, on each of which is a crest. To his right are Seynt Edward (a cross flory); France (*fleur de lys*); Gascoyne and Gyan (an oak branch with acorns); and to his left are England (a lion); Walys (a greyhound); and Ireland (a harp). Here, therefore, is a harp as a *crest* for Ireland in the reign of Richard III, but the question naturally arises: What induced Henry VIII to make it into a shield, as he did in the *Irish* coinage, while he was still only "*Dominus Hiber.*" (*Lord of Ireland*) many years before he assumed the title of "King" of Ireland.

In *Notes and Queries*, vol. xii, 1855, pp. 328 and 350, there is a long dissertation by J. Martin Leake, Esq., Garter King of Arms, as to whether the triangle surrounding the king's head in the *Irish* coinages of John and several of his successors, was not adopted as representing a traditional Harp, dating back from the Hebrew King David; but after considering every possible aspect of the subject, his winding up is that there is no authority for King David's harp, and, *So much is certain, that there was no settled devise for Ireland before the reign of King Henry VIII*—(p. 330).

"In the absence of any positive information as to why Henry VIII discarded the three crowns and substituted the harp as the Arms of Ireland, the tradition that it was in consequence of Pope Leo X, sending, in 1521, to the then dutiful son of the Church Henry VIII, the Harp of Brian

Borhu, as well as the title of 'Defender of the Faith,' seems as reasonable a cause as any other."*

The history and genuineness of this alleged harp of Brian Borhu must therefore be now considered, and for these our reference must be to Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates* (Art. "Harp")—"One of the most ancient harps now existing is that of Brian Boroimhe (commonly known as Brian Borhu), the last great monarch of a united kingdom of Ireland before the Norman invasion under Henry II. After Brian's death, his harp and crown and other regalia were given by his son Donald to Pope John XVIII, in order to obtain absolution for the murder of his (Donald's) brother Teig." Brian Borhu had an almost European reputation for his wisdom and power as a king, and such a memento of such a monarch would have a sentimental value that we may compare in our own minds with a violin of Paganini or a *chef d'œuvre* of Raphael, and it was treasured accordingly.

Some hundred and fifty years afterwards, Pope Adrien, in his Bull conferring Ireland as a fief upon Henry II, adduced this harp as being a principal proof of title to the kingdom of Ireland. Some three hundred and fifty years later still, Pope Leo X presented it to Henry VIII, along with the title of 'Defender of the Faith,' in return for Henry's pamphlet against Luther; but after the king had finally broken all ties with the Papacy, Henry still retained the title, but presented the harp to the first Earl of Clanricarde. From him it came into the possession of the family of De Burgh, and it next came into that of McMahon of Glenagh, co. Clare. It afterwards passed into the possession of Macnamara of Limerick, and at last it was deposited by the Rt. Hon. William Conyngham in the College Museum, Dublin, in 1782, where it can

*Anc. Armorial Bearings of Ireland, Sainthill's *Olla Podrida*, vol. ii, p. 74.

still be seen as a treasured relic of the last great Irish king.

Not only was Brian Borhu a warrior and a statesman, but he resembled our own King Alfred in being a royal composer of songs, and in being also a skilled performer upon the harp; and it may easily be imagined that a youthful king like Henry VIII at that period of his reign would be flattered by such a present from a great pope like Leo X, and would readily adopt it as a badge for Ireland, which at that time had no recognised national emblem (see p. 86). No wonder that such a harp should have a surpassing sentimental value for popes and kings, and that it should still be a treasured relic, though now nearly a thousand years old.

Such, then, is the best answer in our power to the question, When and why did the harp become the emblem of Ireland? And the reader of this Paper may perhaps not be indisposed to agree with the conclusion arrived at in pages 86, 87. "In the absence of any positive information as to why Henry VIII discarded the three crowns and substituted the harp, the tradition that it was in consequence of the Pope, Leo X, sending him Brian Borhu's harp, and its accompanying title of 'Defender of the Faith,' seems as reasonable a cause as any other."

THE STUART DYNASTY.

JAMES I, 1603-25, son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and great grandson of Henry VIII's eldest sister, Margaret, Queen of Scotland.

JAMES I OF ENGLAND, BUT JAMES VI OF SCOTLAND, made the important change in the Royal Coat of Arms of introducing into it the rampant red lion of Scotland, which had not been present on the English Coat for 500 years, *i.e.*, since the time when Henry I had placed it there on

his marriage with Maud, daughter of Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland.*

He abandoned entirely the Tudor dragon, and it has never been restored as a supporter; but he retained the English golden lion, and added the white unicorn, which had been one of the Scottish supporters from the time of the Scotch King James III, in 1460. He changed the motto of *Dieu et mon Droit* into "*Beati Pacifici*"—"Blessed are the Peace Makers"—and he introduced the Scotch thistle as a badge. He also adopted as one of his CRESTS the Scottish red lion sitting on its haunches, and holding a sword in one front paw and a sceptre in the other.

CHARLES I, son of James I, 1625-49. Charles I made no important change in the Royal Coat, but he adopted the Tudor roses and the Scotch thistle as *combined* badges for the first time. He also occasionally added the Cross of St. George as a dexter impalement on his shield. The explanation of this addition is that this cross forms a portion of the "star" of the Order of the Garter, and also appears on the "collar," and the King adopted this method of indicating that he was the Sovereign of the Order.

THE COMMONWEALTH, 1649-60.

OLIVER CROMWELL, 1653-58. Although Cromwell never took the title of King, and therefore had no Royal Arms, he was an important and powerful ruler in the British Isles for many years, and he can scarcely be left without mention when treating of the "changes in the Royal Arms from the time of William the Conqueror (when Coats of Arms are said not to have existed) to that of Edward VII, our present King."

The Coat which Cromwell did adopt as the official

* See p. 71.

symbol of the Commonwealth was a simple one. St. George's Cross (repeated) for England, St. Andrew's Cross (once) for Scotland, and the harp for Ireland occupied the four quarters of the shield, in the centre of which he placed his own family Arms—a rampant lion on a white ground. At a late period of his rule he coined a very beautiful five shilling piece, with his own bust on the obverse, wreathed with a laurel crown, so as to make him look like an old Roman Emperor; and on the reverse was his old standard, surmounted by a *royal crown*, and surrounded by the motto, "*Pax queritur Bello*," a singular motto for such a fighting ruler to have adopted. The whole design is without official explanation, but it is perhaps indicative of an unacknowledged hankering after the Crown, though he had previously refused it when he was asked to accept it by his Parliamentary Committee.

CHARLES II, 1661–85, and JAMES II, 1685–88 (the year in which James II ceased to be King, though he lived till 1701), made no change in the Royal Arms; but, by a legal fiction, Charles, after he came to the throne, was said to have been King from the date of his father's death in 1648, though he did not, in fact, come to the throne till 1661, the interval having been occupied by the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell and his son, Richard, and the uncertain movements of General Monk.

WILLIAM III and MARY II, 1688–1702. After the final departure of James II from England, in December, 1688, the throne was declared vacant, and William of Orange, after his almost bloodless march through the country, was declared to be King by the title of William III, and at the same time Mary, James's eldest daughter, was declared to be Queen, and their future title to be William and Mary; William, however, being the acting sovereign. Under

these conditions the throne passed to them as far as regarded England and Scotland, but Ireland was not represented in the arrangement, and James was still recognised there as King, until his defeat in the battle of the Boyne, and the eventual destruction of the remaining fragment of his army. William and Mary thus became King and Queen of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

As Mary was James's daughter there was no apparent reason for making any changes in the Royal Arms on her account; but William altered the shield materially by placing the Orange-Nassau Arms in the centre of the old Royal shield, and he also changed the Royal motto from "*Dieu et mon Droit*,"—"God and my right"—into "*Je meintendray*"* (the ancient Orange-Nassau motto), "I will maintain."

William had on his banner, when he landed at Torbay, the motto "The Protestant religion and the liberties of England," and, as Holland had always been the champion of Protestantism, and William was its staunchest upholder, the motto on the banner and that which he placed on the Royal Coat in lieu of the old *Dieu et mon Droit* would be quite in harmony, though the motto itself dated back some hundred years before William's time.

William's Arms of Orange were a rampant golden lion on a blue shield, the shield being sprinkled over with yellow billets, the meaning of which upon the shield I have been unable to learn.

ANNE, 1702-14, the last surviving daughter of James II, when she succeeded to the throne on the death of William III without heirs, simply removed the Orange

* This mode of spelling the word with an *e* (*mein*) is a very ancient French form of *Main*.—Godefroy's *French Dictionary* of 1888, vol. v., 4to, e.g., "*Mein*" voir "*Main*," "*Meindre*" voir "*Maindre*," "*Meinteneur*." See also *Dict. de l'Ancienne langue Française et de tous les dialectes, du ix au xv siècle*, in the Liverpool Free Library.

Coat of Arms from the Royal Shield of William and Mary, but while retaining the garter motto of "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," she omitted the royal motto of "*Dieu et mon droit*;" for her father James was still alive, and still claimed the throne as *his* "right." She substituted instead Elizabeth's former motto of "*semper eadem*," which, under the circumstances, would appear to imply that Elizabeth began and ended life as a Protestant, and so also did Anne, only, perhaps, still more staunchly. At any rate it was the foundation upon which she was placed by the nation upon the throne.

In 1706, after she had been on the throne for four years, the Act of Parliament was passed, both in England and in Scotland, by which the two kingdoms became united under the new title of "Great Britain," with a single combined parliament, instead of being two separate kingdoms with separate parliaments, although both under the same sovereign; in that respect resembling the present condition of Austria and Hungary.

In consequence of this important national change, another change was made in the Royal Coat of Arms, for the old three golden English lions and the red rampant Scotch lion were now put together into the first and fourth actual quarters of the shield, instead of being separated as before. The Irish harp remained in the third quarter, and the French *fleurs de lys* were removed from their old junction with the English lions, and were put by themselves in the second quarter.—(Willement, pl. xxix, fig. 2, pp. 98, 99).

JAMES III, of England = JAMES VIII, of Scotland, 1715, son of James II, was proclaimed "King of England" in Paris after his father's death in 1701. He never reigned; but his assumption of the title of King of England, and his attempt to establish it, form so important an episode in

English History at this period that it may be introduced here more appropriately than at any other time.

Until the death of Queen Anne, in whom the last surviving child of James II died without leaving any direct heir, but little was ever heard in England of James's son James, who was known in France by the title of the Chevalier de St. George, that saint being the traditional patron saint of England. Louis XIV during his constant continental wars always desired to obtain the alliance of England to help him, or at any rate not to hinder him, and he therefore pensioned Charles II to the end of Charles's life, in order to keep him quiet; and after James's expulsion from England and Ireland he pensioned him also until his death, out of pity for his misfortunes. The Scotch highland chieftains, however, were always a strong party in favour of the old name of the Scotch Stuart Kings, and when William III, and afterwards Anne, so actively opposed Louis, he appears to have thought that he might find the young James a useful weapon against England, in Scotland at any rate; so he encouraged him to make a descent upon Scotland at the first good opportunity, and promised him both pecuniary help and the assistance of troops.

Relying upon these promises, James had a die prepared, inscribed "Jacobus III, King of England," intended for eventual English use in coinage; and another for Scottish use, inscribed "Jacobus VIII—*Dei gratia*—King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, 1716."

When, then, Anne was dead, and the Hanoverian George was to be King of England, the time seemed to have come for James' son to make his descent upon Scotland, which he did in 1715, taking these dies with him. In the meantime, however, Marlborough had vanquished Louis XIV on the Continent; the French

exchequer was exhausted; and Louis was not going to have any further trouble with England for the sake of the son of James II. James, however, set sail for Scotland in hopes that his personal presence there might prove successful, taking his dies with him, and practically nothing else.

But soon after his arrival he found that his prospect of success was hopeless, and he escaped back to France, leaving his Scotch followers to their fate, which was a disastrous one—and thus ended the “rising of '15”—as it was called, but it was not the end of these “dies.” When the Pretender died, in 1766, his effects were sold, and among other practical rubbish were these two dies, rusty and worthless, except as curiosities. They were bought by Mr. Young, a noted London coin dealer, who cleaned them up and struck off a very limited number of impressions, and then broke up the dies so that they might never be used again. These coins are now of extreme rarity, but one of them is in the British Museum, and the remaining few are in unknown collections of rare coins.

GUELPHIC OR HANOVERIAN DYNASTY.

GEORGE I, Elector of Hanover, 1714–27. Son of Sophia, granddaughter of James I, and therefore great grandson of that King. George retained the old Royal Arms, Mottoes, and Supporters, except that he removed from the fourth quarter the duplicate copy of the combined English and Scotch Arms used by Queen Anne, and replaced it by the Hanover Coat, which is a complicated and interesting one. It contains two golden lions, for Brunswick, on a red ground; a galloping white horse, on a red ground, for Saxony; a rampant blue lion, on a yellow ground, with a sprinkling of red hearts, for Lunenburg; and a golden crown, derived from Charlemagne, to repre-

sent the Holy Roman Empire. The intrinsic interest for English minds in this Coat of Arms is derived from the multitude of ancient dynasties and states combined in the Guelphic family, which originated the present English Dynasty, but which has become perhaps better known as the comparatively recent Hanoverian family than as the ancient Guelphic Dynasty, which latter dates back to the Saxon King Witikind who claimed descent from the Scandinavian god, Woden, but was "persuaded" (query—*compelled*) by Charlemagne to become a Christian about A.D. 785.

COMPONENTS OF THE HANOVERIAN COAT OF ARMS.

The white galloping or leaping horse of Saxony has an exceptional interest; for there is in it an historical connection between Hengist, the first Saxon invader of England, and the present day in Kent. Vortigern, the last King of the Britons, after the Romans had been withdrawn from England, invited a Saxon chieftain entitled "Hengist" to come over to Kent to assist in driving out the Picts, and, either traditionally or historically, Hengist carried a rampant white horse as his banner. But "Hengist" is an Anglo-Saxon word: "Henges-es" (noun, mas), meaning "a stallion—a horse" (Bosworth's *Anglo-Saxon and English Dictionary*), and the characteristic of such a horse is its powerful, rampant, galloping, daring qualities. It would seem from this as if the qualities were possessed in a special degree either by the Saxon chieftain himself personally, or by the family generally from which he was descended; and that it was therefore a descriptive adjective rather than a personal name; just as "Rufus" is the well-known historical appellation for our King William II, of England; "Barbarossa," "red-bearded," is the epithet for the German Emperor, Frederick Bar-

barossa; and "Longshanks," for our English King Edward I, and the like.

Now, when the Saxon warrior, characterised as "Hengist" had defeated the Picts and driven them away, or, more probably, annihilated them, Vortigern intimated that he would pay him for the services rendered, and "Hengist" might return to his Saxon home. But this did not meet the Saxon's views, for he had found Kent a much more fertile and pleasant country to live in than the forests and swamps of Saxony, so he stayed, and made himself "King" of Kent about A.D. 454 or 473 (*Saxon Chronicle*). And there he remained, and his descendants after him, until Kent became absorbed in the Heptarchy. After this combined realm had become well established by Egbert, its Kentish section became the "County" of Kent, of which the rampant white horse of Hengist upon a red ground is the Coat of Arms at the present day.

Still further interest attaches to this Saxon emblem; for the motto of the County of Kent is "*Invicta*," "unconquered." The British Vortigern could not regain it when under Hengist's rule, nor could the Norman William conquer it. For when he went on his tour throughout England to secure the submission of the entire kingdom to his rule, he took Kent in his way. But when his approach was announced among the Kentish woods and marshes, the Kentish men, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, took branches of trees and came to meet him, their numbers being unknown to William because of their leafy concealment. And when he called for their submission, the Archbishop, as their spokesman, replied that it should only be on the condition that he would behave peaceably towards them himself, and that they should still be governed by their old Kentish laws—otherwise they would fight to the death; for the men of Kent were not

afraid to die, but they would never become slaves. To these conditions William consented; and the Kentish laws of inheritance of landed property, and of the division of property among the women of Kent, are to the present day different from the laws of descent in other parts of England.

The next feature in the Hanover arms that is of special interest to an English mind is the Rampant Blue Lion; for it recalls the *Blue Lion* of BRABANT in the coat of Henry I (see p. 71), which, after his death, disappeared from English history for about 600 years. Any endeavour to trace the innumerable changes among the various German States during even historic periods is bewildering to the last degree, and it is enough to say that Brabant, from which Henry I obtained his second wife, passed in the course of centuries through a variety of combinations and separations that resulted at last in its becoming Lunenburg, in the Coat of Hanover which is now under consideration; and thus connects our present Royal family with that of the early Norman conquerors of England.

THE GOLDEN CROWN OF CHARLEMAGNE occasions a smile rather than active interest in the English mind; for it was the badge of office of the Arch-treasurer of the Holy Roman Empire, which was one of the titles of dignity that was retained as an honour even by our own king George III—although for an unknown period there had not been as much as half-a-crown in the treasury of that Holy Roman Empire for him to be “Arch-treasurer” of. This title was relinquished by George III in 1801, and has not been resumed since then.

The two Golden Lions of BRUNSWICK have not any special interest, either historical or otherwise, that I have been able to discover.

GEORGE II—son of George I—1727–60, made no change in the Royal Coat of Arms.

GEORGE III—grandson of George II—(his father Frederick having died during the life time of George II), 1761–1820, made no change in the Royal Coat of Arms on his accession to the throne; but during his long reign of nearly sixty years several important national events occurred which occasioned important changes in the Royal Coat, and in the King's titles also.

In the year 1800, the “Act of Union” between England and Ireland was passed in the Irish Parliament in March, and in the English Parliament in the succeeding July; but the act was not to come into operation until the 1st of January of the following year—1801. On this occasion the Royal badge was changed from the rose and the thistle to the English rose, the Scotch thistle, and the Irish shamrock, which last was then adopted for the first time as a Royal badge. When speaking of this combined badge, one generally hears it called “The Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle,” but this erroneous order of precedence really depends partly upon the alphabet, in which the order of their first letters is R S T, not R T S, and also upon the facility with which the wrong order runs off the tongue when compared with the correct one. The rose by itself was the English badge until the accession of James I, when the thistle was added; and then, in 1801, for the first time, the shamrock was officially added, although the British monarch had been “King of Ireland” from the middle of Henry VIII's reign.

At this period also (1801), the presence of the French Royal *Fleurs de Lys* on the English Coat of Arms, and the title of “King of France,” which still remained among the English Royal titles, had become such glaring absurdities, that both the French Arms and the title were removed

from the British Coat. The former title of King of Great Britain and Ireland was also changed into, "King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and its Dependencies;" and the Union Jack, which had previously consisted only of St. George's Cross for England, and St. Andrew's Cross for Scotland, was altered by the addition of St. Patrick's Cross for Ireland.

The *White "Bonnet"* of the ELECTOR of Hanover was also added to the Elector's Coat of Arms on the Royal Shield, and the change in its appearance was striking.

So the Royal Coat of Arms remained until 1816, the year after the battle of Waterloo. In March, 1815, however, previous to that battle, the treaty of Vienna had changed the "Electorate" into a "Kingdom," and the Elector's white bonnet had been changed into a golden crown, which, in its altered form, was placed upon the Coat of George III in 1816. The King's title was also changed from Elector to "King" of Hanover.

This Royal Coat remained without further change until the death of William IV, when the dominion of Hanover passed from the English monarch (Queen Victoria), and became a separate kingdom under the Duke of Cumberland, the eldest surviving son of George III.

GEORGE IV, son of George III, 1820-30, made no change in the Royal Arms or accompaniments.

WILLIAM IV, also son of George III, 1830-37, made no changes.

VICTORIA, daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, and granddaughter of George III, 1837-1901, made the important change of removing the Hanoverian Coat from the British Royal Coat of Arms, and ceasing to use the Hanoverian title, which passed to her uncle, the Duke of Cumberland—as she, being a woman, could not (by the Salic law) inherit the kingdom of Hanover.

On the 1st of January, 1877, the Queen took the title of Empress of India, newly created by Act of Parliament in 1876; and although the limitation to India of the title "Empress" was not specified in the Act itself, the government undertook officially that the title should be limited to India, and that the English monarch should never become "Empress" of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.*

MOTTO.—Although the following never appeared upon the Royal Coat of Arms as a *royal* motto, the Queen did place a motto upon her accession £5 gold coin that cannot be too warmly admired or too truly accepted as expressing her inmost thoughts, and as being the key-note of her long reign :—" *Domine dirige gressus meos* "—" Oh Lord, direct my steps"—was her youthful prayer as Queen, and was placed upon her first coinage.

EDWARD VII, son of Queen Victoria, 1901, made no change in the Royal Coat of Arms on his accession to the throne on the 22nd of January, 1901. He was strongly urged by the Welsh nobility and many of the most influential representatives of that part of his dominions, to add the Principality to the Royal Coat of Arms by removing the duplicate English lions from the fourth quarter of the shield, and substituting the badge of Wales—the red dragon—in its place; to which it was earnestly hoped that he might consent, as he had been Prince of Wales for nearly sixty years.

By this means the Royal Coat would in future have borne the arms of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

Such a change could, however, only be made on the advice of the Privy Council, and that august body did not advise that the change should be made. No reasons have

* See the Act itself, 1876, and the *Annual Register* for 1876, pp. 12-19, for the debates in Parliament for and against the creation of this new title.

been officially assigned for their negative decision; but it is not improbable that they felt the difficulty that might arise if Wales were added to the Royal Coat, because the Colonies, the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands might put forward their claims not to be left out.

It is not improbable also that having regard to past history, the Privy Council might remember that Scotland had been a kingdom almost time out of mind; and that it was only put upon the Royal Arms when James, of Scotland, became King of England. And that, before Ireland was placed on the Royal Shield, Henry VIII had accepted the title of "King" of Ireland in lieu of that of "Lord" of Ireland, which his ancestors had held for about 400 years—from the time of Henry II. But Wales had never, in fact, been a kingdom as a whole, but had always been divided into North Wales, South Wales, and Powys Land. Even Llewellyn, the great Welsh hero, and the King of the Bardic songs, had never called himself King of Wales, but only claimed to be "King of Snowdon and the parts adjoining," which were defined as being* Carnarvon, Anglesey and Merioneth.

The King, however, being the fountain of honour, can empower his subjects to wear Coats of Arms, and possess titles if they are not already possessed by other persons; and although he was not at liberty to create Wales into a quasi-"kingdom" by placing it upon the Royal Coat of Arms, he has conferred the distinguished honour upon the Principality which has been previously described (p. 81).

TITLES AND MOTTOES.

Edward VII has changed the Royal titles by altering their old enumeration into—"Of the United Kingdom of

* This question is very fully discussed in the ix chapter, pp. 68-83, of the *Picture of Wales during the Tudor period—Henry VII to Elizabeth*,—Howell, Liverpool; and Simpkin & Marshall, London.

Great Britain and Ireland *and of his British Dominions beyond the seas* King—Emperor of India.” The new portion of the title is the part given above in italics, and it was described in the Proclamation as including the colonies and other parts of the world that are beyond the seas surrounding the British Isles. He has not in any way changed the old mottoes, or added new ones.

HENRY IX—Grandson of James II. It is probable that very few Englishmen of the present day ever heard of Henry IX, King of England—whose personal vicissitudes resemble in romance much of the Stuart history generally. James II left a son James, known as the Pretender (see p. 92), who was proclaimed by Louis XIV, in Paris, as James III, King of England. He left two sons—Charles, better known in Scotland as “Bonnie Prince Charlie,” who made the unsuccessful “rising in ’45,” in the reign of George II, and Henry, a younger son, who was brought up as an ecclesiastic. The reigning Pope, Benedict XIV, took pity upon him after the death of Louis, who had previously assisted Henry with funds; for Henry was the grandson of a king of very ancient descent, who, furthermore had lost his crown in consequence of his attachment to the Romish faith. So the Pope made him a Cardinal, and also Bishop of Tuscany. James II had created him Duke of York, so that he had now an income and noble titles as duke, cardinal, and bishop.

But when Napoleon over-ran Italy, and overcame the Pope, he seized all the ecclesiastical revenues, and Henry was soon almost destitute even of the means of obtaining daily necessities. This was brought to the ears of George III through a trusted agent in Rome, who represented the cardinal’s deplorable condition; and the king, pitying the melancholy fate of him who might possibly, under other conditions, have been occupying his own seat

on the English throne, gave him, in 1800, an annuity of £4,000 a year from his own privy purse, and a home in London if he liked to accept it; and, as "Cardinal York," Henry was a welcome and honoured guest at the English court and in London society until his death in 1807.

He had never advanced any claim to the English throne like his father and his brother, but during his period of prosperity, previous to the advent of Napoleon, he had the desire to leave some record of his ancestry and hereditary rights, and he therefore had a very beautiful bronze medal coined in Rome in 1798, representing his profile and titles on the obverse—"Henry IX Dei Grat. Mag. Brit. Franc. et Hib. Rex—Dux Eborencis (York) Card. Epis. Tusc.;" and on the reverse an emblematic female figure of Rome weeping over his crown lying on the ground, and showing St. Peter's and a bridge across the Tiber in the background, surrounded by the singular inscription, "Not by the good wishes of men, but by the will of God" ("*non desideriiis Hominum, sed voluntate Dei*"). He could not help being the grandson of James II and his only surviving heir to the crown of England, for that was by the will of God; but by the good wishes of men (and also by the will of God) the throne was occupied by another King, and Rome was weeping over it.

With Henry's death the Stuart family came to an end—a dynasty so weak and yet so popular, and still retaining so unique a position in the sentiments of the British nation.

Thus have we endeavoured to show the rich fund of historical interest that is associated with "the changes in the Royal Arms," and to revivify by the spirit of the Kings and Queens—some of them long past, but still living in what are sometimes thought of as the simply worthless "dry bones" of technical heraldry.

THE FOREIGN RELATIONS OF CROMWELL WITH FRANCE AND SPAIN.

By ROLAND J. A. SHELLEY.

OF all the characters that have played their part on the stage of English history, it is surely not audacious to assert that few, if any, excite greater interest in these opening years of the twentieth century than does that of Oliver Cromwell—he who un-made a king, and yet could not, or dare not, accept the final honour of royalty himself.

In no slight degree has this interest been fostered by Mr. John Morley's scholarly biography of the Protector—a work at once analytical yet broad-minded; and, as far as possible, free from those irritating outbreaks of bias that mar the work of many a historian, and render its worth to the student of a future generation an almost negligible quantity.

Though, indeed, beyond the vaguest of outlines, there does not, it is to be feared, exist in our halcyon days of week-end literature much detailed knowledge of the events of our history, the salient features of the Protector's career are fairly well known. And strange it would be were it otherwise. The man who, of all others, had the largest share in severing for awhile the links of kingship, must surely attract the attention of the most superficial reader, however lightly the latter may care to glean for the less potent features of such a life of action.

It is my purpose to deal here with one momentous epoch of the stormy days in which Cromwell held sway. In what position did the Lord Protector find himself when

peace was made with the Dutch early in 1654? If his ambition had for a time been satisfied by his appointment as supreme magistrate of the Commonwealth, none the less was his strong spirit troubled by the varying power of the factions around him. Independent might hate Presbyterian, Royalist might hate both; but doubtless all were agreed in this, if in nothing else: that they viewed with violent dislike the government of him who had for divers reasons roused their resentment. And no one knew more surely than did Cromwell himself on how slender a foundation his power was built. The Royalists he could afford to treat with almost contemptuous indifference; but the other two great parties in the State, whom alike he had outwitted, consisted of men of desperate, nay, fanatical courage, whose machinations required all his energy and skill to combat. It does not seem strange, therefore, that he should have recourse to some scheme by which he could draw off public attention from the condition of home politics, by launching on what is now-a-days called a spirited foreign policy. It has recently been said that whatever our political views may be in time of peace, Englishmen should be of but one party when facing an enemy. And perhaps Cromwell, with intuitive discernment, was of a like opinion. It would be altogether an ungrounded statement to aver that he sought a war merely as a means to occupy men's minds from the intricate position of domestic affairs. But when we remember his stern determination to act, not only as Protector of the English Commonwealth, but also of the Protestant States on the Continent, surely this must have appeared to him the psychological moment to put his plans into force; the more so as he could count upon the religious, even more than upon the patriotic spirit of his countrymen to lend him every support.

A glance at the state of European affairs during the first half of the seventeenth century is here essential. That period was rendered famous, or, shall we say infamous, in the annals of modern history by the Thirty Years' War, which terminated in the Peace of Westphalia, 1648. The cause of strife was the injudicious acceptance by the Elector Palatine Frederick, son-in-law of our own James I, of the crown of Bohemia, offered to him by the insurgent Protestant States, in opposition to the Emperor Ferdinand, who had some two years previously been proclaimed and crowned King during the lifetime of his cousin Matthias. The importance of the Thirty Years' War to a great extent lies in the effect it had upon the balance of Continental power. At its commencement the House of Austria was the predominating force in Europe; for though not then to be compared with the transcendental supremacy it enjoyed at the abdication of Charles V in 1556, it was nevertheless of dominating influence. During those long years of combat, when the tide of success was now with the Imperial troops, led by such veterans as Wallenstein and Tilly, and now with the Protestant States, aided by the matchless skill and courage of the dauntless Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, France was destined to take an important part in the events that culminated in the Treaty of Westphalia.

The death of Henry IV had shortly been followed by the annihilation of all those benefits to his country that had been derived from his vigorous and economical administration. But with the advent of Richelieu a new state of affairs was reached. To curb the insolence of the great nobles, to render the royal authority paramount, and finally, to check the supremacy of the House of Austria: these were the aims of the subtlest statesman of his age; and when, in 1642, he passed to his grave, the first two of

his objects had been achieved; the last was yet to receive its finishing touches from another hand, that of the man to whom his power in the State descended, the wily Mazarin. With him, as with Richelieu, such assistance as was rendered to the insurgent Protestants was perforce the outcome, not of religious sympathy, but of the fixed resolve to harass and diminish the predominance of Austria, to the consequent advantage of France: in other words, to establish a balance of power. To quote an eminent historian: "The establishment of royal authority, the reduction of the Austrian family, were pursued with ardour and success; and every year brought an accession of force and grandeur to the French monarchy." When, in 1648, the Thirty Years' War came to an end, the prestige of the Germanic branch of the House of Austria had received a severe blow; and by the terms of the Treaty of Westphalia the Emperor "was deprived of that preponderance in Europe which his family, by its own weight, had hitherto maintained over France."

The war between Spain and France still continued however; and Mazarin's object was now to lower the pride of the Spanish branch of the house of Austria as effectively as he had the Germanic. Writers for the most part seem to agree in their estimate of the character of Cardinal Mazarin, the then Prime Minister of France, who had the principal management of affairs during the minority of Louis XIV. Though carrying on the same policy as his great predecessor, he was a man of entirely different parts; at once artful and vigilant, supple and patient, false and intriguing—as Hume quaintly puts it: "Placing his honour more in the final success of his measures than in the splendour and magnanimity of the means which he employed."

And, now, when France and Spain were in the throes

of their great struggle, both nations suddenly awoke to the fact that a new and powerful state had arisen, the friendship of which was all important to each of the contending crowns. To some extent they were on equal terms as regards their claim, if any, to the goodwill of the Lord Protector. During the Civil War each country had been so occupied with its own immediate affairs, that beyond some slight help given by Richelieu at the outset to the Scotch insurgents, neither had taken any active participation in the struggle between King and Parliament. The throne of Spain, for which the timorous James had so profound a respect, was not allied by marriage to that of England; and, indeed, its envoy, Don Alonzo de Cardenas, was the first public minister who recognized the authority of the new republic. But, on the other hand, it would appear that from the moment of his triumphant return from Worcester, Cromwell was courted by Mazarin, who afterwards sent over Bourdeaux as minister to propitiate him, and seek a treaty; despite the fact that English privateers were preying meanwhile on the commercial marine of France. The anxiety of both Spain and France can therefore be understood, when it was learnt that the Protector was, in 1654, fitting out two mighty fleets, the destination of which was a secret; and the ambassadors of neither nation could obtain any information from the English Council. The Spanish envoy, however, must have had serious qualms when Cromwell demanded from him freedom from the Inquisition, and free sailing in the West Indies as the price of his pronounced friendship; and the reply that the Indian trade and the Inquisition were his master's two eyes, and that the Protector insisted upon the putting out both of them at once, cannot but have had a strong effect upon that stern character, before whom the artful Mazarin cringed in many an undignified attitude.

Even Clarendon could not withhold his admiration for the might of the man whose name alone was able to save the persecuted Protestants of the Lucerne Valley from the vengeance of the Duke of Savoy. Though the wily Italian could obtain no compensating toleration for the Catholics in England in exchange, yet to assuage the wrath of Cromwell he compelled the Duke of Savoy "to renew all those privileges the Protestants of the Lucerne Valley had hitherto enjoyed;" and thereby doubtless drew towards him a certain amount of goodwill from the Protector.

It must indeed have been gall to Mazarin to find the style of the latest opponent he had to meet in the domain of statecraft. This plain, rugged soldier, he smoothly rejoiced to think, would be no match against his own unrivalled powers of dissimulation—just a certain amount of humouring, a certain amount of latitude, and the simple fanatic would be as clay in the hands of the potter. He was soon to be undeceived. To his amazement the Protector proved a master in the art of dissimulation, and of hiding his own projects. However much the Cardinal might concede, not a jot would Cromwell for his part abate from his own demands; and in the light of the dealings between these two powerful characters, we can smile at Mazarin's assertion in after years, that in truth he had no respect for Cromwell, whom really he looked upon as a fortunate madman. At all events, he might have added, there was method in such madness.

The year 1654 was now waning to its close: the fleets destined for some foreign enterprise were ready for sea; and yet mystery still reigned as to their respective destinations.

The first of these squadrons, consisting of thirty ships, under the renowned Blake,—a zealous republican, whose fame as a seaman rang through Europe by reason of his

feats against the Dutch—was sent into the Mediterranean; and to disarm the suspicion of the King of Spain, the Protector wrote him that its despatch implied no ill intent to any ally or friend “in the number of which we count your Majesty.” And in a certain sense this was true. Blake’s first action was to cast anchor before Leghorn, and obtain satisfaction from the Duke of Tuscany for some losses English commerce had formerly sustained from him. Then he sailed to Algiers, and compelled the Dey to make peace on humiliating terms, and to guarantee that he would refrain from acts of piracy on English subjects. When, however, he made a similar demand of the Dey of Tunis, that potentate, relying upon the strength of his castles of Porto Farino and Goletta, bade him defiance. At once the English admiral opened fire upon the town; soon reduced the batteries to silence, and destroyed all the shipping within the harbour, sustaining but slight loss himself. As Clarendon says: “This was indeed an action of the highest conduct and courage, and made the name of the English very terrible and formidable in those seas.”

In the meantime the second squadron had left England. It was commanded by Penn, who had served with distinction in the Dutch war, and carried some 4,000 soldiers, with Venables at their head. Both these men, it has been stated, were at heart sympathisers with the Royal cause. Be that as it may, their joint commission ended disastrously. The instructions they received were to proceed direct to the Barbadoes, and there open their commissions. On their arrival they were to take fresh troops on board; and they found to their sorrow that the 5,000 men who joined them consisted of the scum of the army. Thus, with over 9,000 troops, they set sail for Hispaniola, determining, in accordance with instructions,

to attack St. Domingo, the only place of strength in the island. But misfortune attended them. The two commanders differed as to the plan of action; and when Venables landed at some distance from the town, the broiling heat, added to their ignorance of the country, delayed their advance, and so enabled the Spaniards to prepare for defence. The invaders were ambuscaded, and lost heavily; and, after suffering much hardship from the climate, they re-embarked and put to sea once again. Their expedition was not altogether fruitless, however, for they captured Jamaica without a shot being fired; and although at home this was considered a poor offset to the disgrace sustained, yet Cromwell with sage foresight gave orders that the island should be held at all costs, and sent reinforcements to that end. The Protector's resentment against Penn and Venables for their lack of success was violent; and on their arrival back in England he committed them to the Tower, and never again entrusted them with his confidence.

As might be expected, the King of Spain was indignant at this unwarranted assault on his Indian possessions, and at once declared war against England. Having regard to Cromwell's assurance as to the friendliness of his intentions, Philip undoubtedly had a just grievance; and yet, as Mr. Morley points out: "From the Elizabethan times, conflict on the high seas had ranked as general reprisal, and did not constitute a state of war. . . . The status of possessions over sea was still unfixed, but Cromwell, however, had no right to be surprised when Philip chose to regard this aggression as justifying a declaration of war in Europe." We should certainly have been amazed had he acted otherwise. And, further, the King of Spain now began to warmly espouse the cause of the exiled Charles; and early in 1656 bound himself to definite measures for

the transport of a Royalist force from Flanders to aid in an English restoration.

Cromwell, for his part, was no less decisive. He completed a treaty with France, and sent as his ambassador, Lockhart, a man of great address, who soon won the esteem of the Cardinal. Roughly speaking, the terms of the agreement between France and England were these. That Cromwell should send over to France an army of 6,000 men, to be commanded by their own general, who was to receive orders only from Marshal Turenne; and that when Dunkirk and Mardike were taken they were to be put into the Protector's hands.

Louis XIV himself reviewed the English veterans on their landing on French soil; and one may imagine the interest with which he gazed on those tried soldiers, by whose aid his own royal kinsman had been brought to the block. They were soon to gain the respect of friend and foe alike. Although it was none of the intention of the French commander that his new recruits should forthwith be employed to reduce Dunkirk, Lockhart had other views; and promptly charged the Cardinal with breach of faith. Nay, he did not hesitate to use veiled threats, with the result that Mardike was soon invested and taken, being delivered into the English General Reynolds' hands, the soldierly qualities of whose men had been noted with admiration by their allies. And following upon this, the French agreed to attack Dunkirk the next year.

In the meantime the conduct of the mighty Blake was still more glorious to his country's fame. The Protector had informed him, when he set out from England for the Mediterranean, that after dealing with the business there he was to open a second commission, which doubtless had reference to a junction with Penn; but that admiral's inglorious return home must have rendered futile such

scheme as Cromwell had devised to the detriment of the Spanish King. Now, however, further ships were sent him, under the command of Montague, who, a few years later, was to have an important share in bringing about the Restoration. Upon the latter's arrival, the English squadron lay for some time off Cadiz, hoping to intercept the Plate fleet; but after waiting in vain for a few months, it was compelled, owing to scarcity of water, to set sail for a Portuguese harbour. A few ships, however, were left to watch for the Spaniards, who, in due course, were sighted and pursued. Some of their fleet managed to escape into Gibraltar; but two galleons, with great booty, were captured, and another two burnt, in one of which the homecoming Viceroy of Mexico lost his life. On arrival of the treasure at Portsmouth, Cromwell, to impress the people with its magnitude, ordered the bullion to be conveyed by cart to London; and very acceptable it must have proved to his diminished coffers.

Blake still rode out the winter storms off Cadiz, with the intention of waylaying the Peru fleet, which, he gathered from prisoners, would prove to possess far greater value than his first capture. But he wisely foresaw that advice would reach it of his purpose; and so he made for the Canaries to intercept it as soon as possible. On reaching there, he found his suspicions verified. Sixteen stout ships lay within the harbour of Santa Cruz, and these were covered by the guns of the castle; whilst six or seven small forts had been raised in various positions of advantage.

The English admiral at once saw it would be impossible to capture the galleons; but no danger could daunt his intrepid spirit, and so he determined to burn them. With a favouring wind he sailed in, and engaged ships, castle, and forts alike. Despite the sturdy resistance of

the Spaniards, his aim was achieved ; and after a four hours' conflict the galleons were all burnt. But now the danger to which the attacking fleet was exposed became apparent. They had yet to make good their retreat, and were still exposed to the cannon from shore. Fortune, however, smiled upon them. The wind, providentially it would appear, veered round and carried them safely out of the bay without the loss of a single ship ; and although no treasure had been carried off, the renown of this mighty feat filled Europe, and increased the fame of England.

But the gallant Blake was to gain no more victories over his foes. Whilst the fleet was returning to his native shores he breathed his last ; and with him passed away one who had perhaps done more to drive terror into Spanish hearts than any man since the days of the fearless Drake. A stern Republican, he was above all a patriot. "It is still our duty," he said to the seamen, "to fight for our country, into what hands soever the Government may fall." Cromwell gave him a pompous funeral, but as a writer has aptly said : "The tears of his countrymen were the most honourable panegyric to his memory."

Early in 1658, pursuant to their promise, which Cromwell strictly enforced, the French began to make preparations for the investment of Dunkirk. The Spanish Governor, the Marquis de Leyde, received timely warning, and speedily despatched messengers to Brussels to crave reinforcements from Don John, the commander-in-chief ; but with no avail. He accordingly went thither himself, and assured the generalissimo that he had certain advice that Marshal Turenne was ready to march on Dunkirk ; and that unless the place were supplied with men, ammunition and stores, it would not be possible to hold it. All the satisfaction he could get, however, was an assurance that the French meant to attack Cambrai, and so he need

have no misapprehension from them; but if he *was* assailed, well, he would be relieved before any danger overtook him. And with this he had to be content, and returned to Dunkirk. He had not been there beyond three or four days when the French appeared before the place. They promptly invested it, and so prevented any forces being thrown into the town. All too late, Don John then hurried to the assistance of his countrymen, but found the French ranged before Dunkirk in a strong position. The famous Condé, who was serving with the Spaniards, and who, years before, had fought in the same campaigns with Turenne, was not slow to recognise the designs of his whilom comrade-in-arms. He told Don John that if he gave battle at once to the French, they would not only continue the siege, but would also fight with the advantage of ground; whereas, if the Spaniards would manœuvre for position, their foes would be compelled to accept battle under more equal conditions. His words, however, fell on deaf ears, and he was too good a soldier not to obey orders; though he arranged his own troops in such a position that, when the day had ended in complete victory for the allies, Condé could at least satisfy himself with the consolation that it was no fault of his. Surely of all battles that were fought in modern warfare, this was one of the most incongruous; for not only was a great French Prince fighting against the land of his birth, but, whilst the Protectorate troops under Lockhart had utterly routed the Spanish infantry—once the finest in Europe—on the other hand, the exiled Charles's two brothers—the Dukes of York and Gloucester—charged several times with the Spanish cavalry on the English ranks. The relieving forces thus being put to flight, the garrison were reduced to sore straits; and after the gallant governor had made a heroic but futile sortie, in which he lost his life, the town

capitulated upon favorable terms. Louis XIV by this time had arrived at the camp, accompanied by Mazarin, and himself took possession of the town, it being a favorite practice of this versatile monarch to keep out of the way when his forces were engaged in any dangerous enterprise; but as soon as success was in sight, to appear on the scene, and claim all the credit to himself that rightly belonged to Turenne or other of his great generals. In accordance with the terms of the treaty, Dunkirk was handed over to the English; and Lockhart was appointed its governor by Cromwell, who, in high good-humour, sent over his son-in-law, Lord Falconbridge, as ambassador to Louis. The French Court received Falconbridge with the highest honours; and Mazarin's nephew, Mancini, accompanied by the Duke of Crequi, was despatched to London on a mission, one object of which was to assure the Protector how greatly the Cardinal regretted that pressure of State affairs would not permit him to pay his respects in person to the greatest man in the world. That was towards the end of June, or early in July, 1658; on the third of September following—the anniversary of his crowning victories of Dunbar and Worcester—Cromwell's career on earth reached its close; and with the return of Charles to the throne of his fathers, Englishmen were to have an opportunity of contrasting the foreign policy of Protector and King—and not to the advantage of the latter.

The salient features of Cromwell's foreign relations with France and Spain I have endeavoured to place before you as clearly as I can. And now to consider whether those relations were conducive to the highest and best interests of England.

What must first excite our surprise and admiration is to note that, notwithstanding the internal dissensions by which this country had been torn for over ten years, its

navy was in such a high state of efficiency when Cromwell assumed the reins of office ; a proof, if one were needed, of the paramount importance to England of being supreme at sea during all time.

Himself a soldier alone, and not—as Blake, and Monk, to mention no others—a leader in either service, Cromwell showed no lack of statesmanship in recognising where the true strength of the nation lay ; witness his proud vaunt that the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome were the Pope to insist on the persecution of the Protestants in northern Italy. When, therefore, this champion of the reformed faith, whose foreign policy was more influenced by religious conviction than by stress of opportunism, had to choose between two Catholic states, he was necessarily placed in a delicate position. But as we have seen, Spain would not concede anything to his demands for toleration ; whilst France, although ruled by a son of the Church, did undoubtedly make concessions of no mean order. To a man of the Protector's spirit, the might of this crown or that caused no fear ; and when one of his preachers bade him “go and prosper, as he would break the pride of the Spaniard, crush anti-Christ, and make way for the purity of the gospel over the whole world,” he doubtless decided on his course of action, although hiding it with the dissimulation even Mazarin could not equal.

But if we agree that under the circumstances he had no option but to ally himself with France on account of his religious prejudices, we have yet to consider was that act a wise one for English interests as a European power ? Spain was gradually being bereft of all her former glory ; and France bid fair to replace her as the leading state on the continent. Historians have argued that, had Cromwell understood the real interest of his country, “he would

have supported the declining condition of Spain against the dangerous ambition of France, and preserved that balance of power on which the greatness and security of England so depended." This is certainly a feasible argument; yet we must remember that the Protector's death so soon after his treaty with France put an end to what may have been a deep laid scheme. Will any one assert that, had Cromwell been spared another ten years, the government of Louis XIV would have dared to make this country its catspaw?

Is it not rather possible that once Spain was humiliated, the ever growing power of France would have become apparent to the Protector; that quarrels would soon arise between him and his late ally; that war would follow, in which Protestant Sweden would join with the English; and that France would never have gained the supremacy which the genius of Marlborough was to wrest from her in the years to come? These suggestions are, of course, speculative, and will, I trust, give an opportunity for discussion by members, whose knowledge of that soul-stirring epoch is far more comprehensive than my own. But, however we may or may not agree on the point, of this I rest assured; that all here to-night will look back with pride on the days when the name of Englishman was more respected in Europe than it has ever since been; and will ascribe that respect to the lofty aims of him who guided the foreign destinies of our country to such glorious issues.





ITALY

c. 600 A.D.

showing Lombard Dominion

Imperial territories shown
by the dotted lines.

Duchy of
Trient

Duchy of
Friuli

Pavia

Cremona

Mantua

Piacenza

Exarchate of
Ravenna

Ravenna

Pentapolis

Todina

Perugia

Duchy of
Spoleto

Rome

Terracina

R. Garigliano

Duchy of
Naples

Siphontium

Duchy of
Benevento

Apulia

Bruttii

Sicily

Sardinia

Corsica

Liguria

Apulia

Adige

Adige

Adige

HOW THE BISHOPS OF ROME BECAME TEMPORAL PRINCES.

BY JAMES BIRCHALL.

THE course of events which brought the States of the Church upon the historic map of Europe, and transformed the bishops of Rome into temporal princes, forms one of the most remarkable chapters in modern history. These events run through the greatest portion of the eighth century. Our knowledge of them is mainly derived from Papal sources; but there are Greek as well as Frank chronicles; while the Lombards, who took so large a share in the transactions, have left no records on their side.

The modern writers who have been my guides, are—Gibbon, always essential and ever fresh; Milman and Hallam; Essays, by Freeman and M. Henri Hubert, in the *English Historical Review*, and the *Revue Historique*; and lastly, Dr. Hodgkin's *History of Italy and Her Invaders*, a valuable and scholarly work, recently completed in eight volumes, and embodying labours and researches extending over a quarter of a century.

The union of temporal and spiritual sovereignty in one and the same personage was familiar to the Roman mind. Cæsar was Pontifex Maximus as well as Imperator, head of the state, and the High Priest of its religion; and when Christianity became the recognised faith of the empire, he abdicated none of his prerogatives. All ecclesiastical regulations, even to the determination of doctrine, the prescription of creeds, and the settlement of

religious controversies, required his sanction and authority to give them legal force—spiritual administration alone being reserved to a consecrated caste, which regarded all secular rank as beneath that of its meanest deacon. The assumption, therefore, of temporal with spiritual power by the bishop of Rome, when he became the virtual master of the city deserted by the Cæsars, was not without precedent, while it found a parallel in the Kaliphate of of the Mohammedan empire. This temporal power was forced upon the Roman pontiff by the stern necessity of events.

When the Church was as yet unrecognised by the State—except as a society to be persecuted or treated with contemptuous toleration—the bishop of Rome could have no official or acknowledged position in the imperial city. But after its recognition he at once attained accredited and exalted rank. As the first Christian in the first city in the empire, he stood at the head of the emperor's religion; and as long as his imperial master resided in Rome, his influence exceeded that of any of his episcopal colleagues. An appeal to the emperor was virtually an appeal to him in ecclesiastical affairs; and he took his place by imperial sanction at the head of synods and councils. The removal of the seat of government to Constantinople, indeed, threatened to depose the Roman pontiff from this lofty position; and for a century it remained doubtful whether the patriarch of New Rome would not supersede the patriarch of Old Rome in the seat of ecclesiastical supremacy. But the occupant of the Apostolic See could boast of a title which no other bishop could claim, and the successor of St. Peter remained invulnerable in the dignity assigned to him by the Christian world.

This dignity assumed its temporal character when the

Goths overthrew imperial dominion in Italy. Neither the western emperors nor the new Gothic kings held their courts in the eternal city, and the bishop necessarily became the most conspicuous personage within it— unquestionably the greatest citizen therein, and the sole possessor of permanent power. He was clothed with all the attributes of supreme authority—a sacred and indefeasible title; mysterious powers, unlimited and undefined; the reverence of the people; and enormous wealth, which the boldest trembled to touch: while he had at command a host of ecclesiastics obedient to his call and devoted to his interests. And although he again fell beneath imperial yoke—with the restoration of Italy to the empire—the fresh dangers which gathered in the province, and the remoteness of the central authority, enhanced his position by thrusting upon him the burdens and responsibilities of the civil ruler, and compelling him to take prompt and independent action for the protection of his people. So acted Leo the Great (452), when Attila and his terrible Huns threatened to make havoc of Rome, as Alaric, the Goth, had done forty years before. With no display of power, except that which was manifest in his indomitable resolution, his loftiness of soul, and the exaltation of his office, Leo repaired to the barbaric camp on the banks of the Mincio, and subdued the fierce temper of the savage—a striking example of the pre-eminence of commanding intellect over mere brute force which has few parallels in history.

So, again, when the Lombards swooped down from the Alps and harried the rich and fertile plains of northern Italy, another pope, Gregory the Great, was the only functionary able to check their aggressions and secure peace. The imperial deputy, the Exarch of Ravenna, was wholly incapable of repelling the invasion, and his city

was saved by its lagoons, as Venice was by its islands. Rome, less defended by nature, escaped through the personal influence of its bishop, and the respect which the Lombards showed for his person and office. Not, however, without the payment of heavy ransoms, provided almost exclusively by the papal treasury. For even the imperial troops depended upon this fund for their pay; and it became inevitable that Gregory must either assume the government of the city, or leave it and the people to anarchy. The citizens, in short, looked to the bishop for everything; and the Lombard king disdained to acknowledge any other authority. Pope and Lombard were thus the only real powers in the centre and north of Italy: and the imperial viceroy at Ravenna, generally the minion of the Byzantine court, and always an alien in the eyes of the Italians, was of no account in the general course of affairs.

Religious dissension, which ultimately severed the Eastern and Western churches and estranged Italy, still further developed this commanding position of the Roman pontiff. Taking up the Monothelite controversy, the emperor Heraclius (639-648), issued edicts which aroused the hostility of the Roman church, and produced serious riots in the Italian cities, in one of which the imperial viceroy owed his life to the intervention of the Pope. A fiercer quarrel then burst forth, concerning the worship of images. In this conflict, it again happened that another occupant of the pontifical chair was singularly qualified to meet the difficulties which confronted him. This was Gregory the Second. Successive popes, during the thirty years preceding his election, had been pliant Orientals, Greeks, and Syrians; but Gregory was a Roman by birth and in tenacity of purpose – a zealous defender of the traditions of the church, with whom orthodoxy was of

higher concern than political allegiance. When Leo the Isaurian issued the first of his famous edicts, ordering the removal of all images from the churches (725), Gregory stoutly resisted it, and cautioned all his clergy against its observance. It was about this time that the successors of St. Peter so largely extended their spiritual dominion over the new nations and kingdoms in the west of Europe, and especially over the Franks and Saxons, through the missionary labours of Boniface, the Apostle of Germany. The Iconoclastic controversy, therefore, was prosecuted by two not unequal combatants; while there were in the East several redoubtable champions of orthodoxy, who strongly denounced what they regarded as a new heresy. It was, however, only in Italy that the conflict became involved with other issues not of a religious character.

The principal of these arose out of the imposition of a census, or capitation tax on land, coincident with the proclamation of the edict. The necessity for keeping the Saracens at bay, and warding them off his Asiatic frontiers, had imposed heavy burdens upon the emperor, who considered it not unreasonable to demand support from Italy, and particularly from the Church, the largest landowner in it. Gregory resented this encroachment upon St. Peter's patrimonies, and ordered his rectors throughout Italy and Sicily not to submit to it. His example stimulated vigorous resistance in Venetia and the Pentapolis; and the Exarch, Paul, who had been specially sent out to enforce the tax, met with his death in the tumults which broke out. It is difficult to determine, in the absence of trustworthy documents (which is unfortunately the case for this period) what share, active or passive, the pope took in these disturbances. That Gregory was suspected is clear, for the Exarch had been ordered to arrest him, and send him captive to Con-

stantinople, where deposition and banishment—the fate of one of his predecessors, Martin I—probably awaited him. This project, however, failed; but an imperial commissioner, with the title of Duke of Rome, was sent to take over the government of the city and counteract his influence. No act of positive disloyalty can be proved against this intrepid but wary pontiff, whose object in resisting the tax seems to have been to force the emperor to withdraw the obnoxious edict against images. When some of the more ardent Italian spirits proposed to set up in Constantinople an orthodox emperor, and dethrone the heretical Isaurian, Gregory checked the movement, and counselled moderation. As for separation from the empire, and declaring the independence of Italy, no one appears to have entertained such a notion so long as dread of the hated Lombards overpowered every other sentiment in the national mind. On the other hand, the claims to universal spiritual supremacy, which all pontiffs even then never failed to assert, began to awaken a desire for territorial sovereignty, and the higher ecclesiastics around the papal chair seem to have nurtured some scheme of autonomy in the city, of which their chief should be the head. The great obstacle in the way of such a bold political move was undoubtedly the presence of the Lombards who coveted Rome themselves as the centre of their future dominion within the three seas.

Ever since the time of Gregory the Great, who had converted them from Arian to Catholic Christianity, this race, in spite of the general execration in which they were held, had been on friendly terms with the popes, whose cause in the Iconoclastic quarrel they steadily supported. This did not deter them from extending their inroads upon the unsubdued districts of Italy, without regard even to the patrimonies of the Church; although,

now and then, they made amends for their sacrilege by donations to St. Peter. So long as Gregory the Second occupied the pontifical chair, this good feeling continued, because he adopted the policy of his great namesake in dealing with the Lombards. His successor, the third Gregory, of Syrian origin, was less conciliatory. He regarded the Lombards as dangerous to Church and Empire alike; and, in order to break up their power, the refractory dukes of Spoleum and Beneventum were encouraged in their attempts to throw off the authority of the Lombard king.

The Iconoclastic quarrel, meanwhile, increased in bitterness. A Silentium, or great council, at Constantinople, had confirmed the odious decrees, to which another assembly at Rome replied by condemning its rival's proceedings. Gregory gave force to this decision by the issue of a general sentence of excommunication against the breakers of images. This sentence obviously included the imperial Iconoclast himself, who retaliated by increasing the tax which had been imposed, and by the confiscation of St. Peter's extensive patrimonies in Sicily, Calabria, and Naples, where imperial authority was undisputed. Leo further prohibited all communications between the Roman see and the churches in Illyricum within its eastern diocese; absolving them from spiritual allegiance, and intercepting the transmission of their dues to Rome. Shorn in revenue, and shut off from the empire, the pope now lay at the mercy of Liutprand, who, angered by Gregory's intrigues with his rebellious dukes, prepared to assault Rome, and establish himself therein as the sovereign lord of the whole peninsula. In this extremity Gregory appealed to the Franks for aid.

This conquering race was then under the virtual kingship of Karl the Hammer, Duke of Austrasia, and

mayor of the palace to the imbecile Merovingian kings. The power thus invoked was quite equal to that of the Empire, and two centuries before had pressed itself with cruel devastation on the northern plains of Italy. During this interval the Franks had been converted by the missionaries of Gregory the Great, and had now grown to be ardent and devoted Catholics, mainly through the zealous labours of Boniface and his English and Scottish companions. Karl the Hammer had only recently repelled the great Mohammedan invasion of Gaul by his memorable victory at Tours, and he stood before the world as the redoubtable champion of the Cross in the west. But, although Gregory appealed to him, so as to suggest the transfer of imperial authority in Rome to the Franks—the great duke declined to interfere, on the grounds that the Lombard king was his personal friend and relative, and had, moreover, rendered him valuable assistance in his battle with the Moslem.

The pope proposed that Karl should accept the office of Roman Consul, and thus become the rightful protector of the duchy and bishopric of Rome, and of the tomb of St. Peter. The nature of this dignity has been the subject of considerable discussion, seeing that the ancient consulate had at that time long ceased to exist. Some maintain that Gregory's offer referred to the old republican consulate or chief magistracy of Rome, which had become merged with the imperial dignity. If such was the papal intention, Gregory's act was treasonable, since it meant the withdrawal of his allegiance from the emperor. There was, however, another and ordinary kind of consulship conferred by the emperor as a mark of honour and office, which raised the recipient to the highest rank of Roman nobility. Hlodowig, first king of the Franks, had been so ennobled, and at this very time the title was borne by

the dukes or other local magistrates in Rome, Ravenna and Naples. We can hardly imagine that Gregory did not suggest the higher and imperial consulate, and this is what the Frank chroniclers say he did. But it must be noted that, in his letters to Karl, Gregory designates the dignity by the title of *Subregulus*, and refrains from the use of any words which formally and distinctly point to any intention on his part to secede from the Empire. There did exist a strong separatist party in Rome, and it is not inconceivable that the papal ambassadors, being in the confidence of the pope, were privately instructed to offer, orally, proposals which it would have been injudicious to commit to writing. Such a device had been adopted, probably sanctioned, in Gregory's negotiations with the Lombard king, during the crisis of the Iconoclastic struggle. It is, however, plain that in these proceedings the pope was drifting into independence, and that he was acting solely as the representative of the Roman duchy, without making any open pretensions to sovereignty. All his political actions show this. He concludes a defensive treaty, as against Liutprand, with the semi-independent dukes of Spoletum and Beneventum; he strengthens his military communications with the Exarchate by the purchase of fortresses; whatsoever towns he recovers from the Lombards, or defends against them, are for St. Peter, and are administered by his functionaries; the troops he maintains are the army of the Holy Republic, the *Sancta Respublica*, and not the army of the emperor—the interests and properties of the Church and the State are commingled one with the other, and the old title of the Empire, *Respublica Romana*, is transformed into the new titles of *Sancta Respublica*, and *Sancta Dei ecclesiæ Respublica*, the Holy Republic of the Church of God. Considering all this, there can be no doubt that the

consulship of Karl was intended to carry with it some shadow of the old republican dignity, which would invest him with direct authority over Rome and her bishops to the prejudice of the emperor. Karl's refusal left the pope and the Romans to settle their relations with the emperor and the Lombard king as they best could, and no overt attempt to throw off the yoke of Constantinople was repeated until the popes set up an empire of their own—the Holy Roman Empire—whose first potentate was Karl the Great, the grandson of Karl the Hammer.

In the year 741 three of the four chief actors in these memorable transactions died, namely: Pope Gregory, Karl the Hammer, and the Emperor Leo. Three years later they were followed by the fourth Liutprand king of the Lombards. The new pope, Zachary, and the new emperor, Constantine Copronymus, were disposed to calm down the Iconoclastic agitation, and modify the policy of their predecessors; while for a few years the Lombards remained comparatively quiet. Then arose a Lombard king, Aistulf, by name, who made himself more dangerous than any before him. Warlike and ambitious, he resolved to realise Liutprand's dream of a Lombard kingdom of Italy centred in Rome. He subjected the turbulent dukes of Spoletum and Beneventum; seized Ravenna and the Exarch, and put an end to his office; and next prepared to crown these achievements with the capture of the city of the Cæsars (751). At this juncture, Pope Zachary died, and Stephen the Second, one of the ablest statesmen of his time, rose to the vacant see (March, 752).

The new pontiff found himself in a position entirely unique. With the disappearance of the Exarchate and its viceroy, he became the sole high functionary left in the province who could fitly represent the emperor. But

Stephen had views of his own, and if the alleged Donation of Constantine was drawn out at this time (as there is every probability that it was), we have, therein, abundant proof that nothing less than the establishment of their lordship over the Exarchate and Pentapolis, and every fragment of Imperial territory still left in Italy, would satisfy the successors of St. Peter, and the ecclesiastical hierarchy which looked up to them as their only lords. These high aspirations, however, still lacked bodily form or maturity of design; and the pope still considered himself the subject of the emperor, and posed as his representative. But that emperor now required all his resources for the defence of his dominions at home against the Saracens; he virtually abdicated his authority in Italy, and left the pope to breast the storm himself.

From this critical moment the long contention between pope and emperor about images ceases to have any further concern in the question under our consideration. But let it be remembered that it has completely alienated the western province from the Byzantine emperors. For the next twenty years the contest for mastership in Italy lies between Pope and Lombard, and it is the exposure of St. Peter's patrimonies to Lombard rapacity which really compels, and, in fact, justifies the pontiff in calling in the Franks to protect his rights—the "*Justitiæ beati Petri.*" Stephen thought to put aside his difficulties by the purchase of a truce for forty years. Aistulf accepted the ransom, and broke his word in four months. At this point, the laggard emperor intervened, but not with an army. An imperial emissary, John the Silentiary,* arrived in Rome (June, 752), commissioned to demand the restitution of Ravenna and other Lombard conquests,

* An honorary title conferring the rank of senator without the duties.

and charged with orders to the Pope to support his action. Aistulf paid no heed to the demand, and the Silentiary returned to Constantinople (December), accompanied by papal delegates instructed to press upon the emperor the necessity of immediately despatching an army if Rome and Italy were to be rescued from "the sons of iniquity." But Constantine was still absorbed in the defence of his frontiers, and no army came, nor any reply to the papal message. Then Stephen, abandoning all hope of succour from the East, secretly appealed to Pippin, king of the Franks, who, being indebted to Pope Zachary for his coronation and royal dignity, was presumed to be willing to render the Church a service in return.

This appeal was made in March, 753, and it was coupled with a request that Stephen should be invited to visit the king. Many confidential communications passed between the two during the summer, with the result that, in September, certain Frankish lords appeared in Rome with instructions to escort the pope to their master. In the same month the Silentiary reappeared in Rome, and he and the pontiff, jointly commissioned, proceeded to Pavia, the Lombard capital, and repeated the former demands. They met with no better success (October), and Stephen then continued his journey with the Frankish lords, leaving the Silentiary at Pavia. On the Feast of the Epiphany (754), Pippin and his family met the pontiff at the villa of Ponthieu, in Champagne, and there made those promises and mutual exchanges which, in the months of March and April next ensuing, were proclaimed and ratified before the Frankish lords in council assembled at Braisne and Quierzy, near Soissons. A formal deed called *Donatio* was then drawn up, in which Pippin promised the pope "*justitiam beati Petri exigere*," and the restoration of

“cities and places,” without specifying any, or mentioning either the Exarchatê or the Pentapolis.*

The pope now crowned and consecrated Pippin a second time, and during the ceremony bestowed upon him the title of *Patrician of the Romans*. This new dignity differed from that of *Consul* offered to Karl the Hammer, in that it involved no change of fealty on the part of the pope, and simply made the king of the Franks the representative of the emperor in Italy. But Stephen combined with the title the words, “*defensor ecclesiæ*,” which show that he had in his mind, not so much the protection of the empire, as the protection of the people, the church and the bishop of Rome—the new “*Respublica Romana*,” the “*Sancta Dei ecclesiæ Respublica*.” This is confirmed by the events which presently followed. For Pippin did not long delay the translation of his words into actions. In two years after the council of Quierzy, he had wrested from Aistulf all his conquests, and placed the pope in sovereign possession of the greater part of the Exarchate and the Pentapolis, as the head of the Holy Republic of the Church of God.

We are without any direct evidence of what was thought of these momentous transactions in the Byzantine court. But when their significance became manifest to the emperor, he protested against the subversion of his authority, and demanded the restitution of his lands and cities. All the answer he got from the new Patrician was, that they had been bestowed upon St. Peter and the Holy Church, and could not be alienated therefrom. For a while nothing appeared to be changed by this transfer of territorial jurisdiction to the pope. The authority of the

* The list of cities is only to be found in the *Liber Pontificalis*, recently edited by the Abbé Duchesne. The document known as Pippin's *Donation* has disappeared.

emperor was not formally thrown off, and his sovereignty continued to be acknowledged in various empty forms; official documents still ran in his name, and were dated by the years of his reign. Following its traditional policy, the Byzantine government tacitly accepted the Frank Patrician, and maintained friendly relations with him, in the hope that some day he might restore the lost dominion to its former sovereign.

Pippin's notions of his new dignity were probably vague. He never exercised any authority by it in Italy, and never used the title in his public acts. Nor was any change apparent in the pope's position beyond what was manifest by the formal submission of the cities surrendered to his commissioner, and the solemn placing of the keys of their gates, together with a copy of Pippin's *Donation*, on the tomb of St. Peter. The pontiff bore no title indicative of his temporal sovereignty, and in the eyes of his people he continued to be as hitherto, their intercessor, the defender of their faith, and their protector against the Lombards, whom Pippin had left defeated but not subdued. The Holy See, in short, had been gradually acquiring rights of its own (*"Justitæ beati Petri"*) by the services which the pontiffs had rendered to the Italians since the days of Leo and Gregory; every phase in the history of the See had been marked by an extension of its authority into the civil domain in Central Italy, and Pippin's donation of territorial rule simply denoted another stage in the long conflict for emancipation from heretical emperors and the hateful lordship of Lombards. More than forty troublous years were yet to pass before the final goal would be reached, and Lombard and Byzantine domination extinguished for ever in Italy.

One remarkable change must be fixed in our minds before we proceed further. The *"Respublica Romana"*

now ceased to represent the Empire, and in the new expression, *Holy Republic of the Church of God*, we see a foreshadowing of the new empire that was to be, the mysterious Holy Roman Empire of the Middle Ages, in which pope and emperor claimed to be the joint lords of the Christian world in the west.

The Duchy of Rome finds no place in Pippin's *Donation*, because the great extent of St. Peter's patrimonies therein virtually made the pope its master. This duchy arose through the feebleness of a remote central government and the decomposition of the Italian province during the Lombard wars. It was ostensibly ruled by an imperial officer, originally appointed by the emperor, and afterwards elected by the bishop and the citizens. But the duke soon fell into a subordinate position, and became little else than deputy governor in the absence of the pope, since the latter, through his cabinet of secretaries, treasurers, notaries, and other officials of the Roman chancery, exercised most of the civil and judicial powers in the affairs of the duchy.

Two adversaries, the emperor and the Roman aristocracy, stood constantly in the presence of this papal authority within the duchy.

In order to understand the action of the first of these forces hostile to the aggrandisement of the papacy, we must return to the year 753, when Stephen summoned the Franks to his aid. In that year a council was held in Constantinople, and a fresh Iconoclastic crusade was threatened. The members of this council displayed the most abject servility to the emperor (Constantine Copronymus), bending to his absolute authority in spiritual concerns, flattering him in fulsome and almost blasphemous language, and urging him to act with rigour against the worshippers of images. At that moment,

when the Lombards were in possession of Ravenna, the Exarch a captive in their hands, and the seizure of Rome imminent, it would have been dangerous to revive religious rancour, and bring about a renewal of the earlier revolts. The imperial government accordingly resigned itself to the situation ; treated the Pope with respect, and tolerated his alleged idolatry. But Stephen could not banish his fears. The spectacle of the bishops and dignitaries of the Eastern Church in solemn council assembled, slavishly yielding to the secular power in matters spiritual, was abhorrent to the successor of St. Peter, and the day might come when he and the Roman Church would in like manner be humbled. For this reason alone, without regard to others equally as weighty, Stephen determined upon an alliance with the orthodox Franks, who would shield him from his Iconoclastic masters, as well as from the Lombards. In this light the alliance with Pippin was a defensive one, and the treaty actually concluded with a promise on the king's part, to safeguard the Pope against all who should attempt to disturb him in the enjoyment of his Donation. The imperial government saw when it was too late the mistake which had been committed, and efforts were made to rectify it. A political party was formed with the object of urging concessions to the orthodox, and in the general council of Nicæa, held thirty years afterwards (787), images were ordered to be restored. But Karl the Great had then come upon the scene, and the rupture with the empire was past healing.

In the Roman aristocracy the Pope was exposed to more troublesome, because they were more active foes. There still existed in Rome, as in other Italian cities, some relics of the old municipal government, in which the nobility filled the highest military, civil, and ecclesiastical offices, and directed the administration of the city with the

prefect at their head. The senate met only in times of emergency, or for the discussion of important affairs before their submission to the general assembly of the citizens. Over all these, as already intimated, the papal cabinet, consisting of the great administrators of the church lands, held a preponderating influence. The nobility constantly resented this, and they watched with jealousy the ever increasing assumptions of civil power by the pontiff, although they were helpless without him. They were a turbulent class; arrogantly boasting of their descent from the old patricians, whereas they were a mixed race of foreign and native blood; and broken up into factions, papal and anti-papal, Lombard, Imperial, and Frank. Plots and conspiracies, even against the life of the Pope, were not uncommon, and fierce revolts broke out at papal elections. At one of these, that of Stephen III (768), the new Pope was raised to the chair by the aid of the Lombards, under some promise or expectation that the city would be surrendered to them in return. But this did not come about; Stephen went over to the Franks, and his successor, Hadrian the First (772), followed his example. The Lombard king (Desiderius) then revenged himself by an invasion of the new papal territory. This brought on the intervention of Karl the Great, now king of the Franks and Patrician of the Romans (773). He overthrew the Lombard king, confirmed the Pope in the possession of Pippin's *Donation*, and added to it portions of the Duchy of Spoletum, which joined the Exarchate with the Duchy of Rome and made them one continuous territory. Yet Karl left Italy unsettled like his father, and at the end of two years was compelled to return and finish his conquest. He now abolished the Lombard kingdom, and incorporated the whole of Italy in his dominion with the exception of the Duchy of Beneventum, and the imperial

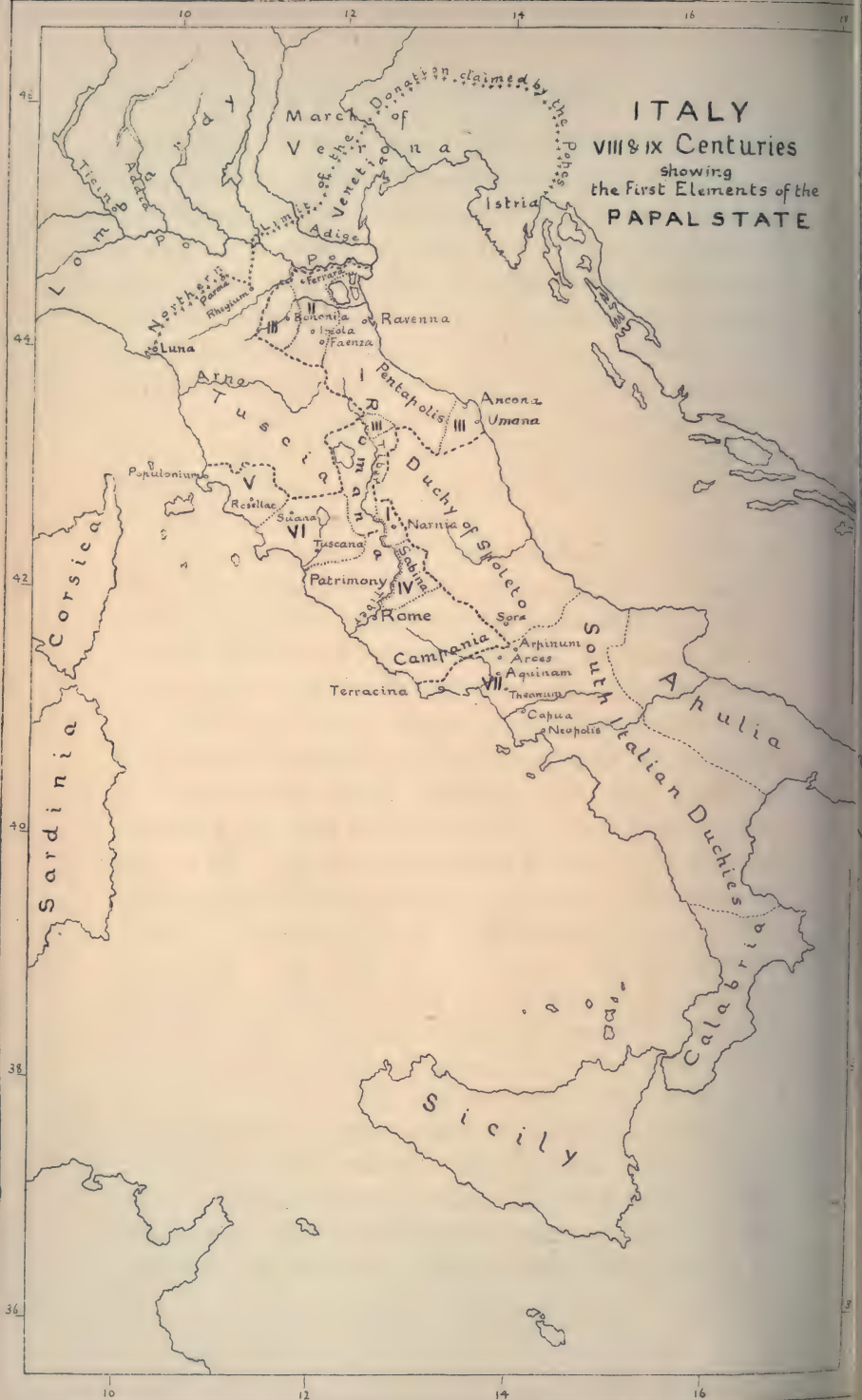
provinces of Calabria and Apulia in the two southern promontories. Further donations were made to St. Peter; and the apostolic territory assumed that general form and extent which existed in our own day when the States of the Church were absorbed into the present kingdom of Italy under the House of Savoy. But the territory suffered many fluctuations during the first few centuries of its existence through the contentions of popes and emperors, and no attempts were made to fix its limits, or the respective jurisdictions of the two lords of the Holy Roman Empire, until the time of Frederick I (Barbarossa) in the latter half of the twelfth century.

In the papal version of Karl's *Donation*, as given by Hadrian's biographer, the area of the territory is vaguely described in these words—"From Luna, with the Isle of Corsica, thence to Surianum, thence to Mt. Bardo, that is to Vercetum, thence to Parma, thence to Rhegium, thence to Mantua and Mons Silicis, together with the whole Exarchate of Ravenna, as it was of old, and the provinces of Venetia and Istria, together with the Duchy of Spoletum, and that of Beneventum." This version hands over to the Pope about two-thirds of Italy, and does not differ materially from that given in another document, the famous *Fragment*, published by Fantuzzi in his *Monumenta Ravennati*. This relic was discovered in the Venetian Republican Archives during the eighteenth century. It professes to be a letter addressed by Pippin to some Pope Gregory coming after Stephen, informing him of his promise to that pontiff, and that the Emperor Leo had sanctioned both Pippin's Donation and Pippin's Patriciate. These are misstatements. No Pope Gregory came in between Stephen and Hadrian; Leo, the Isaurian, died sixteen years before the Donation was made, and the next Emperor Leo succeeded nineteen years after. There are

ITALY

VIII & IX Centuries

showing
the First Elements of the
PAPAL STATE



also other anachronisms and inaccuracies, so that, although Fantuzzi accepted its authenticity, the *Fragment* is now regarded as a counterfeit, and of no historical value. Another still more remarkable document, the *Donation of Constantine*, which gives to the popes the free and perpetual sovereignty of Rome, Italy, and the provinces of the West, lost its credit centuries ago.

Putting aside these fictions, we find that the true Ecclesiastical State reached from Ferrara, in the north, to Terracina, in the south—a distance in a straight line of about 220 miles. It included the Exarchate of Ravenna, and the Pentapolis granted by Pippin, with Narnia also;* Bologna, Ancona, and other cities and their environs, surrendered by Desiderius, the last Lombard king;† the Sabine Patrimony recovered from the Lombards by Karl the Great;‡ towns and territory in Tuscany, also the gift of the Patrician,§ together with Capua and other Campanian towns lying on the south-east borders of the Roman duchy.||

Within and without these dominions, which the popes only ruled, they owned and possessed the extensive domains known as the *Patrimonies of St. Peter*—lands and cities in Corsica, Sardinia and Sicily, in Calabria and Naples, and in every part of Italy, sometimes forming petty provinces, as in Campania and the Roman duchy, containing in the aggregate about 1,800 square miles, and yielding an annual revenue of not less than £300,000.

But if the Pope was now one of the most powerful of Italian princes, and if he was quit of all risk of interference from Constantinople, his position as a temporal prince was exceedingly precarious; and without the protection of the mighty Patrician, he would have been lost. Hadrian's

* Marked I on Map. † II and III on Map. ‡ IV on Map.

§ V, VI on Map. || VII on Map.

letters to his patron, contained in the *Codex Carolinus*, are full of endless complaints against every one almost for thwarting his new authority, and setting him at nought. His subjects were as refractory, and the Roman nobility as turbulent as ever ; his city was torn by internal feuds, and he had no army at command to enforce obedience. Moreover, he had found a fresh and very troublesome adversary in the Archbishop of Ravenna, who showed no disposition to accept the new order of things, and submit himself to the political authority of the Roman Bishop. The relations between the two prelates had rarely been satisfactory in past years. Ravenna had seen something of imperial pomp and splendour for two centuries as the residence of emperors and exarchs ; and at one time, its archbishop and citizens might have indulged in the hope of overshadowing even Rome itself, when the once mighty capital of the world, half desolated and worried by barbarians, languished for three centuries under the neglect of her absentee emperors. The Roman pontiff therefore possessed a very uncertain hold over the Exarchate ; both prelate and people resented his authority ; and in about two hundred years from this time, this portion of Pippin's and Karl's Donation passed to the archbishop.

Such being the temper of his nominal subjects, Leo the Third, the successor of Hadrian, sought to strengthen his position by a closer and more enduring bond with his patron and Patrician. With this aim, immediately after his enthronement, he sent the Roman banner to Karl, with the keys of the city and the keys of the shrine of St. Peter ; and at the same time instructed his envoys to make, on his behalf, an oath of fealty to the king, as his sovereign temporal lord. This remarkable step was taken without any consultation with the senate, the army, or the citizens of Rome ; and the exasperated nobility, instigated

by Leo's two nephews, conspired to get rid of him. He was accused of serious crimes, was assaulted in the public street during a solemn procession, and barbarously maltreated; an attempt being made to put out his eyes, so as to disqualify him for office. He fortunately managed to escape ultimately to Paderborn, where Karl was warring against the Saxons (799). Next year the royal Patrician entered Rome, declared Leo, after trial, to be innocent of the charges laid against him, and on Christmas Day, 800, was solemnly crowned by the Pontiff and acclaimed by the assembled citizens, "Karl Augustus, Emperor of the Romans."

So ended, with the last year of this eventful eighth century, the long conflict between Emperor, Pope, and Lombard, in which the first almost disappeared from Italy, and the third became a mere geographical name; while the second entered upon that chequered career of secular power which was destined to bring so much trouble and confusion upon the Holy Republic of the Church of God.

EDWARD GIBBON.

BY THE REV. W. E. SIMS.

It was the fashion in the century that has come to an end to speak in terms of almost contemptuous disparagement of the century of Gibbon. The recollection of that period was apparently preserved merely as a foil to heighten by contrast the charms of a more attractive age. We were assured by a chorus of voices that we had emerged, as it were, from a period characterised by Philistine dulness, a "gravity," as Schopenhauer would say, "akin to that of animals" into one sparkling with intellectual animation and ennobled by moral virtues. Then, our English existence was that of the chrysalis—torpid, inert, buried for the most part in worthless bran—while now we rejoice in the splendour and brilliancy of a life of continuous activity, sunning our wings in the pleasant summer air.

It is an agreeable fortune to be born in the best of all possible centuries, and we do well to rejoice in our privileges, our railroads and steamboats, our gas and electricity, our cabs and cars, and all the thousand and one resources of modern life, and yet it is only the very superior person who can afford to wave aside with a gesture of supercilious contempt, as a dead and profitless epoch, the century of Gibbon. If, indeed, it be dead, some of the mummies deserve examination.

When Gibbon, a delicate child, flitting from school to school "at the expense of many tears and some blood . . . purchased the knowledge of the Latin syntax," Alexander Pope was lying on his deathbed; Dean Swift,

with darkened mind, followed twelve months after, and one year later Sir Robert Walpole, statesman and scholar, disappeared from the scene of his manifold activities. George Frederick Handel was then at the zenith of his powers, "oratorio following oratorio like huge rocks thrown forth from a crater;" Hogarth, the Charles Dickens of English art, was painting his "Beer Street" and "Gin Lane;" Gainsborough, newly married, was making a livelihood out of portraits at Ipswich; Joshua Reynolds was studying the old masters in Italy; the "little printer," Richardson, was turning ink to a new account, writing *Clarissa Harlowe*; and the boisterous Fielding was completing *Tom Jones*; Goldsmith, unknown as yet to fame, had just taken his degree at Dublin; and the burly Samuel Johnson was deep in the labour of his dictionary; Edmund Burke, silent for the present, was keeping term at the Middle Temple; the fastidious Gray at last had put the finishing touches to his "Elegy;" Cowper was idling away his time in the uncongenial atmosphere of a lawyer's office, with Thurlow, afterwards Lord Chancellor, sitting on the next stool; Laurence Sterne was a prebendary of York, and, innocent as yet of *Tristram Shandy*, David Hume had sent his *Essays* to the press; Adam Smith was lecturing on Logic at Glasgow; and Blackstone, a briefless barrister, was looking out for clients.

Contemporary with Gibbon, in addition to these, were scores of others whom the world will not willingly let die. They will bear comparison without loss of dignity with the ablest men of the present age, and should be sufficient to save the eighteenth century from the shallow criticism that would damn its efforts with faint praise and sum up its results in an epigram.

Great advances have been made within living memory in the physical sciences and the useful arts, but even in

this field, peculiarly our own, the dead century was not undistinguished. It saw the honoured old age of Isaac Newton, prince of physical philosophers, and it gave birth to Richard Arkwright, James Watt, Wedgwood the potter, Herschell and William Hunter, Abernethy and Dr. Jenner.

In political science, the present age boasts many famous names, but none greater than the elder and the younger Pitt, Charles James Fox, the witty Sheridan, and that young man we saw eating his dinners in the Middle Temple, the "English Demosthenes," Edmund Burke.

The period to which we belong is proud of its achievements in literature and art, but the century of Gibbon lagged not far behind. Our age has not surpassed in song its Robert Burns, in biography its Boswell, in one department of art its Flaxman. Scholarship is necessarily relative and always progressive, yet the names of Bentley, Porson and Parr are not likely to be soon forgotten. Thespian genius is sadly mortal, yet the memory of Garrick and Kemble lingers still.

And can an Englishman forget that to century Eighteen belongs the brave and lasting fame of Anson and Cook, of Rodney and St. Vincent, of Clive and Abercombie; that the century of Gibbon gave us Horatio Viscount Nelson and Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

Perhaps the supreme distinction of the present age is the impetus that has been given to social and religious progress, the enthusiasm that has been evoked for the moral and spiritual welfare of mankind, but even here, in what is considered the most barren region of the eighteenth century, bright oases relieve the monotony of its sandy plains. Have we forgotten the philanthropy of John Howard, the devotion of William Carey, the humble greatness of Robert Raikes? Is nothing due to the

memory even of Paley ? of Bishop Berkeley ? of the latter-day apologist for Christianity, Joseph Butler ? Linger no echoes yet of the preaching of Whitfield and Wesley ? Has all gone silent ? Alas, poor century, so dull, dreary, dry, dead, like the valley of bones that was seen by the prophet, or is it perhaps our memory that is at fault, and our judgment gone astray ?

The subject of our paper was essentially the product of that vanished age. Its greatness and its limitations are alike reflected in his life and writings. Like most men, he was the creature of his time. Like some great men, he was its representative. Like a few of the very greatest, he was its ornament.

The lives of men of letters are usually calm and uneventful, devoid of exciting incident, and free from external perturbations. Of them it is unquestionably true that "their strength is to sit still," and this axiom was strikingly exemplified in the life of Gibbon. A glance at his face and figure would be sufficient evidence for an ordinary jury that his days were passed in the library and not in the tented field.

But the lives of literary men, although deficient in movement, are not uninteresting to believers in a wise passivity. Thought precedes action, or has done since the elementary activities of the Stone Age, and we are governed consciously or unconsciously by ideas. Even in these strenuous days more money would probably be given for an ample biography of Shakespeare, if it could be had, than for a life of that prince of tourists, the "Wandering Jew."

There is no lack of materials for the story of Gibbon's life. He has left behind him a charmingly ingenuous and apparently veracious autobiography from which almost all can be gathered that a reasonable curiosity can require,

and there is an admirable brief life of him by the late Mr. Cotter Morison. Other materials also exist in a form accessible to the public, and much more will probably be available when all the papers, diaries, and journals in Lord Sheffield's possession are allowed to see the light.

Edward Gibbon was born at Putney, in a house near the bridge, on 27th April (8th May, N.S.), 1737. His family was a good one, in the conventional sense of that adjective, but need not detain us. He was the eldest of seven children, all the others died in infancy, and it is almost a miracle that he escaped their untimely fate: up to the age of fourteen he was a miserably delicate boy, and owed his preservation to the devoted solicitude of a maiden aunt, Miss Catherine Porter. "If there are any," he says, "as I trust there are some who rejoice that I live, to that dear and excellent woman they must hold themselves indebted."

His education was very imperfect owing to the state of his health, but he was an omnivorous reader, and if, as Carlyle says. "the true university of these days is a library of books," perhaps he suffered less than might be supposed from the defects of his early training. At an age when few boys have read anything more serious than their school prizes, Gibbon had practically covered the field of his future labours. He had read all the Greek and Latin historians in translations, and extending his survey wider afield, remarks that he "was led from one book to another till (he) had ranged round the circle of Oriental history."

At the early age of fifteen, when his health began to improve, he was taken to Oxford, and entered at Magdalen College as a gentleman commoner—wise guidance he had none. Left to his own devices he could use, misuse, or abuse his opportunities, and employ or squander his

time at discretion, or the want of it. After fourteen months' idleness he astounded his father by becoming a Romanist—"an Oxford Movement" not anticipated by his parent. Those were the days of Catholic disabilities, and the step he had taken excluded Gibbon from the University. In later life he resentfully expressed his opinion of the value of his career at Magdalen. "To the University of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation, and she will as readily renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life." No doubt to an economist of time like Gibbon, a period marked chiefly by the acquisition of theological formulæ, subsequently abandoned, must have seemed entirely sacrificed to the illusory.

Gibbon's religious enthusiasm cost him his degree, but it was short-lived. He was sent by his father to the home of a Swiss Calvinistic minister, at Lausanne, to be reconverted. That worthy acted on the principle of a maxim of Moses, "My doctrine shall drop as the rain," and the continual dropping, assisted by Gibbon's personal reflections, wore away the stone of his theological obduracy. After eighteen months sojourn with his Protestant instructor, he abandoned Roman Catholicism, and returned to the religion of his forefathers.

At Lausanne, besides recovering his lost faith, or losing his newly acquired one, he laid the foundations of his enormous erudition. He formed plans of systematic study conceived on a colossal scale, as many do—and carried them out with determined perseverance—as most of us do not.

When he arrived there he could hardly speak a sentence in French, when he left five years later, he could hardly write one in English. He read steadily through

the whole, or nearly the whole of the Latin authors, and with less interest, no inconsiderable part of the literature of Greece. in addition to a host of miscellaneous works ; devouring great and small, good and bad, with the appetite of a literary Vitellius. He also studied mathematics, but with less fervour, to please his father, and congratulates himself that he relinquished this pursuit " before (his) mind was hardened by the habit of rigid demonstration so destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence."

But although he lived among mountains, he never ascended one, regarding them apparently rather as objects for contemplation than incentives to muscular exertion. And when he enjoyed a month's relaxation, travelling in Switzerland, although he made many observations on the manners and customs of men, he wrote hardly a sentence about the sights and sounds of nature ; he confesses that " small indeed was (his) proficiency in the arts of fencing and dancing," and " the horse, the favourite of my countrymen, never contributed to the pleasures of my youth."

But however much Gibbon may have differed from other men in the excess of his intellectual application and the defectiveness of his physical training, he exhibited at Lausanne that " touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." He fell in love, he became a victim to the charms of a certain Mademoiselle Curchod, her " personal attractions," he says, " were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable." So far all was well. He " indulged his dream of felicity " but the course of true love runs no more smoothly for historians than for less learned swains. His father " would not hear of this strange alliance," " without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle, I yielded

to my fate: I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son, my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquility and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided in friendship and esteem."

All's well that ends well, and, perhaps, but for this decline and fall of Gibbon from the exalted heights of romantic love, we should never have had that other *Decline and Fall* upon which his fame rests.

When Gibbon returned home, war was raging between England and France, and a national militia was formed to resist any attempt at invasion. With genuine patriotism Gibbon accepted a commission as captain in the newly-raised force, and for two years and a half was condemned to "a wandering life of military servitude," there were marchings and countermarchings, and much camping out in the open. Study was absolutely impossible. He records in his journal that at one time for "seven or eight months" he "hardly took a book in his hand." The fatigues of a bloodless but trying campaign were hardly compensated by dinners and drinking parties and the conversation of his brother officers at mess. Yet amid the turmoil of his unwonted military activities, Gibbon nourished projects of writing a great historical work when the "piping times of peace" should enable him to relinquish the service of Mars. Many schemes were taken up and laid down as unsuitable. He had the usual difficulty in finding a suitable subject, and at present the matter was obliged to rest. At length came the welcome order for the militia to be disbanded, and Gibbon recovered liberty and leisure. He writes in his diary "I am glad that the militia has been, and glad that it is no more." It was not altogether a wasted time, he had acquired the "rudiments of the language and

science" of tactics, and when he came to describe in after years the campaigns of Roman generals, he found, to quote his own phrase, that "the Captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire." Thus

There's a divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

At the conclusion of this military interlude in Gibbon's career, he travelled abroad, visited Paris, and spent a year at Lausanne studying Italian antiquities, in preparation for his visit to Rome. At length he reached the Eternal City with which his name is imperishably connected.

"After a sleepless night I trod with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye, and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation." "It was at Rome," he says, on the 15th of October, 1764, "as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing Vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind."

There are few scenes in the history of literature more quietly impressive than might have been observed that October day when the first inception of his mighty work came into Gibbon's mind—like a seed let fall by a bird of the air—as he sat musing amid the ruins of that ancient world he loved so well. It reminds us of that other scene in the history of human achievement, when, in the calm seclusion of an orchard, a greater man than Gibbon watched an apple fall, and received inspiration that revealed to him the secrets of the starry worlds.

When Gibbon came home he resided with his father

until the latter died. He had always been an affectionate and dutiful son. We remember how, in earlier life, he had subordinated romance and love to prudence and duty when he "sighed as a lover, but obeyed as a son," and found in the self-complacency of a nature devoid of passion—if not the delirium of joy—the consolation of peace. So, now, referring to his father's death, he writes characteristically in his journal: "I submitted to the order of nature; and my grief was soothed by the conscious satisfaction that I had discharged all the duties of filial piety."

These five years at home, with the two following years during which he was winding up the affairs of his father's estate, were the most unprofitable in his life. The family fortunes had been declining, and he was oppressed with fears of approaching poverty with which he felt unable to cope. "I began to apprehend that in my old age I might be left without the fruits of either industry or inheritance." The position of a scholar of Gibbon's antecedents under such circumstances is well described by Mr. Cotter Morison. "He is conscious of labour and protracted effort which the prosperous professional man and tradesman who pass him on the road to wealth with a smile of scornful pity have never known. He has forsaken comparatively all for knowledge; and the busy world meets him with a blank stare, and surmises, shrewdly, that he is but an idler with an odd taste for wasting his time over books."

"I lamented," says Gibbon, "that at the proper age I had not embraced the lucrative pursuits of the law or of trade, the chances of Civil Office or India adventure, or even the fat "slumbers of the church."

The last sentence reminds us that it was at some time during these seven years of famine that Gibbon's views underwent a change of which we believe no record has been preserved. Spirituality had never been conspicuous

in his character. His conversion to Romanism, and rapid reclamation from the errors of Popery, illustrate the logical bent of a mind capable of controversy, but are not to be mistaken for the strivings of a soul seeking peace. When orthodox, he was coldly acquiescent in the truths of religion; when he ceased to believe, he became coldly sceptical. From frozen formality to frigid denial the step was a short one—and Gibbon made it without comment. There was no shipwreck of faith, he merely silently reversed the engines, and proceeded another way. He had lived much abroad among Calvinists, Romanists and Free-thinkers, the popular philosophy of the day was sceptical. He loved, and practically lived, moved, and had his being in that old Pagan world that melted away as the teaching of Christianity prospered. "I believed," he says, "and I still believe, that the propagation of the gospel and the triumph of the church are inseparably connected with the decline of the Roman monarchy."

There is just a tinge of resentment in his statement. It has the tone of an elderly member of a Conservative Club, mourning over the solvent action of democratic ideas upon a valuable but misunderstood constitution. And we remember how his meditations in the Colliseum were disturbed by the chanting of the friars in the Temple of Jupiter, an unwelcome intrusion of the new order among the ruins of the old. During these seven years of growing pecuniary anxiety and slow religious evolution or devolution, Gibbon studied incessantly, planned several literary undertakings, mainly abortive, and wrote a great deal of matter that brought little fame and less profit. We need not linger over these for the most part vanished labours. During the whole time his great design was steadily maturing. "I began gradually to advance from the wish to the hope, from the hope to the design, from the design

to the execution of my historical work of whose limits and extent I had yet a very inadequate notion."

Gibbon was now thirty-five years of age, and having extricated himself from pecuniary entanglement, had settled down in London, where he lived surrounded by books, and within easy distance of his friends. He had never been so happy in his life. Rural felicity offered no attractions to him. "I never handled a gun, I seldom mounted a horse." The joys of Arcadia only appeal to a certain class of minds. No doubt the instincts of civilization are purely artificial, but they undoubtedly diminish in many that love for nature unadorned which our forefathers in the stone age doubtless possessed. Their degenerate and unworthy descendants incline rather to Dr. Johnson's opinion, that if you have "seen one green field you have seen all green fields," and prefer taking a "walk down Fleet Street."

Four years more passed away before Gibbon published, in February, 1776, the first volume of his masterpiece. He was a fastidious writer, and wrote nothing "in haste, to repent at leisure." "Three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect."

Genius has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains, just as its opposite might be described as an infinite capacity for inflicting them.

Moreover the work expanded under his hand. His original idea had been to write a history of the decline and fall of the city of Rome; this design was achieved when, in 1781, he published the third volume, but he went on to describe the downfall of the Empire, a labour involving three volumes more, and six years of strenuous effort. Then he wiped his pen, and the greatest monument of learning in the English language was complete.—"On the

day, or rather the night of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the fate of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

It would be a miracle of condensation to sum up in a few sentences the merits and defects of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. Mr. Cotter Morison has done this for us in a couple of chapters precious to every student of Gibbon, and his estimate, as Mr. Frederic Harrison once remarked in the *Nineteenth Century*, is "so just, so mature, so sympathetic, so enthusiastic, that it would be in vain to add to it."

A glance is all we can give. The *Decline and Fall* is the swan-song of a dying world. It portrays the lingering agonies of a perishing civilization, and the phoenix-like birth of a new. Its canvas stretches across continents, and the units of its measurement are centuries. We must mix our metaphors, and mingle our similes to aid imagination in grasping an object so vast. Like the numerical calculations of astronomers, it oppresses the mind; like the pyramids of Egypt, it stands unique in supremacy, a symbol of human power. As with

Jerusalem, if we would apprehend it we must "go round about it, and mark well its bulwarks." Again, like Jerusalem, it is "built as a city that is compact together," or at unity in itself. This is the quality that differentiates it from many a marvel of painstaking research. *They* are perhaps accumulations of materials aggregated in the roomy storehouses of capacious minds, and poured out in thousands of pages of encyclopædic information. Gibbon's work was "compact together," "a unity in itself," a work of art. Whole literatures were mastered or ransacked in the course of its preparation, and whole libraries were fused in the crucible of its author's mind to form the gigantic product; but the production itself is homogeneous, it bears no trace of its heterogeneous origin, and the smell of fire has not passed upon it.

The reader sits as a spectator, while before him rolls a gorgeous panorama of thirteen centuries of human life. There is nothing misty or obscure in the ever-changing scene. The firm touch of a master hand has given its exact value to every one of its myriad shifting incidents. It is pre-Raphaelite in its minute accuracy. Emperors and kings, warriors and sages, saints and philosophers, each in his appropriate garb, enact their varied parts and pass from the scene. The beholder sees that

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

"Kingdoms rise and wane." He observes that "our little systems have their day, they have their day, and cease to be." He feels acutely the "vanity of human wishes." He learns to value at their true worth "the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them." He is led insensibly on to the final catastrophe, when the finger on the wall had written the final judgment of God on that old Roman

world: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Such a pageant cannot be seen elsewhere. The stage, a world. The actors, mankind. The subject, the collapse of an entire civilization. The acts, separate centuries of bloody struggle. The scenes, campaigns and the sack of cities. No other warrior could wield the battle axe of Cœur-de-lion, and no other historian could wield the brush of Gibbon. No other writer, except perhaps Adam Smith, had so large a canvas to cover, but Smith drew diagrams, Gibbon painted men.

The style in which Gibbon wrote has been often criticised, but it was adapted to his subject. There is the ring of metal in his sonorous sentences. There is a majesty in his flowing periods befitting his theme. He escapes the cumbrous elephantine movement of a Samuel Johnson and the almost breathless brevity of Macaulay. He is clear as glass and bright as steel. "Not Voltaire himself," says his biographer, "is more perspicuous than Gibbon."

To say that he had faults of style and faults of judgment is simply to affirm that he was a human being. On the same day, probably, that we first learned from our Latin grammar that Balbus, an industrious character of antiquity, was "building a wall," we gathered from the same learned source the additional information that "to err is human." Of course Gibbon made mistakes, but they were very few in number.

The great fault of Gibbon lies far deeper—deeper than his language, deeper than his logic—right down in the inner nature of the man. "Out of the heart proceed murders, fornication, adulteries." For, alas! he never saw that life was divine; never saw that human history is a volume in the greater Bible of God's revelation to

man. He marked the actors "fume and fret," but never saw behind the scenes. He watched the Pagan empire as it crumbled into dust, but never knew the secret of its deep decline and fall. He gazed with jealous eyes upon the triumph of the Church, but never learned the source of its progressing power. He gives, it is true, five causes in explanation of the phenomenon of Christianity, zeal inherited from Jewish ancestors, and the like, but never grasped the simple fact that the *only* cause of Christianity is to be sought in the personality of its Founder.

This fatal flaw in Gibbon is the bar sinister that runs athwart his history, and, compared with it, a few inaccuracies in details, and some redundancies of style, are but as dust in the balance.

We left Gibbon comfortably settled in his new London home. He presently became a public man, sat in the House of Commons as member for Liskeard, and, although he fell short even of the remarkable attainment of "Single Speech Hamilton," since he never uttered a word from his place in Parliament, his "sincere and silent vote" was rewarded by an appointment as Lord Commissioner of Trade and Plantations, at a salary of £700 a year. What the Lord Commissioner did for this emolument has not transpired.

When the first volume of his work was published it brought him immediate fame. "My book," he says, "was on every table, and almost on every toilette, the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day." He became that remarkable creature, a literary lion, the sweet savour of flattery rose to his nostrils untainted by the noisome stench of adverse criticism, and he was encouraged to persevere. The second and third volumes came out in due course, and were warmly welcomed by

the reading public, a more discriminating body of persons perhaps then than now.

After three years' tenure of the office, Gibbon ceased to be a Lord Commissioner, and found it necessary to retrench. He retired to Lausanne, where he shared a house with the bachelor friend of his youth, Deyverdun, and wrote at leisure the three concluding volumes of the *Decline and Fall*.

The emotion he felt at the conclusion of his stupendous task we have seen, and his misgiving that "the life of the historian must be short and precarious" was premonitory. Few and evil were the remaining days of the years of his pilgrimage.

He came to England with the MS. of his last volume, and on his return to Lausanne soon lost the companion of his early and latter years, the faithful Deyverdun. His aunt, Miss Porter, had preceded his friend by twelve-months in the passage to the grave. Then gout assailed him, and complicated the evils of unwieldy corpulency and a disease he had neglected for many years. The lurid glare of the French revolution shone in the sky, and the historian was in daily terror lest the conflagration should spread to Switzerland and disturb him in his retreat. Then the most attached of his foreign friends, M. de Severy, died, and to crown his misfortunes, Lady Sheffield, the wife of his life-long friend Holroyd, passed away.

He made a swift resolution to return to England and console his mourning friend. The journey to a man of Gibbon's physique was difficult, but he hurried on. He spent the summer with Lord Sheffield, and paid a brief visit to his stepmother at Bath, and then his travels ceased. Dropsy set in, and he retired to his lodgings in St. James's Street to die.

He had no conception that his end was so near. There

is a mournful irony in the circumstance that a day before his death he thought himself a good life for ten, twelve, or even twenty years. Twenty hours afterwards he had passed away.

The judgment of posterity upon Gibbon has been all but unanimous. "No historian," says Frederic Harrison, "has ever combined all Gibbon's supreme gifts. The *Decline and Fall* is the most perfect book that English prose (outside its fiction) possesses, meaning by *book* a work perfect in design, *totus, teres atque rotundus*, symmetrical, complete, final, and executed from beginning to end with the same mastery on one uniform plan." "There is hardly a parallel case in literature," says Morison, "of the great powers of a whole life being so concentrated in one supreme and magnificent effort." "That wonderful man," says Freeman, "monopolised the historical genius and the historical learning of a whole generation." "Whatever else is read, Gibbon must be read too." One might multiply such testimonies *ad infinitum*.

The man himself we can see very plainly in the incomplete autobiography he left behind him and the side glances of his contemporaries. A man all too portly, in his later years enormously corpulent, with a mouth, inelegantly described as "like a round hole exactly in the centre of his face." A shy, retiring personality, not glib of speech, silent in Parliament, and far from loquacious elsewhere. Most of his thinking done with a pen in his hand, and finding expression in written rather than spoken words. Courtly in manner to the verge of stiffness, not nimble in repartee, requiring time for the elaboration of the sentences in which he clothed his thought. A cool-headed man of clear, if limited, vision; open-eyed to the externals, but blind to some of the deeper things of life.

Not sensual, but loving comfort, his books around him, and a pipe of Madeira—excellent Madeira—in the cellar ; his snuff-box, too, not to be forgotten. If genius is truly described as an infinite capacity for taking pains, he certainly justified the definition, but he was not superior to a game at cards. He could unbend gracefully, tap his snuff-box, take a pinch, and be thoroughly human and at leisure, the Cæsars and their barbarian foes for the while at rest.

Lofty enthusiasms and heroic self-sacrifices, the *mens divinator*, the faith of martyrs and the rapture of saints we must seek in spirits of a grander mould, but he could endure much for a friend. He was true to the hearts that beat in unison with his own. His solitary love episode subsided into friendship, it lacked the hues of romance, but that friendship endured to the end. Those who knew him best loved him most, and there were some, as he hoped, “who rejoiced that he lived,” and some who wept when he died. His sceptical attitude towards Revelation, and the ironical style in which he treated spiritual persons and spiritual things, aroused a host of adversaries, indignant with the worldling who laid, as they thought, unhallowed hands upon the ark of God ; but enemies he had none. There was nothing to hate in Gibbon, his life was the pure serene life of a scholar concentrated upon a mighty task and oblivious of all besides. He might well have been nobler, but at least he was never base. His fifty-seven years were lived without a stain. His genius compels our admiration. His virtues deserve our respect. His shortcomings are known to the Judge who is just.

“THE VOYAGE OF ITHOBAL.”

(SIR EDWIN ARNOLD).

BY REV. E. N. HOARE, M.A.

[This Paper was put together merely as an introduction to the poem. The greater part of the quotations are necessarily omitted.]

To recall the puzzled speculations of childhood may help us towards a conception of what the world must have been to the ancients, and even to our own immediate ancestors. How consciously did we then “move about in worlds not realised”? We stood in the centre of a tiny circle circumscribed by the illimitable and the unknown. The eyes strained in yearning beyond the bounds that were set to our uncertain feet; imagination clung fast where childish fingers could maintain no grip. But the circumference held us in and repelled us everywhere. It may have been the grim forest of smoky chimneys; it may have been the jagged outline of the mountain clear cut athwart the evening sky; it may have been the desolate expanse of patient moorland stretching its dolorous flatness till in very pity for such loneliness the heaven dipped down to meet it; it may have been the sea itself that mocked while yet it solaced us, rippling over our sand-encrusted adventurous toes: but the limitation was always there, and beyond was mystery!

Indeed, some of us do not need to travel back so very far on the path that, the poet assures us, “grey heads abhor.” For those of us who were at school in the fifties the world still held some mysteries. How well I recall that old school atlas—tattered, begrimed with tear-stains and

ink-stains, hideous with preposterous caricatures, scored through the thick paper with frantic pencillings such as might prompt the memory in an agonized moment to distinguish between "principal seaports," and "rivers" and "mountain-chains"! And from out the terrible series how soothing and bland did the map of Africa peer forth. It afforded so much scope for the imagination, and so little that the cane-sceptred pedagogue could lay hold upon. There was an honest definite outline to which clung certain bold patches of colour on which the boy that ran could not fail to read correctly—Egypt, Abyssinia, Cape Colony, the Gold Coast, Algiers. Lake Tchad was there, I think, but for the rest there was a uniform and soothing expanse of sand-coloured paint, into which the fanciful course of two or three broad-mouthed rivers drifted vaguely away. Bold and black, the equator scored his way across the expanse. School-boys in those days used to have a great belief in the equator, and I often wondered what he could tell us about that No Man's Land. One didn't think so much of the dotted paths that belonged in some mystical manner to the Crab and the Goat.

But during these last years the veil of mystery has been rent in twain, or say rather that—as in some grand spectacular show—a succession of veils has been slowly drawn up. And this has been done so gradually, so naturally, so much before our very eyes, that a hurrying, non-reflective generation has taken but little heed of what has happened, and has not yet stayed to ponder what may be its significance in the evolution of humanity. But just think of it. Our fathers read Bruce's *Travels in Abyssinia* and judged the book to be in great measure a collection of fairy tales. Then, as through a veil, we beheld the heroic figure of the lonely missionary looming forth from dark

tropic forests, only to slip out of sight again for years. We picture him watching the great northern sweep of the Congo, and imagining that at last he had struck the secret of the Nile. Then we hear the rustle and the bustle of up-to-date exploration; we behold the out-stretched hand, and we are thrilled, perhaps, by the melodramatic salutation—"Dr. Livingstone, I presume." Soon another veil begins to rise, and we read of Burton, Speke, and Grant, and too-little honoured Cameron, and brave Emin Pasha, struggling against his "rescuer" and going back, when opportunity offered, to resume his work till his bones should be laid in an unnamed but not an unhonoured grave. And then the last veil of sentiment is sharply rung up, and the most successful of all the explorer tribe—Sir H. M. Stanley—proclaims that the "dark continent" is dark no longer. The decree goes forth, "There shall be no more night!"

And since then it may be that we have had too much light. The as yet unexhausted "resources of civilisation" have produced a somewhat lurid glow wherewith to repel the blackness. We know something—though probably far from the whole—of what "modern progress" means on the Belgian Congo; while within the last few days we have read of a dramatic reproduction, with "realistic effects," of the way in which ten thousand men were slain at Omdurman; and of the devastation and the agony that the Southern Cross shines down upon to-day there is no need to speak. It is a shuddering horror in all men's hearts.

But to-night we would close our eyes to these things, and just as life-tried, weary men find passing solace in reverting to the dreams of childhood, so may we be allowed, in a quiet hour, to drift back to the days when the world was young, when the Mediterranean Sea was its centre, and all that lay beyond its shores was mystery.

This is what Sir Edwin Arnold in his latest poem would aid us to do; and that he does so most winsomely and effectively I hope to show to-night.

The Voyage of Ithobal was suggested by a curious statement of Herodotus which the author gives in a translation by way of preface. It is to the effect that Necco, King of Egypt, sent an expedition from the Red Sea which, circumnavigating Africa, returned through the Straits of Gibraltar. It is the imagined story of this expedition that its leader, Ithobal, the Tyrian sea-captain, is supposed to tell before Pharaoh on his return from his perilous and epoch-making voyage. The narrative is divided into seven portions, each portion forming the narration of one day. In the opening lines the hero introduces himself and tell the story of his early training. He describes how as a mere boy he had become familiar with the Mediterranean.

So did I win, ere I was man, as far
As where the Western gateway of that sea
Opens by Calpe and the seven-topped mount
Into what no man knoweth of—a waste
Of waves as vast as time and dark as death,
Wherein the sun himself did die each night
Plunging, 'twas said, with seethe of dripping gold
Into the blue.

Subsequently he is shipwrecked, and returns to Tyre a ruined man, save for one huge pearl that he carried in his belt.

Then he describes the omen through which he was introduced to the lady who is the heroine of the poem (but of whom the matter-of-fact Herodotus says nothing).

In the market a beautiful girl is being exposed for sale. After a spirited competition he buys her, giving as payment his goodly pearl. She says she had long since

seen him in her dreams, and she is therefore eager to unite her lot with his.

A happy time follows. Nesta fires him with reminiscences of her far-off home; and the man is ripe for any adventure just as the opportunity is offered. He hears the proclamation of Necco read, in which volunteers for the proposed expedition are called for. Ithobal accepts the invitation, and starts for Egypt, accompanied by Nesta.

The Second Day is chiefly occupied with the building of the ships and the voyage down the Red Sea.

Three ships we planned to build, biremes, to bulk
Large for our stores and sailors; not too large
To take the shore at need and deftly pass
Inside the reef by narrow channel ways
When seas were angry.

The vessels were named the *Silver Dove*, the *Ram*, and the *Black Whale*. The admiral hoisted his flag in the *Silver Dove*, which was considerably larger than the others. The ships are constructed with the utmost care.

These did we fashion as a man doth frame
That which life hangs on and the ends of life.

At length they are finished and launched. Then the voyage down the sea of Suph, which is the Red Sea, commences.

Followed brave days; the North wind filled our sails.
The green sea glittered under Ataka.
Then deepening changed to blue and sparkled bright
In spume and long-laced breaker where reef-edge
Breasted its roll.

After a varied and not unpleasant voyage, the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb are reached, and they make the port that we call Aden.

In the tenth month we sailed out of that sea;
 There the great ocean opened; West and South
 The unknown world which Pharaoh now is thine
 By lordly primal right. East and to North
 I myself wotted of a port secure,
 To which bare calcined hills gave entrance good.
 Shamsan they name the mountain, and the town,
 Which in a cup of burnt-out fire-mount sleeps,
 Attanoe.

Here they rest awhile, and here ends the story of the Second Day.

The Third Day opens with a spirited description of a perilous voyage across the gulf of Aden. Now, for the first time, the explorers are out of sight of land.

For my purpose held
 To trust the deep and to be done with land,
 Till on the gulf's far coast, if coast there be
 As the sea people think, we touch a cape
 East of the mainland, if mainland there hap.

After experience of storm, mutiny, and drought, Cape Guardafui is reached. Thence the course is ever towards the South. Occasional landings are made, the natives are trafficked with, and the marvels of tropical fauna and flora are described. Here is a picture of a forest through which a chosen party pass in search of the rich gamelands that the natives told them lay beyond. [Read pp. 73-4.]

The voyagers are now upon the equator, and Ithobal describes with awe the changed appearance of the nightly sky; the new stars that gleamed into their sight; the rising of the Southern Cross by which they steered when the North Star went down.

Rumour of the mighty equatorial lakes now reaches the travellers.

. Vast seas
 Shut in the hills, where one might row and row
 Eight days and nights and not reach nether shore.

At Malindi Ithobal has a wondrous vision. To this I shall return later on.

On the Fifth Day some of the most stirring incidents of the exploration are recorded. Still pushing South, they arrive at the mouth of the Zambesi.

Nesta now finds herself among her own people. She is identified by the tribe-mark tattooed on her arm, and is received with honour and acclamation. Her brother is the reigning monarch, and the land is a land of gold.

Ithobal, in whom was incarnate the great soul of an Outlander *concessionnaire*, makes good use of his opportunity.

Wherefore, great Lord! because this thing is much,
And maketh wealth of the world and pleaseth kings,
And doth befit ev'n Pharaoh, it behoved
To guard the prize for thee.

The natives didn't think much of the soft yellow metal; it was useless for weapons, and even for purposes of ornament was not as durable as iron. So Ithobal does good trade. He fills

The *Black Whale's* hold with that rich ballasting
From keel to floor,

and sends her back to Egypt.

Then, though our hero sought “no territories and no gold-fields,” he takes elaborate steps to secure the position already won. The nucleus of a colony is left behind.

Thirty men

Among the Tyrians, skilfullest to build,
Stoutest to fight, best helps at every need,
Joyous in dangers, eager for high deeds
I chose from out my rowers.

These are to take native wives, to till “sufficient earth for food,” to dig for gold, and to construct an impregnable

fortress. Also, being pious men, they must have a church, nay, even a cathedral.

Beneath, on lower slope,
 Wise Hiram drew for me a House of Gods—
 Istharr's and Bel's; was to be built to lodge
 The Lords of Heaven most nobly; all of stone,
 Heedfully shaped like Babylonian bricks,
 Faultlessly squared.

These things being thus set in train, the voyage is resumed in two ships, and with a diminished force.

The subject of the Sixth Day's discourse is well summarised in the quaint verse, the like to which is found at the heading of each "Day."

Ithobal, reaching the world's end,
 A spacious harbour doth befriend;
 Southward no more, but Northward now
 Turneth his storm-tossed vessel's prow.

Five hundred leagues remained to be traversed, and the leader confesses that at times his heart misgave him.

. Twice or thrice,
 Lone on the poop, I beat my breast and cried:
 We come too far!

But the noble Nesta cheers and encourages him through all. Then at last the goal is reached.

We see the unending coast
 Break to the right, far, far away
 Ahead, no land at all.

But the Cape of Storms was true to its name, and the ships are nearly wrecked before they make the shelter of Table Bay. [Read description, pp. 147-8.]

After a rest the voyage northward is commenced. In due time the Congo is reached. The explorers are duly impressed by the mighty river:

Not thy Nile
 Hath nobler gateway, Pharaoh, to the deep!

We need not linger over the journeyings recorded on the Seventh Day. Once again the ships are out of sight of land when making a short cut across the Bight of Biafra, from Cape Lopez to Lagos. Dahomy is passed, and Ashantee, Cape Palmas, the “Mount of Lions,” Sierra Leone, and then Cape Verde :

Here came thy ships westermost, mighty Pharaoh, of their road
Nothing lay west of us except a main
Known only to the sun, which dippeth here under the world.

The course is now ever more and more to the East of North, and the solution of Lybia’s secret is imminent. The supreme hour is at hand, and its arrival is described with sufficient dignity. [Read pp. 175-6.]

All is plain sailing now.

No need to tell thee how we came
By coasts familiar, and by well-tried paths,
Quit of our quest.

It has been my object to give you some account of Sir Edwin Arnold’s new poem, not to criticise it. I confess to having read it with some disappointment. Gorgeously sensuous as are many of the descriptions, there is a lack of human passion, and of sustained elevation of thought. Many of the incidents introduced to break the monotony of the action are hackneyed and trivial; while we miss the lyric cry that sobs and moans and thrills through *The Light of Asia*.

There is this to be said, however, that we feel that we are dealing with realities. We delight ourselves with the simple wonderment of Ithobal and Nesta, just as we delight ourselves in recalling the joys and sorrows, the delusions and the dreams of childhood: in the background of our consciousness we have the knowledge of what has happened since.

Thus the note of prophecy is with us throughout. I have already quoted the beautiful passage in which Nesta would interpret the roaring of the lions. [p. 159.] But to my mind its pathos is dulled by the punning reference to the name of H. M. Stanley. Somehow that typical nineteenth century outcome of newspaper enterprise does not lend itself to epic or heroic treatment.

A broader, brighter, more stimulating upland of poetic prevision is reached in the Vision of Ithobal, which I have purposely left for our final consideration. Ithobal has a dream in the cave at Melinda :

In my sleep I saw
A queen of stately stature, dark of hue :
Dark, but most comely : Oh ! a form and face
Exceeding beautiful ; the black curled hair,
Clustered on shining brow and velvet nape
In such wise that no diadem was lacked
To grace its jetty glory.

Nevertheless the woman is crowned with a golden crown, and ornaments of gold and precious stones are heaped as it were upon her. But she is a prisoner—a prisoner loaded with chains of gold !

In the vision, ages seem to pass. Ithobal beholds himself, and after him other explorers :

Then at the last
Strange mariners I saw sail from the west.
Their chief, of noble bearing, bearded, fierce,
With galleys four came downward on my track,
And round the dreadful Cape, and put to north,
Where I had southward rowed, and southward sailed.

He, too, looks on the queen, but still she is in bonds. Then the vision shifts through years :

White faces came
More and more frequent.

At last the queen is delivered, and ere the dreamer wakes, he beholds her :

Upon a throne
Carved out of tusks and gold, with jewels decked,
Draped in her own royal robes: the sweet proud eyes
Gleaming with joy and grace of fresh life found.

Nesta acts as interpreter of the vision :

She whom thou didst behold chained and alone,
Sore suffering, shut away from love and hope ;
She was my Africa, my darkened land,
My hid, forgotten land ; whose child I am,
Whose lover ; and for whose sake I have lived
To be thy mate and guide. Her days begin !
Ithobal's ships, much daring, shall break through
The sea bars blue, immense, that hemmed her in ;
And there shall come to her adventurers
Seeking her gold,
And with gold-seekers shall go merchantmen,
And tramp of many caravans ; and trade
Which, pushed with blood, shall end in peace and wealth.

The “Iberian leader” is identified for us with Vasco Da Gamma, though the great discoverer's name was unknown to Nesta.

Then, as in a trance, she concludes the prophetic interpretation thus :

This is a high deed which Thou doest Lord !
Mother of many deeds ! Past thee and him
And those who follow, and the acts to be,
And the long patience of the waiting gods,
I see my land with sister continents,
Sisterly seated—her dark sons I see
From wars and slave-yokes freed. These sunlit shores
Happy with traffic, while a thousand ships
Sail on the waves first clove by Ithobal.

Is there to be a realisation of Ithobal's vision ? And shall the dark queen yet sit upon her throne of ivory and gold ?

There are those who say it shall be!—that they know the nation—it may be the very men—through whom the great emancipation shall be wrought out; and they believe that the hour is at hand.

There are those, too, who cannot share these cheering anticipations, who have no belief in Nesta's remedy:—

Trade

Which, pushed with blood, shall end in peace and wealth.

Well, at all events, we are successful sailors, and accomplished cartographers. Ithobal's Lybia has been circumnavigated a thousand times; but the great Island-continent is still a land of violence and cruel habitations. The “grave of reputations” may yet be the grave of contending empires. Ages and thrones and dominations have passed away since the Tyrian sailors essayed their great adventure, steering their frail barques by the gleam of familiar or unknown stars; and to-day, as then, “Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.” Still do we await the voice that may at some supreme moment vindicate

The long patience of the waiting gods.

THE CYNICS.

BY JOHN MACCUNN, M.A., LL.D.

"OTHER dogs," once said Diogenes, punning upon the designation of his School, "bite their enemies: I bite my friends for their salvation"; and it may be confidently affirmed that he and his friends were admirably fitted for the friendly office. Gifted with impressive intellectual force, with unbounded capacity of contempt, and with a pungent humour, they did not know how to spare either men or institutions. The retort of Diogenes to his fellow citizens of Sinope is typical. He was told that they had condemned him to banishment. "And I," was the rejoinder, "condemn them—to live in Sinope." The attitude of Diogenes to the men of Sinope was the attitude of the Cynic school to society at large. Like most ascetic systems it had its roots, in part at least, in revolt against the world. Nothing pleased them. With a trenchant dichotomy that reminds one of Carlyle, they divided mankind into the handful of wise men and innumerable fools. "Of what am I guilty," once exclaimed Antisthenes, "that I should be praised?" And the words came well from one to whom popularity was but "the babble of madmen." Even the most cherished ideas of the Athenian served only to point corrosive retort. Was it civic patriotism? "Why should I be proud of belonging to the soil of Attica with the worms and the slugs." Was it the warlike spirit—that spirit that Plato, even in his idealised Greek state, weds so closely to philosophy? "Let a man apply him-

self to philosophy till he has come to regard the leaders of armies as the drivers of asses." Was it popular election (and the Athenians, it will be remembered, were so democratic that they elected even their generals)? "They might as well nominate their asses to be horses." So all along the line. Political institutions, property, the family, luxury in all modes, culture at least in many aspects—all serve but as targets for Cynic projectiles. Even the Athenian attachment to ceremonial religion—so singularly tenacious despite all the free thought of the Sophistic era—finds short shrift in the blunt declaration that a temple is no holier than any other place.

It might seem that views like these have at any rate the merit of being unambiguous. And it would not do to accuse the Cynics of saying anything they did not think, or of thinking anything they did not say. Yet for this very reason there is possibility of misconception. This in two directions. For (1) we must not take these Cynic utterances too solemnly. The Cynics were philosophers; but they were also satirists and humourists. Like all the masters of vituperation, they had a zest in the commination service. And this being so, it would betray a lack of humour to read all these flings, flouts, sneers, sarcasms, as if they were meant for philosophic formulae. Once, it appears, Diogenes was shewn some ingenious kind of dial; "Not a bad contrivance," was the rejoinder, "to avoid missing one's meals." We may take this seriously if we like. But it may be safer to put it alongside of Antisthenes' asseveration (wrung from him possibly in some moment of exasperation with diletterism) that "a wise man will not learn to read so as not to be troubled by trifles." One must beware of the pedantic literalism of the men who cannot laugh.

(2) There is, however, a second possible misinterpre-

tation. The Cynics, it must be already evident, were men of extreme opinions and unbridled speech. That element of "measure," "proportion," "symmetry," so dear to the Greeks, to them was wanting. And as they had the virtue of living up to their doctrines, it was equally wanting in their eccentric and sometimes indecent lives. Hence the temptation to dismiss Cynicism as a travesty of philosophy, and the Cynics as no better (if one may borrow the phrase) than spiritual clowns.

For two reasons any such misinterpretation would be grossly unjust. (a) One is that the Cynic revolt against society was far from unprovoked. In our gratitude for what Greece has done for us (and what has it not done for us?), we must not forget that even the Greece of Pericles had its blots. It was devastated by constant wars, and it could be ruthless in its manner of waging them. It was split up into little municipal states which hated each other with a perfect hatred, as Athens hated Thebes or Sparta, or as Thebes hated Athens. It was built upon slavery—the horrible slavery of the mines as well as the milder bondage of the household; and it grew into slavery rather than out of it. Beautiful in so much, even as its own Parthenon, Greek civilisation could as little assimilate this servile substratum as could the Parthenon transmute into frieze and columns the native rock of the Acropolis. And then these little States were torn by those intestine rivalries, and cursed by those unscrupulous ambitions which led to the political inferno described in lurid pages by Thucydides. Add to this the perennial vices that may only too surely be reckoned upon where wealth has grown, and luxury increased, and command of leisure and facilities for culture borne their usual harvest of diletantism. Who will say that such a society did not need its censors and satirists? There was a word of advice once

given by Diogenes. It may be commended to all those, whether individuals or nations, who wince under the lash of their critics: "Associate with your enemies: they will be the first to tell you of your faults." (b) The second point—the second consideration which forbids us to take Cynicism too lightly—is that, despite all its extravagances it rested on a principle. Disgust with social life was part of it. But it was not the main part, nor would it ever have been so bitter had it not found inspiration elsewhere in the life, and in the doctrine, of Socrates.

It sometimes happens that a great man, though himself far enough from being sectarian, becomes the founder of sects. He cannot help it. He is so great that his followers, being lesser men, and quite unable to see around him, come to mistake the part for the whole, to fashion their god in their own imperfect image, and to subsist each of them upon his own favourite fragment of the master's example and teaching. This, at least, was what happened to Socrates. None of the world's great thinkers has ever gathered into discipleship men of such varied types; and never did philosopher trouble himself less than did this philosophic genius to keep all his utterances formally consistent, or to hand on to successors the doubtful legacy of a dogmatic system. The result followed. When he passed away, it was Plato alone who reproduced him in his splendid many-sidedness. For the rest, the varied aspects of truth that had found unity in the Socratic personality fell asunder into fragments, which were portioned out among followers who, as usual, all claimed the true apostolic succession, and all repudiated every succession but their own. Hence arose those schools so fitly called the incomplete Socratics; and among them, arrogant in their incompleteness, the Cynics.

When Antisthenes, the founder of the school, first made the acquaintance of Socrates, he could hardly have appeared a promising disciple. He was already middle-aged, "too old to learn." He was himself already a teacher of philosophy; and who does not know that for a man to have disciples is by no means the surest way to become a disciple himself? Yet Antisthenes was not deterred. We see him, cross-grained and cantankerous though he seems to have been, tramping his five miles from the Peiraeus to meet with Socrates in the Agora, and to learn from his lips the open secrets of a deeper philosophy. And then there was so much in Socrates that came half-way to meet his admiration. For Socrates was anything but the typical Greek. He was rugged and plain. His dress was coarse. His manner of life was frugal. He was an admirable campaigner. Hunger and thirst, cold winds and scorching suns, could make no impression on that iron frame. He often went barefoot. And though he could enjoy himself in due season—witness *The Symposium* of Plato—he could also be abstemious to asceticism. Nor was he fastidious in his company. Rich men and poor came much alike to him. And as for his talk, it was not at all of the kind that the Greeks, or most of us since, have been accustomed to hear from philosophers. For it seemed to deal little with the high themes of the schools, with the cosmologies of the early philosophers, or with the abstract science of some of his contemporaries. Has not Zeller even called him "philistine"? In truth, there were men who, when they met him, were shocked to find to what an extent his conversation ran upon smiths, tailors, tanners, saddlers, and such like. And though in this homely talk, in these analogies, thrice-vulgar to Greek ears, there lay in germ nothing less than the idealism of Plato, this did not appear

upon the surface. There were remarks, too, which must have found in Antisthenes a receptive soil. "To need nothing is divine, to need as little as one can is all but divine." It was sayings like this that Antisthenes carried with him to bear their fruit in due season in Cynic life and doctrine. There were, of course, other sides to Socrates—urbanity, zest in the gaiety of life, humorous toleration for human weakness, reverence for the laws of the land, a profound religious spirit. But Antisthenes cared for none of these things. Enough for him that he had found a pattern of austerity, conviction, and rationality.

Yet it was not the character only of Socrates that wrought upon the Cynics. It was also his doctrine.

Socrates was not merely a moral philosopher. Like Plato and Aristotle after him, he was also, and even more, a moral reformer. For his lot was cast in an age of transition. The unsuspecting confidence of the morality of tradition was passing. Not all the forces of reaction, with Aristophanes to head them, could bring it back. Athens had turned that earlier page. The swift brilliant expansion of national greatness that followed the Persian war had brought new problems; and a widened horizon had opened Athenian eyes to the diversity and variability of moral standards. Not least, there was at work the searching solvent of those great thinkers of the Attic illumination—the Sophists. In their hands a rhetorical sensationalism was raising doubts as to the possibility of knowledge of an objective moral order; and a rhetorical egoism in ethics rapidly preparing the way for an identification of right with might, of law with force, of obligation with fear, of justice with a perishable and changing thing of human institution. Can it be wondered at if there were those who feared that before this the very props of

moral and political obligation were going, and that an urgent practical need called for a supreme effort of reconstruction. Among these were the great constructive thinkers of Greece.

Two courses lay open. The one was to recognise the organic dependence of morality upon, social conditions; and in the light of that, to attack the vast problem of reconstructing society upon a more rational basis. This was the way of Plato and Aristotle. But it was not the way of Socrates. In the eyes of Socrates—as in the eyes of Mill and Carlyle—the one vital reform was the reform of *individual men*. And the needful specific was of the simplest. It was what has now become the good old way of hoisting scepticism with its own petard, of meeting the critical and sceptical reason by appeal to reason that was critical and not sceptical. This was the way of Socrates. In season, and sometimes out of season, he insisted that morality stood or fell simply with the possibility of bringing men to think, or (to be more precise) of bringing them to clear, well-defined, and sound ideas of what their duties were. As all the world knows, he taught that virtue is knowledge. And though an exact interpretation of the formula is far from easy, the dictum meant (and this is what concerns us) that, if the moral life is to be set upon a sure basis, it must be through the enlightening of the will—the will which, to Socrates, as to the Stoics, to Spinoza, to Kant, meant the reason of the individual.

It was here the Cynics laid hold. One may not say they reproduced their master. It is evident that reason in their eyes had not the same function as in his. There was less of knowledge, less emphasis on definitions. There was more of simple strength of rational personal conviction. But on one point there was entire agreement, on the vital point that, in things moral, it is the spirit that

profiteth, or, as Antisthenes has it, that "men are rich and poor not in their establishments but in their souls." No philosopher of either the ancient or the modern world, not even Kant, has so insisted that in comparison with the good will all else is as dross.

It was in fact just this which led them to leave their master far behind. In identifying virtue with the enlightened or rational will, Socrates had made virtue inward. But he had never meant that, therefore, virtue was not outward. On the contrary, he had frankly accepted the life of Athens as he found it. He had done his duty as a citizen on the field and in the dicastery. He had submitted himself to the laws, even when they adjudged him to die. And in giving his life to the mission of personally influencing individuals, he had taken it for granted that the men he dealt with were, like himself, living the ordinary civic life of the average Athenian. Not so the Cynics. Seizing upon the truth that virtue is, in its essence, inward (a state of will or reason), they went on to infer that, therefore, it must not be outward; and in that uncompromising spirit declared that there is no true moral life for man till he has cut himself loose from every tie, every resource, every institution which social life has to offer.

They had a certain justification. "He who hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune." Extend the trite aphorism and we have Cynicism in a nutshell. Not wife and children alone, but friends, wealth, reputation, public position, institutions, all things on which men have set their hearts—are they not all "hostages to fortune"? For all ordinary life is at best precarious. It is precarious even by reason of its outward resources, which, whatever security they may bring, do, as a matter of fact, in proportion as they widen the range of

interests, offer thereby a larger target to the slings and arrows of misfortune, and stake our happiness upon eventualities beyond our own control. There is but one effectual security. Care for none of these things. Give never a hostage to fortune. Minimise wants even to the vanishing point. Be independent (αὐταρκής).

Rally the good
In the depths of thyself.

Such is the message of the Cynics. All external goods were in their eyes obstructions, all social interests distractions, all dependence, whether on men or on things, an imperilment, a sacrifice of the soul's self-sufficingness. Like the Stoics when they asserted their freedom in the last abnegation of suicide; like the Christian anchorites when they sought for their own souls in the desert; like the monks when they strove for spirituality of life in the austerities of the cloister; like the begging-friars who raised mendicancy into an article of their faith, so did these Cynics turn their backs upon all the world had to offer, in the conviction that this was the path to moral victory. "He taught me," said Diogenes, of Antisthenes, "what was mine and not mine. Property was not mine. Kith and kin, acquaintances, friends, fame, intimate associates, places of abode, occupation—all these he taught were no concern of mine. What then was thine? The exercise of my own thoughts. This I might possess unhindered."

This result is even more apparent if we glance from the Cynic doctrine to the Cynic life. The typical figure is of course Diogenes. When he came to Athens, it appears he had a slave who ran away. The owner's consolation was peculiar: "If Manes can do without Diogenes, so, surely, can Diogenes without Manes." This was the keynote of all his long life. It is all a progressive discovery of how

many things he can do without, a prolonged process of self-denudation. It went on till his death, which was characteristic. His friends found him one morning lying on the stones of one of those porticoes which were his usual sleeping place. They thought him asleep. But he had in truth at last achieved the final minimisation of wants.

We can now perhaps understand how the two aspects of Cynicism stand related. There was the revolt against society; there was the conviction inspired by Socrates that the seat of virtue is the rational will. These two joined hands in the life-long struggle after a moral independence, an individual self-sufficingness, which carried in it an affirmation at once of the supreme moral worth of life, and of the worthlessness of everything that life had to offer.

If we are to do justice to this strange and picturesque philosophy we must not dwell too much upon its externals. Ascetics are never to be judged by the singularity of their austerities; and in this case rags, filth, and indecency must not obscure the fact that Cynicism was the first thorough-going plea for moral freedom which the western world had seen. In this aspect it is in advance even of Plato and Aristotle. For these, though by far the greatest ethical thinkers of the ancient world, have yet their limitations. To both of them, the moral life is still identified with the peculiarly Greek form of civic organisation. It is so even in the ideal republic of Plato, which is, after all, no more than the Greek state glorified. Hence that intense civic exclusiveness persistent even in Platonic and Aristotelian ideals, to which the larger unities, national or cosmopolitan, were hardly yet above the horizon. Hence the profoundly aristocratic spirit even of the municipal so-called democracies; and hence, too, the basal institution of slavery of which the great philosophers were the apologists. These limitations were, in course of time, to

disappear, and it needed other forces besides theory to demolish them. But it is to the credit of the Cynics to have declared, and that whilst the *πολις* was still in full vitality, that the moral life of the individual did not stand and fall with Greek civilisation. They were cosmopolitans when as yet the Christian and Stoic cosmopolitanism was a long way off. Nor had they anything of the aristocratic leanings of Plato. Far from it; "philosophers of the proletariat" they were, after their own fashion, men with a mission who were convinced that philosophy had its message to the multitude—the multitude whom Plato declared to be inherently incapable of philosophy. And as they were certainly no respecters of persons, to them the barriers between bond and free, so insurmountable even to Aristotle, were broken down. Nor is it easy to exaggerate the importance to ethical thought of the idea upon which all this indifference to externals rested; the conviction that in all moral estimates it is the good will that is alone significant. It was a doctrine which was peculiarly needed in Greece. For where—as in Athens—private life and public life were so intimately related, and where the individual found free and satisfying expression for himself in political activities, as well as in attainable enjoyment of the best literature and art, there was a risk that the inward life might receive less than its due. Lives that find a quite congenial environment are apt to lack something of spiritual intensity. And though it might be maintained that the antidote was already there in the teaching of Socrates, and the deepening of the moral consciousness which it involved, it may be doubted whether, without Cynic exaggeration of Socratic doctrine, Plato and Aristotle would have laid such impressive stress upon the spirit in which an action is done as the supreme condition of its goodness. It is a

lesson that has never been lost. Caught up by the Stoic philosophy, and incarnated in the Stoic life, it became one of the great legacies of ancient thought to modern ethics.

Nor is it to be denied that even the Cynic gospel of self-detachment from social life rests on a truth. We are all in some sense (to use the Leibnitzian term) monads, self-centred in our being, however manifold our relations to others. Our thoughts, our hopes, our fears, our sorrows, all our experiences, are in a very peculiar sense our own. "It seems to me," says Sir J. F. Stephen, "that we are spirits in prison, able only to make signals to each other, but with a world of things to think and to say which our signals cannot describe at all." Or, as Wordsworth has it—

Points have we all within ourselves
Where each stands single.

And, indeed, it is something of a common-place that when the world—even our own intimate world—has done its utmost for us, a limit is reached in every grave crisis beyond which we must be ourselves or succumb. It is but a half-truth perhaps. But then it was precisely the strength of the Cynics to belong to that order of one-sided minds without which mankind would never know what whole truths mean.

Mankind, however, and more especially philosophic mankind, are never content to live long upon half-truths. They have an irresistible tendency to pass to the other halves. And it is a striking comment upon this text that when Antisthenes was declaring that he had rather be mad than feel pleasure, Aristippus was maintaining the supreme end of life to be the pleasure of the moment. Hence that line of criticism which sets itself to shew that

Cynicism does but scant justice to the volume and variety of human life.

This, however, is perhaps beyond our limits. It must suffice at present to point out that, taking these Cynics upon their own ground, the manner of life they praised and practised was anything but well fitted to compass the end they so strenuously laid to heart.

For, in an evil hour for their own cause, they turned their backs upon speculative philosophy. This was the more perverse in that Socrates had suggested a better way. For though Socrates was not himself a speculative philosopher, his ethical teaching had opened the way for a metaphysic. His life-long labour was a search after definitions of our moral concepts and categories; and the pre-supposition of this great effort was the conviction that these concepts, these definitions, had an objective ground in the nature of things. Hence it came about that his philosophy left as legacy to the speculative genius of Plato the epoch-making problem of finding a metaphysic of morals. Now with Socrates the Cynics went a certain length. To them, as to him, morality spelt reason, and reason meant moral conviction. But then, in their case, this moral conviction, as so often happens with ascetics, lacked "content." How could they pass on to the Socratic task of defining the concrete virtues—justice, temperance, bravery, and the rest — when they were spending all their lives in flinging contempt on those relations of social life in which, and through which, these, and all other virtues, could alone gain "content" and actuality? Add to this that, in their excessive pre-occupation with the moral life, they came to regard speculative philosophy as an intellectual luxury, or, in other words, as but one of the modes of culture which fell under their ban. It fits with this that, in such speculative excursions

as they did make—and Antisthenes had enough of the thinker to indulge these up to a point—their results only served to accentuate this divergence from the fruitful Platonic development of Socrates. For Antisthenes was a thorough-going nominalist, and as such stood committed to the anti-Platonic doctrine that all general concepts, be they of the virtues or of things in nature, are no more than general terms without objective counterparts or confirmatory realities in the nature of things. This blocked for him effectually the path that led Plato, in *his* development of Socratic teaching, to his metaphysical doctrine of a cosmos of “ideas” in which all general concepts, whether ethical or scientific, find their objective ground. Small wonder then if Antisthenes disparaged speculative thought when thus, in his eyes, it had become barren.

It is not our present concern to examine the value of this nominalistic doctrine. Our object is simply to point out that, in the interests of Cynic morality, nothing could have been more fatal. For, by this disparagement of the speculative life, the Cynics robbed themselves of what has ever been, and still is, one of the most effective of all pleas for the life of self-detachment from the world. Surely if man be ever justified in sitting loose to the life of institutions and the duties of citizenship, it is when he is possessed by a passion for scientific investigation or speculative truth. Not all the triflings of dilettantism can obscure the fact that a passion of this kind, if it be sincere, exacts an undivided allegiance. It is not simply that life is too short for anyone to do great things both in theory and practice. It is that the whole speculative and scientific attitude of mind is fundamentally diverse from that of the restless and crowded life of affairs. Plato saw this. He saw it, although no speculative thinker has ever been sterner than he in exacting social service of

the philosopher. For Plato tells us also that, however strenuously the thinker must take the burden of the commonwealth on his shoulders, his heart and mind are really elsewhere, and ever ready to quit politics for that serene pursuit of truth in which his closing years are to be spent. And Aristotle follows Plato. There is no mistaking the sharpness of the antithesis in which he sets the practical and the contemplative life, nor can words be more explicit than those in which, in the tenth book of *The Ethics*, he tells us that, in proportion as a man rises to the life of thought, the less does he stand in need of those outward resources, and of that partnership in action with his fellow-citizens, without which the *moral* life is impossible. And, indeed, his words here and in the context have actually been pressed (falsely, but not unnaturally) into a plea for the life of retreat from the world. Surely then it was in an evil hour that the Cynics turned away from speculative thought. Even if they lacked the speculative instinct—and no doubt they did—they would still have been wise not to defraud themselves of this strongest of all arguments for detachment from the world. There have been quietists, who have had little to shew to the world for years which were filled with communion with their God. There have been thinkers, both in science and philosophy, whose epoch-making speculations have been only possible to men who, like Spinoza, lived remote and secluded. Who will say that theirs were empty lives? Yet this is what the Cynics missed. They abjured, they decried the life of citizenship—and for what?

This leads to a further criticism. For when philosophy or science demands self-dedication to the theoretic life, it is not barren of most practical results. It is of the very essence of it that it brings the finite individual life into conscious relation to a supreme Reality—call it Idea

of the Good, Infinite Substance, the Absolute, *Deus sive Natura*—which, in Spinoza's language, can fill the soul entirely. And it is because the individual, otherwise insignificant indeed, can turn to this alike in thought and in feeling, that he can become capable of the strength to lift himself above the shocks and cares and vanities about which those who have not seen the vision disquiet themselves in vain. Such at anyrate has been the experience of most of the great prophets of individual independence. It was so with the Stoic sage, strong to defy the world because consciously at one with the reason which moves through all things. It was so with the Reformers and the Puritans, who resisted principalities and powers, not in their own strength but "by grace." It was so with our own Carlyle, in whose eyes true self-reliance finds its ground, much as it did in his prototypes the Hebrew prophets, in unshaken trust in "the old eternal laws that live for ever." In all there is a gospel of self-sufficingness; and in all it is self-sufficingness through conscious dependence upon some supreme Reality that exists beyond the flux and commotion of human affairs.

From this source of strength the Cynics were cut off. In their struggle after an absolute moral independence, in their narrowly practical concentration upon this, they turned away, with fatal blindness, from the perennial sources of individual strength. So will it ever be with all who follow them in magnifying the moral life to the neglect or disparagement of a religious faith or a speculative philosophy.

Nor, quite apart from this, can one admit that their practical philosophy was the true path to that personal morality for which they were so ready to offer up, on a ruthless altar, all the world could give. One can see this in the later history of the school. With the passing of

its great founders, Antisthenes and his disciple Diogenes, its inspiration seems to have left it. For, though the later Cynics kept up the old heroic tradition of plain living, their plain living gravitated downwards to unredeemed beggary, squalor, and indecency. They still, of course, flattered themselves that they possessed their own souls, but their souls, like those of many a raving anchorite in the desert, or fanatical Stylites on his pillar, could hardly be said to be worth the possessing. It is a well-known epigram of Aristotle that the solitary is either beast or god, and it is to be feared that these later Cynics had little of the god.

One cannot wonder. It was but the Nemesis that is so apt to overtake all votaries of an extreme asceticism which, in a leap after the moral heroic, rashly renounces the homelier ordinary incentives to virtue. Such incentives, be it the love of home and kindred, the affection for friends, the kindliness of daily life, the honourable pursuit of wealth, the loyalty to an institution, the stimulus of public spirit, the love of country, these incentives may look commonplace beside the passion for saving souls, the heroic spirit of renunciation, the rupture of all ties, the hating of father and mother for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. Yet it is at our peril that we try to cut out these incentives, and, like the Cynics, cast them from us. For, however nobly the forlorn hope of morality may still struggle upwards by the way of renunciation, the risk is that the mass of mankind, bereft of the ordinary motives that are the permanent safeguards of morality, may find nothing to check their descent towards the brute.

This is what Aristotle saw with convincing clearness. Aristotle does not denounce the Cynics. In his usual tolerant and inclusive fashion he goes all the way with them in insisting that the moral life must be a thing

complete and all-sufficing in itself. He adopts the very watchword of Cynicism, "self-sufficingness". (*αὐταρκεια*). But then the Aristotelian self-sufficingness is not of the sort that minimises wants, and leaves the individual isolated from his kind and stripped of life's resources. On the contrary, it is the self-sufficingness which can only be won by the slow process of self-realisation; and which sees in life's resources *not* clogs, *not* distractions, *not* hostages to fortune, but the instruments by whose right use alone human nature can develop its powers. It is all summed up in a single aphorism: "the state is the limit of self-sufficingness," meaning, that for a full and soul-satisfying life the "social animal," man, needs no less than all that is included in a well organised society. This exactly hits the weakness of Cynic asceticism. So long as ascetics content themselves with railing at the world, they are not likely to fail of occupation. The crux comes when we ask, What next? Denunciation, renunciation, satire, negations however forcible, however witty, are impotent to develop the soul of the man who tries to subsist upon them. There is but one way—the way of Aristotle and of Carlyle—it is by finding one's work and doing it. For without a sphere of action the soul is irretrievably atrophied, and without a sphere adequate at least in some measure to the varied potentialities of man, the best gifts of the soul, which come by acting in the world, not by withdrawing from it in an impotent fancied superiority, will never be possessed. It was the paradox of Cynicism, as it is of many other forms of asceticism, that in a true antinomian fervour it at once magnified the moral life, and in the very act of doing so denied to it on the threshold the elementary conditions of its realisation. For the wisdom of Aristotle here points the way not only to a fuller, more many-sided, and more beneficent life than

the fanaticism of the "mad Socrates," Diogenes, but to a more than Cynic self-possession and a more than Cynic independence.

Nor is it to be granted that, even in its denunciations, Cynicism made war upon the world in the most effective way. Human nature will endure, and even welcome, satire and commination, especially when humorous. Satire is good reading, and the masters of invective, Juvenal, Swift, Carlyle, are far from unpopular. But there is nothing which so effectually turns the edge of invective as the perception that it is indiscriminating. We feel this about the diatribes of Antisthenes and the rest. They denounced war, but to what purpose, when we feel that they would have equally denounced a filibuster's raid and the civic devotion of Marathon or Salamis? They rose above the narrow exclusiveness of the *πολις*, and were the first cosmopolitans; but what of that, when we feel sure that they would have risen above the kingdom of heaven could it have descended four-square upon earth? After all it is a spurious and an easy cosmopolitanism which comes of indifference to the fatherland. The true cosmopolitanism comes by antecedence, not by negation of patriotism. They protested, too, and vehemently enough, against Greek forms of ritual, but one feels that they would have swamped in one common condemnation the most devout achievements of religious art, and the mere antics of superstition. It is so all along the line. It is the easiest function in the world to object, if one has made up his mind to be always in opposition. It is also a rôle doomed to ineffectuality. The Cynics, ancient or modern, who give us no credit for our ordinary virtues, will find us slow to give effect to their diatribes against our extraordinary vices. Their moral purpose may be excellent, "to bite us for our salvation." But it is not

reasonable, it is subversive of all just gradations of moral value, and would not cure but kill, were we to don the staff and wallet of Diogenes, and turn this sharp medicine into the daily diet either of individuals or nations.

And yet, when all is said, it would ill befit us to fall into a Cynic attitude towards Cynicism itself. Rather let us leave it with the reflection that, so long as philosophy has a message for mankind, Cynicism will stand as a memorable reminder that the spirit is more than the flesh, life of more value than its trappings, duty greater than pleasure, and the rational will strong enough to overcome the world.

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- Oct. 17, 1892 Harley, George, 1 *Water-street*
- Oct. 1, 1894 Hawkes, A. E., M.D., 22 *Abercromby-square*
- Jan. 7, 1895 Higgins, Miss Maud Longuet, 79 *Bedford-street South*
- Oct. 17, 1898 Hinchliff, Mark, 43 *Borrowdale-road, Smith-down-road*

- Nov. 12, 1894 Hoare, Rev. Edward N., M.A., *The Vicarage, Oak Hill Park, Old Swan*, EX-PRESIDENT.
- Oct. 30, 1893 Holt, Alfred, *Crofton, Sudley-road, Aigburth*
- *Dec. 14, 1862 Holt, Robert Durning, J.P., 54 *Ullet-road*
- March 10, 1879 Hughes, John W., *Allerton*
- Oct. 4, 1897 Jackson, J. Hampden, F.R.G.S., F.C.I.S., *Westdene, New Brighton*, VICE-PRESIDENT
- Oct. 6, 1902 Jackson, Rev. S., M.A., 34 *Croxteth-grove*
- Nov. 2, 1903 Jacob, Albert E., M.A. (Dublin), *Brentwood, Grassendale Park*
- Mar. 9, 1903 James, Miss T. M., 42 *Osborne-road, Anfield*
- Jan. 26, 1863 Johnson, Richard C., F.R.A.S., 7 *Sweeting-street*
- Feb. 24, 1868 Jones, Charles W., J.P., *Allerton Beeches, Allerton*
- April 29, 1889 Jones, Morris P., J.P., *Airlie House, Hoylake*
- Oct. 1, 1894 Jones, J. Stevenson, *Abercromby-square*
- Oct. 7, 1895 Jones, Mrs. Thos., 29 *Oxford-street*
- Oct. 17, 1892 Jones, William W., 7 *James-street*
- Feb. 4, 1895 Lawson, George, 23 *Canning-street*
- Jan. 21, 1901 Lee, Chas. George, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., 11 *Princes-avenue*
- Dec. 10, 1894 Lee, John, B A., 9 *Cecil-road, Prenton*
- *Dec. 11, 1871 Leigh, Richmond, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., *Reitz, Orange River Colony, S. Africa*
- Oct. 1, 1894 Lewis, J. Rice, Bank of Liverpool Limited, *Water-street*
- Nov. 14, 1881 Lloyd, Richard J., D.Lit., M.A., F.R.S.E., *Lombard-chambers, Bixteth-street*, EX-PRESIDENT
- Jan. 11, 1897 MacCunn, Prof. J., M.A., LL.D., 20 *Croxteth-road*
- Oct. 30, 1882 McMaster, John Maxwell, 19 *Castle-street*
- Nov. 17, 1873 Mellor, James, *Weston, Blundellsands*
- Dec. 14, 1874 Mellor, John, *Rutland House, Nicholas-road, Blundellsands*

- Oct. 16, 1893 Moore, J. Moore, M.D., F.R.G.S., 51
Canning-street, EX-PRESIDENT
- Jan. 31, 1898 Monsarrat, Keith W., M.B., F.R.C.S.E., 11
Rodney-street
- March 6, 1882 Morton, George Henry, 14 *Grove Park*
- *Oct. 21, 1867 Muspratt, E. K., *Seaforth Hall, Seaforth*
- Nov. 26, 1900 Narramore, Edward G., L.D.S., Eng., 48
Canning-street, HON. SECRETARY.
- Oct. 1, 1894 Nevins, J. Ernest, M.B., Lond., 32 *Princes-avenue*
- Jan. 7, 1895 Nevins, Victor E. E., 32 *Princes-avenue*
- Nov. 2, 1896 Newton, Alfred William, M.A., 6 *Mulgrave-street*, HON. LIBRARIAN
- Feb. 6, 1865 Newton, John, M.R.C.S., 2 *Princes Gate*,
EX-PRESIDENT
- Feb. 23, 1903 Ogden, Thomas, *Chieveley, Blundellsands*
- Oct. 2, 1899 Ogden, W. B., 16 *Howard-drive, Cressing-ton*
- Oct. 6, 1902 Ogden, Mrs. Percy, *Holly Bank, Mount-road, New Brighton*
- Nov. 2, 1885 Oulton, Wm., J.P., *Hillside, Gateacre*, and
Albert-building, 22 Preesons-row
- Oct. 21, 1901 Parr, Mrs. K., 25 *Ashfield-road, Wavertree*
- Oct. 1, 1894 Parry, Joseph, C.E., *Woodbury, Waterloo-park, Waterloo*
- Nov. 4, 1861 Philip, Thomas D., *Weldon, Bidston*
- *Nov. 17, 1851 Redish, Joseph Carter, *Lyceum, Bold-street*
- Oct. 31, 1881 Rennie, J. W., 125 *Roslyn-street, St. Michael's Hamlet*
- Jan. 22, 1872 Russell, Sir Edward, *Daily Post Office, Victoria-street*, EX-PRESIDENT
- Oct. 15, 1894 Rutherford, Arthur, B.A., 41 *Castle-street*
- Nov. 12, 1894 Rutherford, Charles H., 41 *Castle-street*
- Nov. 12, 1883 Rutherford, William Watson (Messrs. Miller, Peel, Hughes, Rutherford & Co.), 41 *Castle-street*

- Dec. 12, 1892 Rye, Miss Ellen L., *Bedford College, Bedford-street*
- March 19, 1866 Sephton, Rev. John, M.A., 90 *Huskisson-street*
- Oct. 15, 1883 Sephton, Mrs., 90 *Huskisson-street*
- Oct. 18, 1897 Shelley, Roland J. A., *Seymour-road, Broad-green*, VICE-PRESIDENT.
- Oct. 31, 1898 Sims, Rev. W. E., A.K.C.L., *The Vicarage, Aigburth*, PRESIDENT
- Nov. 2, 1903 Sims, Mrs. W. E., *The Vicarage, Aigburth*
- April 4, 1870 Smith, James, 37 *North John-street*
- Feb. 23, 1863 Smith, J. Simm, 4 *Bramley-hill, Croydon*
- Nov. 18, 1878 Steel, Richard, J.P., 18 *Hackins-hey*, EX-PRESIDENT
- *Feb. 19, 1865 Taylor, John Stopford, M.D., Aberdeen, F.R.G.S., 6 *Grove-park, Liverpool*
- Oct. 4, 1897 Thomas, A. P., LL.D., 8 *Harrington-street*
- Oct. 21, 1878 Thompson, J. W., B.A., Lond. and Victoria, 19 *Castle-street*, HON. TREASURER
- Jan. 25, 1892 Turton, Wm., 13 *Mulgrave-street*
- Oct. 1, 1900 Twigge, Miss E. A., *Halewood*
- Oct. 1, 1900 Twigge, Miss M. F., *Halewood*
- Nov. 30, 1896 Wesley, Rev. Edmund Alfred, M.A., 93 *Chatham-street*, EX-PRESIDENT.
- Nov. 4, 1901 Wesley, Mrs., 93 *Chatham-street*
- April 1, 1901 Wilberforce, Prof. L. R., 5 *Ashfield-road, Aigburth*
- Nov. 17, 1884 Wortley, Wm., *Walton Grange, Walton*
- Nov. 2, 1903 Young, John, *Edenhurst, Mersey-avenue, Aigburth*
- Nov. 2, 1903 Young, Mrs. John, *Edenhurst, Mersey-avenue, Aigburth*

HONORARY MEMBERS.

LIMITED TO FIFTY.

- 1.—1844 T. B. Hall, *Crane House, Yarmouth*
- 2.—1850 The Rev. Canon St. Vincent Beechy, M.A., Rector of *Hilgay, Norfolk*
- 3.—1851 The Rev. Canon Robert Bickersteth Mayor, B.D., Rector of *Frating, Essex*
- 4.—1865 The Right Rev. T. N. Staley, D.D., late Bishop of Honolulu, Vicar of *Croxhall, Lichfield*
- 5.—1865 Sir Edward J. Reed, K.C.B., F.R.S., M.P., *Hextable, Dartford, Kent*
- 6.—1865 Cuthbert Collingwood, M.A., M.B., F.L.S., 69 *Great Russell-street, London, W.C.*
- 7.—1870 Lord Avebury, F.R.S., etc., 2 *St. James's-square, London*
- 8.—1870 Professor Sir Henry E. Roscoe, F.R.S., etc., Owens College, *Manchester*
- 9.—1870 Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, M.D., F.R.S., etc., *The Camp, Sunnyside, Berks*
- 10.—1870 The Rev. Christian D. Ginsburg, LL.D., *Virginia Waters, Berks*, EX-PRESIDENT
- 11.—1877 The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, F.R.S., Foreign Secretary of R.A.S., etc., 9 *Grosvenor-square, London*
- 12.—1877 Albert C. N. Günther, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., *Kew*
- 13.—1877 Dr. Leidy, Academy of Science, *Philadelphia*
- 14.—1877 Dr. Franz Steindachner, Royal and Imperial Museum, *Vienna*
- 15.—1877 The Rev. H. B. Tristram, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Canon of Durham, The College, *Durham*

- 16.—1881 H. J. Carter, F.R.S., *The Cottage, Budleigh Salterton, Devon*
- 17.—1881 The Rev. Thomas Hincks, B.A., F.R.S., *Stokeleigh, Leigh Woods, Clifton, Bristol*
- 18.—1881 The Rev. W. H. Dallinger, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.M.S., *Ingleside, Lee, London, S.E.*
- 19.—1895 William Ihne, Ph.D., *Heidleberg*
- 20.—1896 Isaac Roberts, D.Sc., F.R.S. F.G.S., F.R.A.S., *Crowborough, Sussex*
- 21.—1897 Henry Longuet Higgins (care of Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp & Co.), *17 Throgmorton-street, London, E.C.*
- 22.—1899 Rev. G. H. Rendall, M.A., Litt.D., *Charterhouse School, Godalming, Ex-PRESIDENT*
- 23.—1901 Rev. Walter William Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Ph.D., Professor of Anglo-Saxon, Cambridge, since 1878, *2 Salisbury Villas, Cambridge*
- 24.—1901 Richard Garnett, LL.D., C.B., *27 Tanza-road, Parliament Hill, London, N.W.*
- 25.—1903 E. Davies, F.C.S., F.I.C., *28 Chapel-street*

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT, 1901-2.

Dr.

The LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.

Cr.

RECEIPTS.

1901.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in Bank from 1900-1	27	19	10
1901-2.			
To Subscriptions, viz. :—			
91 at £1 1 0	£95	11	0
11 at 0 10 6		5	15 6
1 Arrear		0	10 6
Annual Dinner Account, Balance profit	101	17	0
" Interest allowed by Bank	0	15	9
" Odd Volume of <i>Proceedings</i> sold	0	11	1
"	0	1	0

£131 4 8

Audited and found correct,

(Signed) RD. EASTLEY,

(Signed) J. HAMPDEN JACKSON.

6th October, 1902.

PAYMENTS.

1901.	£	s.	d.
By Printer, Balance a/c. for last Session's Vol. 1902.	16	8	0
By Printer, Printing and Stationery a/c. to 31st Dec., 1901	11	2	4
" Printer, Printing and Stationery a/c. to 31st March, 1902	9	9	4
" Printer on a/c. of this Session's Volume..... 1901.	80	0	0
By Boote & Sons, Removal of Books to University College	1	3	9
1902.			
By Conlon & Sons for Lantern Exhibitions	2	2	0
" J. H. Ellick, Refreshments to 31st Dec., 1901	8	11	4
" do. 14th Apl., 1902	8	12	4
" Hon. Treasurer's Expenses for the Session	3	18	4
" Hon. Secretary's Expenses for the Session	0	5	10
" Royal Institution, one year's rent	20	0	0
" Balance in North and South Wales Bank, Head Office.....	19	11	5

£131 4 8

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT, 1902-3.

Dr.		The LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.		Cr.	
RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.			
1902.	£ s. d.	1902.	£ s. d.		
To Balance in Bank from 1901-2	19 11 5	By Printer, Balance a/c. for last Session's Vol. 1903.	16 11 6		
To Subscriptions, viz.:—		By Printing and Stationery to 31st Dec., 1902	10 1 11		
80 at £1 1 0	£84 0 0	do. 31st Mar., 1903	9 11 11		
14 at 0 10 6	7 7 0	Printer for proportion of Papers printed ... 1902.	4 18 0		
1 at 0 5 3	0 5 3	By Dr. Nevins, towards illustrations	1 0 0		
1 Arrear	0 10 6	1903.			
Bank Interest	92 2 9	By Mrs. Ellick, Teas, etc., to 31st Dec., 1902 ...	9 9 3		
	0 9 2	do. 30th Apl., 1903 ...	11 18 8		
		" W. H. Tomkinson, Lantern	1 1 0		
		" Conlon & Sons, Lantern	4 4 0		
		" Dinner Account. Balance loss	4 5 4		
		" Hon. Treasurer's Expenses for the Session	3 5 2		
		" Hon. Secretary's Expenses for the Session	0 15 0		
		" Royal Institution, one year's rent	20 0 0		
		" Balance Cash in Bank	15 1 7		
	£112 3 4		£112 3 4		

Examined and found correct,

(Signed) R. C. JOHNSON, }
(Signed) RD. EASTLEY, } Auditors.

5th October, 1903.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

LIVERPOOL

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

NINETY-SECOND SESSION, 1902-03.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held at the Royal Institution, on 6th October, 1902.

Rev. E. A. Wesley, M.A., President, occupied the chair.

The following Report of the retiring Council was read and adopted:—

REPORT.

The Ninety-first session of the Society (1901-02), of which the Council has the pleasure of now submitting a report, was one of considerable interest. In addition to the Annual, there were twelve Ordinary meetings, at which the papers read were of exceptional merit. One of these gatherings was held by the kind invitation of Prof. Wilberforce at his theatre, in University College; his lecture on "Pendulums" being illustrated by numerous experiments, the apparatus for which was of a delicate character, and incapable of transportation to the Royal Institution.

The Annual Dinner of the Society, although the

invited guest, Lord Avebury, was unavoidably absent through illness, proved a great success, the attendance being the largest yet secured at any of these pleasant social reunions. The Society was however favoured with the presence of Prof. Gonner, who was warmly greeted as representing University College.

Prof. MacCunn's valuable paper on "The Cynics," printed in Volume LVI, the Council is pleased to regard as another link connecting the Society with that active centre of learning.

Owing to deaths, removals, and especially to that marked tendency to specialisation, which has led during the last twenty years to the foundation of numerous literary and scientific societies in the city for the study of special subjects, the membership of this Society has for some years been falling off. The Council hopes that members will lay this matter to heart, and, if possible, induce friends to join during the ensuing session.

The Treasurer's accounts were submitted and adopted.

The following offices were elected for the ensuing session:—Vice-Presidents—Mr. A. Theodore Brown, re-elected, Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, F.R.G.S., F.C.I.S., re-elected, and Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L. Hon. Treasurer—Mr. J. W. Thompson, B.A., re-elected. Hon. Librarian—Mr. J. W. Thompson, B.A. (acting). Hon. Secretary—Mr. Edward G. Narramore, L.D.S., Eng.

The following members were elected to serve on the Council in place of the five retiring members:—Mr. M. Hinchliff, Dr. K. Monsarrat, Mr. Wm. Wortley, Mr. Hugh Farrie, and Mr. Chas. Daly.

The Associates were re-elected.

The President then read his address entitled "A Note on the Classic and Romantic Elements in English Literature of the Eighteenth Century."

ORDINARY MEETINGS.

I. 20th October, 1902. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, occupied the chair. Mr. R. C. Johnson, F.R.A.S., exhibited six photographs of Perrine's Comet, taken at his residence, Fern Grove, between 12th September and 8th October, 1902, with a $4\frac{1}{4}$ inch portrait lens attached to an equatorial telescope. The time of exposure varied between twenty and forty minutes. Dr. A. E. Hawkes, F.C.S., read a paper entitled "Wayside Notes on the Washington Ancestry." The paper was illustrated by lantern slides.

II. 3rd November, 1902. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, occupied the chair. The President made a communication on the subject of Druidic Symbolism, with special reference to some recent discoveries near the Isle of Beckey, in Somersetshire. Dr. John Newton, M.R.C.S., read a paper entitled "Stonehenge - Some Glimpses of the Architecture, Astronomy, and Religion of the Ancient Britons." The paper was illustrated by lantern slides, coins, and books.

III. 17th November, 1902. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, occupied the chair. The President quoted some passages from the poems of Miss May Kendal, an authoress who was associated in the earlier years of her life with this city. Rev. John Sephton, M.A., read a paper entitled "Notes on a Lancashire Dialect."

IV. 1st December, 1902. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, occupied the chair. Mr. Alfred W. Newton, M.A., having consented to again fill the office of Hon. Librarian was re-instated, Mr. J. W. Thompson, Acting Hon. Librarian, retiring. Rev. Dr. L. de Beaumont Klein F.L.S., read a paper entitled "Ypres; What it has been and what it now is, or a Memorable Chapter in the

History of Manufactures." The paper was illustrated by lantern slides.

V. 15th December, 1902. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, occupied the chair. Mr. Richard Steel read a paper entitled "Corollaries of Evolution."

VI. 12th January, 1903. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, occupied the chair. Dr. J. Birkbeck Nevins read a paper entitled "Liverpool, Past and Present." The paper was illustrated by lantern slides.

VII. 26th January, 1903. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, occupied the chair. Mr. Roland J. A. Shelley read a paper entitled "Cromwell's Irish Campaign."

VIII. 9th February, 1903. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, occupied the chair. Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., read a paper entitled "Dr. Samuel Johnson."

IX. 23rd February, 1903. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, occupied the chair. Dr. J. Murray Moore, F.R.G.S., read a paper entitled "The Kaleidoscopic Mind of Childhood."

X. 9th March, 1903. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, occupied the chair. Dr. John W. Ellis read a paper entitled "Wanderings in Wessex, chiefly in the footsteps of Thomas Hardy." The paper was illustrated by lantern slides.

XI. 23rd March, 1903. Mr. James Birchall, Ex-President, occupied the chair. Dr. J. Murray Moore, F.R.G.S., read a paper entitled "A Tour in the Bavarian Highlands and the Black Forest." The paper was illustrated by lantern slides.

XII. 6th April, 1903. Mr. A. Theodore Brown, Vice-President, occupied the chair. Mr. James Birchall read a paper entitled "How the French lost the Empire of India."

XIII. 20th April, 1903. The President, Rev. E. A.

Wesley occupied the chair. In accordance with the special business of the meeting, the Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., was unanimously elected President of the Society for the session commencing in October. The very cordial thanks of the Society were given to the Rev. E. A. Wesley for his services to the Society during his second year of office. Mr. Richard Eastley read a paper entitled "Utopia : 'Natural Society' and 'Village Communities.'"

ORDINARY MEMBERS ELECTED DURING THE SESSION.

Mrs. Percy Ogden, Rev. S. Jackson, M.A., Mr. Joseph Cooke, Mrs. Crawford, Mr. T. Martin-Jones, Miss T. M. James, Mr. Thomas Ogden.

The attendances during the session were as follows:—
Annual Meeting, 45; Ordinary Meetings, 68, 60, 75, 39, 40, 150, 45, 40, 52, 48, 58, 40, 25.

NINETY-THIRD SESSION, 1903-04.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held at the Royal Institution, on 5th October, 1903.

The President, Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., occupied the chair.

The following Report of the retiring Council was read and adopted :—

REPORT.

The Ninety-second Session of the Society (1902-3) was inaugurated by an Address delivered by the President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, M.A., in his second year of office: and, during the thirteen meetings that followed, papers of both general and special interest were read.

The Annual Dinner was held in December, and the guests invited were Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, D.D., and Mr. Hall Caine; but, through the regretted indisposition of Mrs. Hall Caine, the Society unhappily had to forego the company of Mr. Hall Caine.

During the Session, death has removed from the roll of Members several friends of the Society, whose loss we record with the deepest regret. We have to deplore the lamented decease for Mr. Hugh Hunter, for twenty years a regular attendant at our meetings; Sir James Poole, J.P., Life Member, Mayor of Liverpool in 1886-7, whose connection with the Society covered a period of 17 years; Mr. Josiah Marples, who joined in 1873, and for many years rendered invaluable services in connection with the publication of the Annual Volumes of *Proceedings*; and

Mr. J. Birkbeck Nevins, M.D., London. Dr. Nevins was one of the oldest, most active, and most distinguished members of the Society, and for a period of nearly half a century devoted his rare talents to its welfare. He filled the office of President from 1869–1872, and again from 1894–6. The numerous papers that he contributed to the *Proceedings* illustrated by their range and depth of learning the versatility and power of a mind devoted to intellectual pursuits, and preserved with unimpaired freshness and vigour to an advanced age.

To the roll of Honorary Members has been added the name of the esteemed Ex-President, Mr. Edward Davies, F.C.S., F.I.C.

The Treasurer's accounts were submitted and adopted.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing session:—Vice-Presidents—Mr. A. Theodore Brown, re-elected, Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, F.R.G.S., F.C.I.S., re-elected, and Mr. Roland J. A. Shelley. Hon. Treasurer—Mr. J. W. Thompson, B.A., re-elected. Hon. Librarian—Mr. Alfred W. Newton, M.A., re-elected. Hon. Secretary—Mr. Edward G. Narramore, L.D.S., Eng., re-elected.

The following members were elected to serve on the Council in place of the five retiring members:—Miss Maude L. Higgins, Rev. H. J. Chaytor, M.A., Mr. James Mellor, Dr. J. Ernest Nevins, Mr. James Rice Lewis.

The Associates were re-elected.

The President then read his Address entitled “Early Victorian Literature.”

ORDINARY MEETINGS.

I. 19th October, 1903. The President Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., occupied the chair. Dr. J. Murray Moore exhibited a specimen of “Radium.” Mr. John Lee,

B.A., read a paper entitled "Some Original Studies of Lancashire Life."

II. 2nd November, 1903. The President, Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., occupied the chair. Rev. H. J. Chaytor, M.A., read a paper entitled "Folquet of Marseilles (1160(?)–1231), Troubadour, Bishop, and Inquisitor." The Rev. H. J. Chaytor, M.A., exhibited one of Folquet's poems in the original old Provençal, which he translated into English, with explanations of its poetical form.

III. 16th November, 1903. The President, Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., occupied the chair. Dr. A. E. Hawkes, in the course of some remarks on the Spencer Library, stated that in the Ryland's Library, at Manchester, were deposited almost all the valuable books which had been accumulated by the Earl Spencer at Althorp. The Spencer Library was purchased by Mrs. Rylands for the purpose. He hoped that members of the Society would accept the Librarian's invitation and inspect some of the treasures, upon the possession of which they should congratulate Manchester. Rev. E. A. Wesley, M.A., read a paper entitled "The Province of Poetry."

IV. 30th November, 1903. The President, Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., occupied the chair. Dr. J. Murray Moore exhibited (1) A Facsimile of the First Folio (1623) of Shakespeare; (2) "The Complete Works of Shakespeare," with Glossarial Notes and Life by N. Rowe, 1825. Mr. James T. Foard read a paper entitled "The Apocrypha of Shakespeare." Mr. Foard treated of the various forms of Apocryphal Biography of Shakespeare.

V. 14th December, 1903. The Vice-President, Mr. A. Theodore Brown, occupied the chair. The Rev. E. A. Wesley referred to the decease of Mr. Herbert Spencer, touching upon some of his personal characteristics and his life's work as a thinker and philosopher. Mr. Edward

G. Narramore read a paper entitled "A Sketch of the Faust Theme in Legend, Literature, and Art." In connection with the paper were shown some lantern slide reproductions of notable pictorial treatments of the theme by Sicheu, Rembrandt, Seibertz, and Henry Moses after Retzsch; and also, amongst some other books, a recent reprint of the *English Faust-Book of 1592*.

VI. 11th January, 1904. The Vice-President, Mr. A. Theodore Brown, occupied the chair. Mr. R. C. Johnson, F.R.A.S., read a paper entitled "Notes on Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace's new book, *Man's Place in the Universe*." Mr. Alfred W. Newton, M.A., read a paper entitled "Some Notes on the Bastille."

VII. 25th January, 1904, Rev. E. A. Wesley, ex-President, occupied the chair. Dr. J. Murray Moore read a paper entitled "A Tour in Austria and Hungary." The paper was illustrated by lantern slides.

VIII. 8th February, 1904. The President, Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., occupied the chair. Prof. Oliver Elton read a paper entitled "The Study of Shakspeare."

IX. 22nd February, 1904. The President, Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., occupied the chair. Prof. L. R. Wilberforce read a paper on "Radium." By the kind invitation of Prof. Wilberforce, the meeting was adjourned to the Physics Theatre of the University, in order to afford the necessary facilities for the experiments illustrating the paper.

X. 7th March, 1904. The President, Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., occupied the chair. Mr. Roland J. A. Shelley read a paper entitled "The English Navy in the days of Cromwell."

XI. 21st March, 1904. The President, Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., occupied the chair. Mr. Richard J. Lloyd,

M.A., D. Lit., F.R.S.E., read a paper entitled "Esperanto, the proposed International Auxiliary Language."

XII. 11th April, 1904. The President, Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., occupied the chair. The President referred to the recent deaths of Sir Edwin Arnold, poet, journalist, and interpreter of the mind of the East, and of Miss Frances Power Cobbe. Dr. A. E. Hawkes read a paper entitled "Roman and other Remains in Arles and neighbourhood." The paper was illustrated by lantern slides, photographs, and coins.

XIII. 18th April, 1904. The President, Rev. W. E. Sims, A.K.C.L., occupied the chair. Arising out of the special business of the meeting, the Rev. W. E. Sims was unanimously re-elected President of the Society for the session commencing in October. Rev. E. N. Hoare, M.A., read a paper entitled "Boethius's *Consolation of Philosophy*."

ORDINARY MEMBERS ELECTED DURING THE SESSION.

Mr. James W. Bell, Mr. Alfred Bellis, Mr. Albert Edward Jacob, M.A. (Dublin), Mrs. W. E. Sims, Mr. John Young, Mrs. John Young.

The attendances during the session were as follows:—
Annual Meeting—38; Ordinary Meetings—40, 25, 40, 35, 45, 38, 60, 40, 130, 50, 35, 50, 44.

A NOTE ON THE CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY REV. E. A. WESLEY, M.A.,

PRESIDENT.

THE history of Literature, like all other histories, is a record of development. In the world of letters no century stands by itself; each is prepared for by the one that preceded it, for the mind is never independent of its ancestry. We fancy ourselves

“Still in thought as free as ever,”

yet we know we are never really free; for the dead thoughts of perished generations dimly stir us, and insensibly bias our minds. In literature, the bonds of former generations, however much we may wish to break away from them, restrict and confine our modes of expression, just as the talk around us when we were children gave us our mother tongue.

This continuity, and this dependence, make it difficult to divide the history of letters into centuries, and yet I am asking you this evening to isolate a particular century, and to consider, as far as you can, the literary ideals that guided it. With any other century than the eighteenth this would be impossible, but there were fresh conditions arising at its dawn which caused a distinct historic break, enabling us safely to do so. What those conditions were we must now enquire.

During the Commonwealth, a vast amount of newspaper hack work, which cannot be denominated literature, sprang into existence at the call of a new order of readers,

whom the stirring events of the time roused to intelligent interest in politics. These cheap broadsheets were, as we know, the pioneers of our modern newspapers, and gave employment to a class of writers closely akin to present day journalists. Paltry as they were, they were regarded as sufficiently important to receive subsidies from rival political parties, and continued to appear only so long as they were thus supported. De Foe, Addison, and Steele, at the commencement of their literary career, were amongst the number of mercenary journalists. When, however, a few years after the commencement of the eighteenth century, Walpole found himself at the head of a party sufficiently strong to dispense with the assistance of the press, these and a host of other writers were cast adrift, and thus set free for better and more independent work. The result was little less than revolutionary. No longer under obligations to party, no longer confined to political subjects, these writers were, by sheer necessity, or by the impulse of that natural genius which must find vent, paid or unpaid, compelled to seek new fields, and to set before themselves entirely new aims.

Thus at the commencement of the eighteenth century, literature cast off its chains, and threw itself for support upon the reading world, relying alone on its own merits. The change was marked and immediate. A new prose sprang into being, differing from the coarse vernacular prose that had preceded it, alike in subject and in treatment. Still more remarkable was the immediate creation, under these novel conditions, of a new class of readers, amongst whom women, for the first time in literary history, had a place.

The effect of adding a new sex to the world of readers is apparent in the simplification of style which accompanied it, and in the suppression of cumbrous sentences

and a complicated grammatical structure, of which you will find examples in the prose of Temple, and in the artificially balanced style of Lyly, with its affectations and mannerisms. Of this you may be sure, that writers whose bread depended on pleasing the ear of the busy city man or madam, the frivolous butterflies of society, the pre-occupied and the gay, would study simplicity. To be heard, or rather, to be bought, for that under the new conditions became the primary consideration, books and newspapers must be couched in language polished, bright, sparkling, witty and popular.

It takes two you know to make a book, a writer and a reader, as flint and steel must come together before the spark is born that sets the tinder aglow. Writers must take their spark from the world they live in, from the men and women they meet. Every author, however humble, was a reader once, and learned from the books that fell in his way what writing pleased him best. It is this interaction between the author and his public that spurs men to literary effort. Without it you may indeed find isolated literary achievement, but no great literature. Had there been in Queen Elizabeth's day no play-loving people, there would have been no Shakespere, no Jonson, no Webster, no Beaumont and Fletcher, in fact, no romantic drama. In the same way great schools of painting imply great patronage; noble architecture postulates a people eager to express their aspirations in noble buildings. When people ceased to visit the play-house, the playwright lost his inspiration. So, too, on the disappearance of the Stuart monarchy, the courtier was compelled to put away his lute. Literature exists only where there is a public to appreciate it, and its continuous production depends on a continuity of support.

Not until the golden age of Queen Anne were condi-

tions favourable to the creation of a distinguished school of prose. One book does not make a school. The previous century had given the people a Bible, translated into the most stately and noble language ever denominated the "vulgar tongue," but that one book did not create a literature. It was an episode. What the Jacobean translation of scripture did was, slowly, through the course of many years, to educate the people, and to engender in them a love of a clear and graceful prose. The Bible was, if we may say so, the great popular educator of its century, but it formed no school; it was an isolated literary product.

Again, the poet Cowley, in the same century, wrote such delicate, discriminating, and faultless English as was never heard again in the land, until 'gentle "Elia" appeared, yet he founded no school, nor was his contemporary fame based on anything save his poetry, for which we now care very little.

Before the time of Walpole, the political hack who wrote the most pungent satire, or belauded his hero in the most fulsome language, was the recipient of the highest reward. Under such conditions artistic work was impossible. Its methods were inevitably bad, and its field arbitrarily confined. Patronage was the deadly upas that killed all that sat under its shadow. When that tree was destroyed, the public became the artist's patron, to meet whose exacting demands and ever-changing moods the author must labour for freshness, variety, lucidity, and that broad sanity which appeals to the common sense of mankind in all ages. The *Tatler* and *Spectator* show how closely writers of the day felt the public pulse. Their pages are alive with the spirit of the times. The wit and sparkle of the coffee house, the light badinage of the boudoir, the frivolous chatter of the theatre, the talk of the streets, all find echo in these singularly brilliant pages.

Nor can we fail to be struck with the versatility of the new writers. There is nothing that touches human nature for which they have not eyes and ears; the foibles of the people, the manners of mistress and maid, the little civilities and incivilities of every-day life, thoughts grave and gay, lively and severe, passing through the busy work-a-day brain, or touching the human heart, all these are vividly reflected in this beautiful humane and lucid literature.

The freaks and intellectual subtleties of the preceding age, which gave an artificial air to English prose, were soon purged away, since the reading world was no longer whimsical and subtle. It was a bright, clear-headed public, frivolous, off-hand and busy, for whom De Foe, Swift, Steele and Addison wrote so charmingly in that splendid age of literature we call the classic period. Narrowly interpreted as meaning a literature structurally similar to Latin or Greek, or taking its inspiration from classical authors, no term could be more inappropriate. It was Milton in the seventeenth, not Swift in the eighteenth century, who tried to assimilate the literature of England to that of Italy, and Milton's, in spite of the splendour of its poetical vocabulary, is not a good working prose. That of the eighteenth century was natural and English to its last fibre. Deeply convinced as these writers were of the supreme beauty of the ancient literatures of Greece and Rome, freely as they embellished their own with classical allusions and metaphors, it was not these which made their prose pre-eminent, but the lucidity of it, its easy grace, its admirable form, and its polished reserve. Although humane, it is rarely personal. You may search fruitlessly among the sprightly authors of this period for what we call a "human document." With all their sparkle, their ready wit, and keen observation, they took

care to conceal their own weaknesses. Never do you find them wearing their heart upon their sleeve. They laugh at others without revealing themselves, and in these days of aggressive personality we may count that to them for righteousness.

But there is a drawback to this polished reticence, for in it lies the secret of their failure, obvious enough to us, to portray human passion. Except Richardson, none, even of their best novelists, really takes an interior view of the human heart. Their standpoint is always exterior, nor can it be anything else, since the soul that does not study itself, and that dares not for peril of ridicule reveal its own secrets, cannot portray the passions of mankind.

Again, that admirable lucidity, which never leaves us in doubt as to their meaning, due in part to short sentences, in part to precision in the use of words—this also has its drawbacks, when it leads to shallowness, to the sacrifice of detached and remote thought, and to the delineation only of the coarser and more obvious, in preference to the delicate and evanescent, because the latter are hard to express, the former easy. A stream, we know, may often be clear, not because the water is limpid, but because it is shallow.

As to purity of diction, I think we must accord the prose writers of the early eighteenth century high praise. They kept their prose and verse well apart. Cowley had done this with exceptional success in the previous century, but he was the only great writer in both branches who did. Nor do they, like their predecessors, involve themselves in perplexing ambiguities, adopt roundabout phrases, mar their style by tediously elaborate embellishments, drag in far-fetched words of doubtful meaning, or sink into mere rhetoric. Nor do you find them stringing half a dozen independent sentences together, as Milton so frequently

does, of which the following is by no means an isolated example:—

If in this most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness [in writing for the public after careful preparation], if no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of book writing, and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety, that he is no idiot or seducer, it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

You see how clumsily these clauses are tagged one to another, like barges towed along the stream, and what a hazy effect the passage leaves upon your mind. The classic authors are entirely free from this blemish.

Yet another conspicuous merit of theirs is their admirable sense of proportion. You know how tiresome an author becomes who allows a passing illustration to lead him off into long, wearisome digressions, a vice frequent amongst seventeenth century writers. Even Locke, who as an authority on the human understanding, ought to have been superior to this fault, cannot free himself from it. Thus, when illustrating the folly of insular egotism, by the example of the Marian Islanders, who thought themselves the only people in the world, he drifts away into a prolix account of the early Spanish voyages between Acapulco and Manilla, for no other apparent reason than to air his reading. A fine sense of proportion kept the classic writers of our Augustan age free from this vice.

Turning from prose to poetry, for that we must do, although we lose thereby the sunlight, we shall find the

same qualities, lucidity, order, reserve, and just proportion; but I think while you enumerate these merits, you feel you are leaving out others far more essential; that lacking inspiration, insight, sincerity, and conviction, no poetry to you can be anything but the empty case of the chrysalis from which the butterfly has flown. Some have felt this so strongly as to assert that there was no real poetry in the early eighteenth century. We need not go so far as that, for poetry has many forms, and we cannot forget how beautifully polished are the couplets of Pope, how tender the elegiac grace of Gray. Yet in an age so singularly rich in noble prose, the paucity of true poetry is remarkable. The further on we go in the century, the worse off we find ourselves, and when we come to Hayley and Erasmus Darwin we give up in despair.

Many causes, no doubt, conspired to produce this singular sterility. There was the baleful example of contemporary French verse, feeble, mechanical, and uninspired; a growing tendency to assimilate poetry to prose, through the unskilful employment of blank verse; an ever-growing reliance on antiquity, on books and second-hand observations, in place of a direct appeal to nature; a certain mental dishonesty, or at least cowardice, which shrank from the expression of genuine thought and feeling, substituting for it conventionalised expressions and verbal approximations. Beyond all these, deeper than all these, lay a strange incapacity to appreciate the enormous scope and power of the human imagination, an inability which lay upon poetry like a nightmare, paralysing the productive faculty.

Wordsworth remarks that the higher operation of the imagination does not require the stimulus of a romantic situation. An earthquake, a shipwreck, a tornado, were wanted to rouse the sluggish pulse of an eighteenth

century poet. What they liked was a neat clean-cut plan, logical and well connected. When by good fortune they hit on this, they could reel off verses for as many cantos as they liked. You can trace their mechanical methods by the arguments with which they prefaced their poems. One example, from Mallet, the friend of Thomson, will suffice. The poem to which the synopsis is prefixed is one which no one ever reads now, called *The Excursion*.

Canto I.—Invocation, addressed to Fancy. Subject proposed. A short excursive survey of the earth and heavens. The poem opens with a description of the face of nature in the different scenes of morning, sunrise, noon with a thunder-storm, evening and night, with the character of a friend deceased. With the return of morning Fancy continues her excursion, still northward. A view of the Arctic continent and the deserts of Tartary, from thence southward: a general prospect of the globe, followed by another of the middle part of Europe, supposed Italy. A city there upon the point of being swallowed up by an earthquake: signs that usher it in: described in its causes and effects at length. Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the same time and from the same causes, likewise described. Canto II contains, on the same plan, a survey of the solar system and of the fixed stars.

This is entirely typical of the mechanical structure of an immense volume of eighteenth century verse. The editor of Mallet's reprint in *Bell's Poets*, suggests that the excellence of writing may, in this case, atone for "irregularity in the composition!" If Mr. Mallet's poem is irregular, one wonders what a regular poem would look like. The smaller the poet the more loudly, as a rule, does he invoke his muse, and the more gorgeous the plan on which he sets out. You search in vain among the groaning mountains of such laborious verse for one wee little mouse of frank original observation, one scintilla of genuine unforced feeling. For all that to us is lovable, winning, moving, for all that stirs us, wafts us

us upward to the heaven of romance, for all that brings by a word or touch in contact with Great Pan, for all that sets the bells of Arcady jangling in our ears, these poets have no ear at all. Put all their earthquakes and tornadoes, their burning mountains and cities on the point of being swallowed up in comparison with that "little downy owl" of Shelley's—the *Aziola*,—and how dull, how empty it all is. Keats' address to these poor jaded poets, writing, always writing, with their sleepy eyes half closed, was surely justified.

Why were ye not awake? But ye were dead
 To things ye knew not of,—were closely wed
 To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
 And compass vile: so that ye taught a school
 Of dolts to smoothe, inlay, and clip, and fit,
 Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,
 Their verses tallied. Easy was the task:
 A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
 Of Poesy. Ill-fated, impious race!
 That blasphemed the bright Lyrist to his face,
 And did not know it,—no, they went about
 Holding a poor decrepit standard out,
 Marked with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
 The name of one Boileau.

With their French traditions, their formal rules, their unapprehensive brain and their fish-like eyes, what notion could they get of nature, except some dreamy memory derived from what ancient authors saw, or said they saw?

And the worst was, their readers were no better. Lord Chesterfield wrote, of another of Mallett's prosy poems:—

It has no faults, or I no faults can spy
 It is all beauty, or all blindness I.

But there is always, in the worst of times, a saving remnant, the few who will not bow in the house of Rimmon; and these hailed the appearance of Thomson as of

a poet keenly alive to the beauties of nature. Yet, in our view, Thomson's approach to nature was timid and immature. He was a fat man, "more fat than beseems a poet," as he said, and we seem to hear his ponderous foot-step beside that of his equally pedestrian muse. To call him a nature-poet is preposterous. His was not the heart that could dance with daffodills or talk to the wee modest crimson-tipped flower. As a boy he had wandered over the mountains of Westmorland, and had seen and loved, in his dull way, the country scenes he afterwards described. But the man whose sunrises were written in bed, who dealt with the waning memories of an only half-awakened youth, could never creep into nature's secrets or reveal her heart. His own standpoint, he tells us with admirable frankness,—

Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude.

So long as man "superior walks," his intimacy with nature cannot be close. He may love to saunter through the fields, edified by the great Creator's plan, and, like Addison, exclaim,

Transported at the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

but adoration is not intimacy; moral reflections are not insight. Man must forget his superior walk and attain the heart of a little child, humble, receptive, waiting, before nature will open her heart to him.

This blindness to nature affected the novelists as well as the poets. De Foe's *Crusoe* is a wonderful novel, but there is not a page of descriptive writing in it. Richardson, again, who knew the mystery of women as no one else before or since, knew nothing about natural scenery.

Fielding, Smollett, and Goldsmith all take their scenery on trust. They show us their harbours, their bowers, their country commons, their woods, but they exhibit them all as passing objects, just glanced at through the window of a travelling post chaise, while you are busy talking with an interesting partner, and have no time for close observation. Nor do we find any real insight in poet or novelist until the century is drawing to a close. Yet theirs was a prose, clear, natural, easy, graceful, adequate, without mannerisms or redundancy, a prose in which order and good sense were distinguishing features. Its admirable precision has rendered it pre-eminently the language of science and business. A hundred and fifty years have passed since Bishop Berkley wrote his matchless English, yet I venture to assert that the splendid firm and manly style of the late Professor Huxley is not clearer or more precise than that of the great metaphysician, while it falls short of it in the high qualities of distinction and grace. Further, I would say that English prose, for practical business and scientific purposes, has made, perhaps can make, little further progress. The debt we owe the eighteenth century in poetry may be slender, but that we owe in prose is incalculably great.

The first English poet to feel the veering round of popular favour to a less formal and bookish verse, is William Collins, a writer little read to-day, little read at any time. In many respects he belongs to the ultra classical school; his writings abound in classical allusions, and that figure of speech called "personification." He talks like Milton of "oaten reeds," and sings pastoral songs; he knows all the artifices of fashionable and formal poetry, but with this he possesses a singular insight into the more delicate beauties of nature. His *Ode to Evening* displays many indications of that intimacy with natural

scenery which is the proper mark of a romantic writer. He tells you how

The weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing.

He has a fondness for old fairy lore—another romantic trait. Accosting evening as a goddess, he writes:—

For when thy folding-star arising, shows
His paley circle, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours and elves
Who slept in buds the day,
And many a nymph, who wreathes her brow with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still
The pensive Pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

All this is in the style of Shelley and Keats. He uses words, too, in fresh ways, and bids you note on a rainy evening the

Hamlets brown, and dim discovered spires,
And hear their simple bell, and mark o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

Passages in the ode recall to our mind phrases in the familiar *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. Now Gray was a poet whose sympathies were strongly antiquarian. Early English poetry was his familiar study, but he never emancipated himself from classical methods. You no doubt remember the beautiful verse finally rejected from his *Elegy*, descriptive of the visit of birds to a lonely grave—

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found.
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little foot-steps lightly print the ground.

Mason says, Gray thought this verse formed too long a parenthesis, but the explanation is inadequate; more prob-

ably it was omitted to avoid introducing matter which some fastidious critic might deem too insignificant and familiar for the dignified mood of elegy. You will find many indications that Gray, like all the poets of his age, was afraid of himself, afraid to betray a tenderness of feeling beneath the dignity of letters. These classical poets, like the Jews, called many things "common and unclean"; and it was not until the days of Chatterton, Burns, Blake and Wordsworth, that the heavenly vision descended, teaching men to call nothing in nature "common," or "unclean." And there was another consideration which I think may have influenced Gray in rejecting this beautiful verse—the question whether it would be quite clear and apparent to every reader. It was the habit of eighteenth century writers to make the smallest possible demand on the intelligence of their public. Beyond assuming that they possessed a schoolboy's familiarity with Greek and Roman mythology, they were careful to avoid taxing them; hence their reluctance to obtrude obscure allusions. The poets of our day assume a cyclopedic knowledge on their readers' part, and think an appended footnote would affront their understandings. It is curious to observe that, while this change of attitude on the part of authors towards the reading public was coming about, while the earlier classic method was passing into the early romantic, writers, both of prose and verse, compromised with their readers, giving long explanatory prefaces and notes. So anxious was Sir Walter Scott that his erudition should not fall on unappreciative minds, that he prefixed to the Waverley novels four pages of advertisement, a hundred and three of general preface, eight pages of special preface, twenty-six pages of introduction, and a postscript, "which should have been a preface" consisting of four more. To *Quentin Durward* there are seventy

pages of introductory matter. *Woodstock* has thirty-five of preface, twenty-eight of appendix, and ten more of a second preface. And it is the same with the poets Moore and Southey.

The romantic movement which slowly revolutionised imaginative literature, really covers three distinctly fresh departures, relating respectively to literary inspiration, expression and material, the first two forming an integral part of the movement, the third casually connected with it. The great inspiring force of the romantic revival was an entirely fresh interest in, and view of nature. At first this meant only a growing fondness for natural scenery, as in Thomson, Collins, and Gray, but this quickly ripened into something wider and deeper, culminating in what was practically a great discovery: that there exists in nature a spiritual element, akin to the spiritual nature of man, and, like it, mysterious—profound: that nature is at once a veil hiding impenetrable mysteries, the source and inspiration of all beauty, and a ladder by which the finite soul ascends into the infinite.

This discovery regenerated the world of art, since it drew men away from forms and conventions to the realities that lay far behind them; from rules, precedents and books, as sources of inspiration, to that which inspired all living literature—nature herself. It was like the discovery of a new world, and it led to the discovery of a new use of language, to new literary aims and to new methods. So long as man regarded the world from the standpoint of a superior being, “a primrose by the river’s brim,” was simply a primrose. Like a second Adam he could name the beasts and the trees, but there everything ended. If he wished to describe nature, he prefixed to a noun the adjective which conventional usage had pronounced appropriate; but when nature began to reveal

herself as the mother of mysteries, when the thought awoke that to "know the flower in the crannied wall, root and all, and all in all," we must know the two great unknowables, God and man, it was apparent that merely naming an object, and attaching an attribute, was not really description.

The denotative use of words, applicable where objects are clearly known, breaks down when those objects are vague. The method in dealing with the indeterminate must necessarily be connotative; that is, the words employed, over and above their literal significance, must carry with them by association some thrill or hint of the unseen, they must suggest more than they declare. And this use of language involves a new aim in literary art, the desire to build up by the use of suggestive terms, a literary structure which shall create in the mind of the reader, by a thousand subtle touches and implications, what we call an "atmosphere," a sort of real presence. St. Paul expresses the idea perfectly when he speaks of seeing that which is invisible. The romantic artist, whether poet, painter or musician, endeavours to use his material in such a way as to create in the reader's mind the world he describes. He is the master builder of the palace beautiful.

Material does not matter in the least to the literary artist who has adopted the romantic method, and it is unfortunate that the term "romantic" implies the contrary. It is a mere accident that the chief writers associated in the popular mind with the new method were addicted to the use of romantic stories and situations. Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Monk Lewis exhausted their ingenuity in devising romantic situations, and their stories, though in no sense literature, are highly romantic, yet no one would include such compilers of servant-girls' tales with romanticists.

And this movement we call a revival, because it involved, in a measure, a recurrence to the methods of the Elizabethan authors, and to the ballad writers, whose appeal to nature was direct and vivid, and whose methods were more or less those of suggestion. The realism of *Macbeth* is overpowering. The genius of the writer compels you to live amongst the men and women on his stage,—real men and women, with strong passions like our own, yet bound as we are by the mastery of powers superior and unseen. The effect is startling, vivid, and intensely, strenuously real. Among the simple artless balladists you find the same clear and direct appeal to nature. In *Chevy Chase* occur the well-known lines,

The feather from the grey goose wing
With his heart's blood was wet.

which you see involves direct observation. The primary meaning of course is that the arrow passed clean through the body, but the balladist avoids such a crude expression, and speaks as the romantic writers do, in the language of suggestion. Why does he speak of the grey goose at all? Because, with fine artistic feeling, he wished to associate in his reader's minds the swift course of the arrow with the flight of the wild bird. We know that the feathers of the grey goose were highly esteemed by the fletchers on account of their firmness, so there is what we now call natural realism in the line, but the poet brings in that grey goose from his lonely fens to suggest the contrast between the harmless life of the beautiful bird with the carnage of a battle-field. This is the connotative method, the method of metaphor, of allusion, of suggestion. To appreciate it the reader must himself be imaginative. And as with phrases, so with words; the romantic writers employing those that carry associations, that bring out, expand, enforce, or even exaggerate their meaning. I do

not mean that they adapt their language to their subject, for that is the practice of all poets. Pope reminds us

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

Romantic writers go far beyond this, relying for their chief effects upon states of feeling, which it is their aim and their art to arouse in the mind of the reader by a choice use of words and phrases rich in association. We all know the startling, dramatic effect of the knocking at the castle gate in *Macbeth*. You will observe that the artist is extremely reticent in that scene, dealing entirely in suggestion. He does not show you the murdered Banquo, but you feel his presence within; you see it imaged in the wild eyes of the guilty pair, on whose ears breaks that horrible knocking. The guilt, the remorse, the deed done that cannot be recalled, the darkness of utter darkness within that ghastly chamber; and outside, innocence, the busy strenuous world, and the glad incoming of the day. But this is not written down. It is created by the romantic method of connotation in the spectator's mind, the writer calculating upon a parallelism in action between the reader's mind and his own. Now contrast this with the death scene in Addison's *Cato*, which the playgoers of the time regarded as far superior to *Macbeth*. Portius, Cato's son, comes running on the stage to tell Marcia of a rising in Spain, of which Cato should take advantage. After eight brief lines in which he conveys this news the action is interrupted by a groan within:—

But hark! What means that groan? Oh give me way
And let me fly into my father's presence. [*exit.*]

Lucia. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And, in the wild disorder of his soul,
Mourns for his country. Hah! a second groan.
Heaven guard us all! :—

Marcia. Alas! 'Tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'Tis agonising pain.
'Tis death is in that sound.

Portius comes running back at this moment, to tell us what we might very well have guessed.

Oh sight of woe!
Oh Marcia, what we fear'd has come to pass.
Cato is fallen upon his sword.

Lucia Oh? Portius.

Hide all the horror of thy mournful tale, and let us guess the rest.

But guessing the rest does not satisfy this logical dramatist. Lest there be any mistake, the dying man is brought out groaning on his chair. A few edifying words follow, and then the curtain. You would call a scene like that crude, bungling, and unworkmanlike, but it moved the audience to tears, and Addison was overwhelmed with compliments; the dramatic proprieties, according to Racine and Corneille, were all complied with, everything was clear, business-like and straightforward, no mysteries, no puzzles, no suggestions, nothing for the audience to do but to weep, or applaud.

You will see from this contrast how vastly superior is the method of suggestion, the romantic method to the classic in higher tragedy. The one hints, and by the very act creates, the other leaves us intellectually satisfied, but emotionally unmoved. In the one case we are made participators in a tragedy, in the other we merely look on.

Again, in plain descriptive poetry, the romantic writer has the advantage.

Take these lines from Thomson, descriptive of a summer storm at mid-day:—

In blazing height of noon,
The sun, oppres'd, is plunged in thickest gloom,
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of struggling night and day malignant mixed.

There is nothing in this to captivate the imagination; the unreality is apparent. That simple, living line of Collins:—

Hamlets brown, and dim discovered spires.

is true, vivid, real, though perfectly simple. There are no great words in it but what there are are sincere.

In 1770, fourteen years after the untimely death of Collins, Thomas Chatterton set out for London, with a few pounds in his pocket, and a bundle of manuscripts. I need not weary you with the story of the eclipse of his young, hopeful life, because the immortal part of him, the poems of Rowley, are with us still, and in them you will find an early and interesting example of the romantic method. Chatterton's work is immature, the outpourings of a boy's heart, but in the *Bristowe Tragedy*, and in the *Exelente Balade of Charitie* you will find real and powerful descriptive writing. If you contrast the splendid description of the coming on of the storm in the ballad with that which I have quoted from Thomson's *Seasons*, you will be impressed with its superior realism. Time honoured, conventional epithets are falling away, and you are here confronted with a poet who dares to look nature in the face, and paint exactly what he sees. The romantic method of suggestion is not yet reached, but the poetic insight into nature, which is another mark of the romantic school, is clearly there. We must remember, in judging the work of this boy, that in his day, although the *Percy Reliques* had appeared, and Thomson, by the publication of the *Castle of Indolence* had revived interest in Spenser, classicism, in the words of Mr. Henley, "still lay on the arts like, not a blow, but a blight. It was the official faith." In poetry, the methods of Cowley, Waller, Dryden, and Pope, enshrining much fine and

popular poetry, supported by the preponderating influence of Dr. Johnson and all the critics, long continued to dominate the public mind; consequently the progress of the romantic movement was slow and uncertain. This revival, as we have seen, embraced several co-related but independent elements, which did not proceed in parallel columns, but marched, as it were, in irregular skirmishing order. With Burns you notice how even the classical and romantic movements sometimes kept pace with one another, for you have in his English poems an example of the orthodox system, regular, clear, and insipid; and in the dialect poetry, whose inspiration was derived from the living ballad literature of Scotland, the traditions of which had been vigorously maintained by a number of writers in perfect independence of the reactionary classic school south of the Tweed, you find a splendid example of romantic insight into nature and the human emotions.

Blake, whose work in quality and amount is inferior to that of Burns, presents us with a still more fascinating study, since in him unite a larger number of romantic elements than in any author of his time. In painting he was a pioneer of the romantic method. In literature he exhibited an intensely spiritual appreciation of nature, and an exceptional power of mental self-projection into the characters, few and simple as they were, which he delineated. In addition to these qualities, his method is essentially suggestive. Both as poet and artist Blake was far in advance of his period, but he failed entirely if he ever attempted, to reach the peoples' hearts.

You will remember that I said it took two to make a book, an author and a reader. The early romantic writers found themselves in the same position as Blake. Their readers could not understand them. Wordsworth for

years struggled with unpopularity, no man daring to say a good word for his work save Hazlitt and a few prose writers touched with the romantic spirit. Wordsworth is an example of the nature-worshipping side of the romantic movement, as his friend Coleridge, whose inspiration is in part derived from the German school of romance, is of the mystic. It was not men like these who could stir the popular heart or prepare the reading world for the coming change. Two very different influences conspired to accomplish that. First, the political revolution in France, sympathetically affecting this country, stimulating our conservative order-loving people to attempt experiment, to cast off its chains, mental and social, to throw aside time-honoured customs in art and letters, and to abandon the older faith. That was one great predisposing influence, and with it the simultaneous appearance of two notable writers in prose and verse, of immense and entirely unprecedented popularity. Of the French revolution and its wide influence over men like Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Landor, little need be said, for we all know that it affected profoundly, not thinking men alone, but the country at large.

But the position of Scott and Byron in the history of the romantic movement is of equal importance. Like the Bible in the seventeenth century, the works of these two men became for a time great popular educators, preparing the world for the reception and appreciation of romantic methods alike in letters, painting, drama, architecture, and religion. Yet Scott and Byron were neither of them romanticists. The prose style and methods of the one, and the poetry of the other, were entirely classical, and it was this fact that recommended them to the reading world. They were clear, orderly, and denotative in their use of language; there was very little of the spiritual

element about them; they were not nature worshippers. For all that, in the minds of the people, not only of England, but of Europe, they were accepted as representatives of the romantic school since their material was romantic. Scott, as we know, chose the romance of the middle ages, and, in so doing, helped to undermine the sturdy Protestantism of England. Without *Waverley*, the tractarian movement, if it ever came into existence, would have been strictly confined to a narrow ecclesiastical clique. Scott, with his abbots and monasteries, his gorgeous pictures of the middle ages, swept away those national traditions, I will not call them prejudices, which but a few years before had occasioned the Gordon riots. From *Waverley* came Catholic emancipation, and all the consequences that have followed that revolutionary measure. The change was unforeseen by the author, but we who are wise after the event, can trace the undermining influence of Scott's captivating romances on the staunch Protestantism of the nation.

As the magnet draws iron, so did these fascinating pictures of mediæval art and manners draw men from the prosy present to the romantic past,—its religion, its architecture, and its literature. Old authors, long discarded, were brought down from dusty shelves; old dramatists and old poets came again into fashion; and with them, of course, their ways of looking at nature, their sense of her mystery and wonder.

A people whose literary food was the stories of Sir Walter Scott were thus gradually being prepared to accept the teaching of a new school in literature, and so to make that literature possible. Viewed as a whole, Scott's influence was reactionary and religious; that of Byron, irreligious, emotional, and violent.

But Byron's position in the revolt of letters from the

trammels of classic art is quite as important as that of Scott, and even more wide-reaching, since the great romantic movement in France that followed the fall of Napoleon, and gave the world Victor Hugo, Berlioz, Wagner, and a splendid school of artists, full of vigour and originality, is due in large measure to him. To the rising men of the thirties in France, Byron was a god, his methods, so far as they could understand them, were their methods, and his passion, which they could understand, and his attitude to religion and morality was theirs. Byron's fierce independence, his scorn of all poets but himself, of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Southey, and all the romanticists, with his clearly marked recurrence to the method of Pope, exclude him entirely from the category of romanticists, yet no contemporary writer was more dependent on romantic material. The blare of his brass trumpet echoed through the world. Everybody knew of him, his flaunting vices, his cynicism, his romantic attachment to the cause of liberty. He was feared, he was hated, he was worshipped, but above all he was read, and the reading of him showed the public that one of the conventions of the classic school must go down once and for ever. There could be no more reticence. Henceforward writers must tell the world fearlessly what they thought, and what they felt. Hearts from this time must be embroidered on every sleeve. Now that was one of the points that the romanticists insisted on. Authors, they said, should not be afraid of revealing their inmost feelings. No consideration of the dignity of letters should deter them from telling frankly what they saw in nature and human nature, no matter how trivial.

We must not, however, suppose that the romantic movement affected all departments of letters. The plain handicraftsman in the art of bookmaking kept the even

tenor of his way, in prose and verse, wholly unmoved. Only in the higher work of imaginative literature is it worth our while to follow the change. How revolutionary it was there, you will see best by a process of comparison. Read side by side the two metaphysical poets, Akenside and Shelley, making as best you can allowance for the immeasurable disparity of their genius, and you will see how much the romantic method of symbolism, the romantic standpoint of sympathy with the reader, and assumption of co-related intelligence on his part, helps the later writer. Shelley is, of course, a supreme lyrist; Akenside has no lyric gift; but they are both poets of the intellect, and can be so contrasted. Take, again, in history and biography, Hume and Boswell on the one side, and contrast them with Carlyle. In this case the comparison is more equal, but you will see how widely the classic writers differ from the romantic in aim, the former satisfied with reproducing in lucid terms events and conversations, the latter struggling to reach the secret heart of a nation or of a man, and to present, by a thousand suggestive hints and touches, essences, not appearances. Bring into juxtaposition, again, any novelist you like of the eighteenth century with Nathaniel Hawthorne; contrast Fielding with Dickens; or take particular works, say Pope's beautiful monologue, *Eloisa*, and place it alongside of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, or Browning's *Bishop Blougram's Apology*. In this case you will see how much more completely the romantic writer can project himself into his subject, thinking with the very brains of dead men, than an author like Pope, whose habitual standpoint was exterior. Or take once more the descriptive poets, Thomson, Cowper, or Erasmus Darwin (if we can sink so low), and contrast those superficial observers with Wordsworth, Keats, and Tenny-

son. In all these cases the advantage is on the side of the romanticists.

Not, however, entirely, for the romanticist is often irregular, obscure, and violent. Not content with suggestion, he must suggest too much, bewildering his reader with hints that come to nothing. The extravagancies of his school are strikingly apparent in painting, where false or careless drawing, violent, if suggestive colour, and a horrible subject, were regarded by the romanticists in France as signs of genius. But these are really evidences of an apostacy from the fundamental principles of romantic art, which demanded an honest study of nature. The tendency in literature to overdraw the human emotions, which we certainly find strongly developed in the classic Byron, was, I fancy, a disease caught from the sentimentalists, Sterne and Mackenzie, who were for ever overflowing with crazy emotions. It was a foible of the later classic writers, when they began to throw off the reserve of the earlier period, thus to squeeze tears out of stones, to exaggerate sensibility, to overstate, for fear of insipidity, as a man painting a sunset might daub on vermilion, because he lacked the master's skill to delineate its more illusive, ethereal, and evanescent phenomena

The romantic writers possessed a great faculty for words. In their hands they were living things that appealed to the heart, the memory, and the imagination, things rich in association that carried clouds of glory in their train. Some of these authors, Keats in particular, have been charged with ultra sensuousness, but the complaint rather recalls the repartee of Turner, when the lady told him she could see no such colours in the sky as he did,—“Ah, Madam, don't you wish you could?”

We owe a great debt to the eighteenth century for its two Schools of literary art. It created for us a lucid,

elegant and orderly prose which is still with us, and has incalculably aided the advance of scientific enquiry and the world's business at large. After many flounderings, and a long wading in the shallows of artificial poetry, it found for us the deeper streams, and the stepping stones that led by devious tracks to the far shore of the land of promise.

Literature is not now, perhaps, in its most progressive state ; in a twilight state, shall we say ? Still, I think there are indications of advance. Many of our noblest writers have lately passed away, and their place, it is hard to fill ; but others are always coming forward, and I see no reason why we should class ourselves among the decadents, despondent and disillusioned. The good land is still before us, let us go up and possess it.

Look what streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East !

Night's tapers are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain top.

EARLY VICTORIAN LITERATURE.

BY THE REV. W. E. SIMS, A.K.C.L.,

PRESIDENT.

It is a circumstance not without interest to collectors of curious facts, that three periods of exceptional importance in the history of English literature have synchronised with the reigns of three English queens. Indeed, a list of authors who have flourished under what John Knox, with characteristic want of gallantry, termed "the monstrous regiment of women," would include a considerable proportion of our ablest writers. And a person of an ingenious and speculative turn of mind might easily utilise the fact as the basis of a pleasant theory concerning certain gracious influences conceivable as, perhaps, fostering the growth of humane letters. However, waiving the opportunity, attractive as it is, of attempting to establish the truth of this agreeable hypothesis, we merely note the coincidence that "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," the Augustan age of Queen Anne, and the glorious reign of Queen Victoria were seasons of prolific intellectual energy in the province of literature; and seek the causes of this unusual activity in deeper strata than the accidental circumstance of feminine supremacy.

It has been observed that a period of literary productiveness is often the sequel to an age of storm and strife, in which "the human spirit has been deeply stirred:" a statement that finds its most convincing proof in the history of Greece and Rome; but is amply vindicated by the experience of more recent times. The efflorescence of genius, for example, which is the chief

glory of the Elizabethan age, followed close upon the renaissance, including in that elastic term the series of events beginning with the fall of Constantinople, and culminating in the reformation of the church.

Another illustration is afforded by the fact that the next period of remarkable literary activity, the so-called Augustan age of Queen Anne, succeeded at a short interval of time the great Rebellion, with its sequel, the English Revolution. To a similar cause may be assigned, as one of the most important elements in its creation, the magnificent literature of the Victorian era. It was preceded by the French Revolution. Students of the past are aware that the cataclysm which involved in destruction the ancient *régime* of France was more than a mere political catastrophe. It destroyed a particular type of civilisation. To use a familiar metaphor, its horrors were "the death pangs of an old order, the birth pangs of a new." It was "a dividing of times," a turning point in history. The ideas that are current to-day find their genesis in that great upheaval. Action follows thought, and in turn thought is aroused by action. The way of the Revolution was prepared by the writings of Rousseau and Voltaire. It is said that the works of Rousseau lay open always, as a kind of Bible for daily reference, upon Robespierre's table. His gospel, summed up in a phrase, was "Abandon convention and return to Nature." A doctrine that had far-reaching results, not only in the arena of politics and in social life, but in literature.

It was characteristic of the type of mind prevalent before the Revolution to regard the ages elapsed since the barbarian conquest of Rome with a certain aversion. Their rude and vigorous life was deemed uninteresting and even repulsive. The irregular styles of architecture developed in the middle ages were spoken of with contempt

as Gothic. The literature, even of the sixteenth century, was neglected as crude and elementary, defective in form and deficient in taste. The spirit that prevailed may be illustrated by an incident that occurred when, to use a conventional but misleading expression, the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster, was "restored" in the middle of the eighteenth century. All the finials, gargoyles, and other projecting ornaments appropriate to its style were removed as unsightly excrescences, and the building having been faced with smooth slabs of stone, "presented," to quote the self-complacent language of the ecclesiastical authorities, "a neat and plain appearance."

The same spirit, at work in the province of literature produced analogous results, irregularities of construction were avoided, awkward expressions, quaint phrases, plethoric imagery, extravagant metaphors, were banished, at least from prose, and ornament restricted to conventional patterns unlikely to interfere with "a neat and plain appearance." But in the hands of a master this style attained an excellence to which, in the years that followed, there was a failure to render adequate justice; for strength, ease, and lucidity it has never been surpassed, and it undoubtedly proved an admirable instrument for conveying with perspicuity the ideas of a generation of meagre emotion, deficient enthusiasm, and somewhat artificial cultivation. With the Revolution came reaction. Dissatisfaction with the present not only stimulated dreams of the future, but attracted sympathetic attention to the past. Just as adventurers in days gone by had flocked to the new world in search of El Dorado, and brought back wondrous tales of things that hitherto "eye had not seen, nor ear heard, neither had entered into the heart of man to conceive," so now explorers in the new land of promise which opened out enchanting vistas before

the mind of man came home intoxicated with their discoveries, and argosies arrived laden with "ivory, apes, and peacocks." It was found impossible to convey in the formal classical language of pre-revolutionary times the glowing ideas of an age of throbbing life, for "thoughts that breathe," we need "words that burn." The "new wine burst the old bottles." Whereas prose had been the most fitting medium of expression for the calm observations of writers in a period described by its admirers as an "Age of Reason," and had acquired as a consequence of assiduous cultivation, a high degree of perfection; the ardent enthusiasm of the new era found a more natural means of conveying its fervent thought in the resources of poetry. Much of the poetry of the classical age had been almost indistinguishable from prose, except in the form of its structure, and the presence of words and phrases rejected by prose authors as inconsistent with the prevailing canons of taste. But the romantic poets raised the "diminished head" of the neglected muse, and even their prose possessed many of the characteristics of poetry. The classical writers harnessed Pegasus to the family coach, the romantic author would have wings on the back of Rosinante!

It is a common ailment to suffer from the defects of one's merits. The substance of the classical prose was sub-normal in temperature. The substance of the romantic prose betrayed feverishness. In the former there was lack, in the latter excess of emotion. The coldness of classical feeling made its poetry intolerably frigid. Verse is an unsuitable medium of expression for the maxims of common sense, and irreproachable sentiments gain nothing from arrangement in stanzas. Even a lavish introduction of conventional accessories, nymphs and shepherds, fauns and satyrs, and allusions to the landscape of Arcadia, is

insufficient to redeem the essentially prosaical character of the metrical effusions of the period. But the fervent emotion of the intellectual children of the Revolution, which found perfect expression in poetry, was "cabin'd, cribbed, and confined" within the narrower limits of prose, and in the effort to obtain a larger freedom there was introduced a poetical license often detrimental to grace and clearness of style.

At the date of Queen Victoria's accession, the revolutionary movement had spent its force, and the literature it inspired showed symptoms of change; there were signs of reaction and compromise, indications of fusion, a blending of elements derived from various sources, prophetic anticipations of developments destined to be splendidly fulfilled. When the queen ascended the throne it was possible to look back upon forty years of magnificent achievement, and forward to forty years of not less brilliant performance. The glories of the retrospect were embodied in William Wordsworth, whose career was commensurate with its whole extent, who represented its influence and tendencies, and whose position was one of unchallenged supremacy as the greatest poet of the age. The triumphs of the future clustered around the name of Alfred Tennyson, whose period of poetical activity was practically conterminous with the Victorian era, who succeeded to the laurel crown on the death of Wordsworth, and upon whose shoulders fell the mantle of that prophet of the earlier dispensation.

At the moment the literary firmament reveals the presence of the waning moon and the rising sun. Wordsworth survived until 1850, but his work was done, and most of his contemporaries had already crossed the bar. Byron, Shelley and Keats had been dead some years; Scott, Coleridge and Lamb had recently passed

away; Southey and Landor remained, but were old and silent, the last of the Romanticists; looking from the mountain top across the river into the land of promise, not included among the Victorians. But on the banks of the stream, a goodly host had assembled ready for the work of conquest. All divisions of history into periods, whether literary or political, are more or less arbitrary, and never more than roughly approximate. Allowance has to be made for overlapping. Chronologically, Southey, Landor and Wordsworth, Campbell, Tom Moore and Samuel Rogers might be included among the early Victorians, but they do not really belong to them. Nothing of importance to their reputation was written in the reign of the queen. Almost the same might be said of De Quincey, his work belongs chiefly to the earlier period, but he lived for twenty-two years after the accession, and his activities had not entirely ceased.

A list of the principal authors who were living in 1837 would include others who had already achieved distinction, but continued to extend their reputation—notably, Thomas Carlyle. And if attention were paid merely to names, the list would contain some who were certainly alive, but whose work was yet to come, for example, Matthew Arnold and Ruskin, George Eliot and Kingsley who were yet in their teens. But when the extremes of age and youth are omitted, the list is a brilliant one, and not likely to suffer by comparison with others for length, variety, and level of general attainment. There would be the great names of Carlyle, Tennyson and Browning. There would be the famous novelists Dickens and Thackeray. Among the essayists, Macaulay and De Quincey. Among writers of the highest distinction upon subjects lying outside what some might consider the field of literature proper, Newman and Darwin; and then a host of stars of lesser magnitude

in the literary sky, chief among whom are the Brontës, Disraeli, Kinglake the historian, Lockhart the biographer, Lytton and Peacock, Barham and Jerrold. All these were early Victorians, busily active in their various spheres during the first years of the reign. Many remained until the schoolboys of the accession were old enough to succeed them, and carry on the blazing torch; a few lingered in honoured age until near its close; but all are gone now, and with them has vanished an era of intellectual power, manifested in the domain of letters worthy of comparison with any period in any country since the golden ages of classical antiquity.

Of the length of the list of early Victorians we have given proof. Of its variety the recital of names is a sufficient evidence. It is impossible to arrange them in satisfactory groups. It would be absurd to speak of them collectively as a school. There is a lack of the homogeneity that enables us to speak in a comprehensive way of the writers of the Elizabethan or Augustan times. There is no general sameness of tone, or similarity of style, as in the pre-revolutionary classical period. There is nothing to bind them together, as the Romantic Authors were bound by a common enthusiasm, however divergent their methods and tendencies. Each one exhibits a marked individuality. Subject, matter, and style seem the results of personal idiosyncrasy. Those that are placed in juxtaposition, as Carlyle and Macaulay, Tennyson and Browning, Dickens and Thackeray are arranged as opposites. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is the distance that separates them that has brought them together. Carlyle was the most unreadable, Macaulay the most easily readable of historians, but we peruse them alternately. Tennyson, of appearance unkempt and slovenly, excelled in faultless grace and finish, leaving

nothing to the imagination of the reader; Browning, dapper and trim, was the roughest, most rugged of poets, and gives us shorthand notes for the exercise of our intelligence; and we put their works on the shelf side by side. Dickens gives likeness in caricature, and Thackeray shades his puppets; we read one in shirt-sleeves, the other in evening dress. There is the difference between a tumbler of grog and a glass of wine; between an omnibus and a brougham. But we get their books as nearly as possible of one size to go into the same bookcase. Our early Victorians are paired off like Whig and Tory, Churchman and Dissenter; and we take sides according to our temperament and disposition; but value them all as necessary to the general welfare.

One of the characteristics of the literature we are discussing is earnestness, a much abused word, sadly degenerated since "serious" became the synonym of sanctimonious, but still useful. The classical writers give one the impression that no belief existed which could justify reverence. They have the grace and charm of Lord Chesterfield, or his caricature, Sir John Chester, in *Barnaby Rudge*. But if "manners make the man," it is a poor manufacture. Deportment is great, as Turveydrop has taught us. But we are not lay figures in a shop window, and life is mysterious and tragical. As we read one of the classical authors, we say "how sensible," and then "how shallow." Take for an illustration a phrase of Pope: "Whatever is, is right." It is the language of perfect acquiescence in the will of Providence. How commendable its piety! But is it true? And did Pope mean it in any deep true sense? Was it not the language of a shallow optimism blind to the misery of man? Browning said something like it: "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world." Did they agree? See eye to eye? Far

from it; Pope ignored the problem of evil, Browning recognised it, but felt that in spite thereof all was ultimately well, "God's in his heaven," leave it to Him.

It is impossible to withhold admiration for the ease and grace with which the essayists of the eighteenth century dealt with the current topics of life, there was a delicacy, a lightness of touch, a self possession, an absence of exaggeration and the heat of temper. But who would publish a twentieth century continuation of the *Spectator*, and who would read it? What charm of style could save it from universal neglect? Another characteristic of the early Victorian literature is veracity. The romantic writers were no doubt desperately in earnest; there was no trace in them of the *insouciance* of their predecessors; they were keenly alive to the mystery, beauty, and significance of nature; they were sensitively responsive to her influence; there was no suggestion of the vegetation in a cheap Noah's ark in their descriptions of the natural world. There were no theatrical fairies, and Drury Lane denizens of grotto or grove in the poetry of Wordsworth. And there was wide-eyed recognition of the wonder of life, and sympathetic insight; they "reckoned nothing human alien to" themselves; there was no depreciation of the past as merely barbaric; they preferred the ballad of "Chevy Chase" to the ponderous philosophy of the *Rambler*. In the poems and novels of Scott the past was resuscitated, and "lived and moved and had its being" as if it were actually present.

But in many of the romantic writers there were symptoms of hysteria. Neither nature nor man is quite accurately represented. And the early Victorians brought a corrective: "Things are what they are," and it was their endeavour to see them freed from the mirage of romanticism in the naked light, not through the magnifying

mist generated by the influences of a period of revolutionary excitement. A deeper earnestness in their outlook upon life differentiated these writers from one school—a superior veracity distinguished them from the other. There was a freedom from exaggeration resulting from over-wrought feeling. Man had become convinced of the importance of living wisely, but was under no illusion as to the dawn of an era of general felicity. To the apathy of one age and the passion of the next, there succeeded a period of quiet energy, of manifold enquiry, of tentative efforts in every direction. Disillusioned, but not despairing, attention was directed into channels of experiment and investigation. There was dissatisfaction stimulating a deeper and closer study of the problems of nature and man. It was impossible to return to that conception of nature which was sufficient for the poetasters who wrote of grottos and glens and groves, and peopled them with denizens imported from the pages of classical antiquity. It was equally impossible to rest content with the sublime but nebulous ideas of nature familiar in the poetry of the vanishing generation. Nature must be studied, its character, meaning, purpose, examined with a view to the acquisition of a sounder knowledge. A great impetus was given to scientific investigation, and the results reacted upon subsequent literature. It was impossible also to return to that conception of man which prevailed when his past history was dismissed as uninteresting, except in so far as it had reference to the Greeks and Romans. An interest had been awakened which could never again completely die away. But a cooler judgment than was found in the romantic authors demanded an exhaustive sifting of the debris of the past. And a great impulse was given to the study of history with results which also reacted upon subsequent literature. An age of reason might be satisfied

with *a priori* conceptions, and complacently decide by logical processes the meaning and value of every subject that came under review, with an easy indifference to the possession of facts. An age of imagination might intuitively determine the significance of the objects that arrested its attention without recourse to the humble assistance of accurate knowledge. But an age of enquiry subpœnaed witnesses, presumably able to enlighten the court, and enable it to arrive at a reasonable decision.

The result of these and other tendencies observable at the period of the Queen's accession is an extraordinary complexity of intellectual interests. There is no predominant school of thought. The phalanx gives place to open order. Men move as units, not in battalions. The general mind is not possessed by any overmastering idea. It is free to move in any direction. And as literature reflects the general mind, we are confronted with an astonishing variety of works on all subjects in all styles. It is an era of dispersion, of new departures, of local movements affecting directly only sections of the people, but indirectly affecting all by awakening a consciousness of general activity, that consciousness which finds expression in references to the whirl of events in modern life, to the hurry and rush involved in our present day civilisation, so different to the placidity and repose of the eighteenth century. It is difficult, but not perhaps altogether impossible, to illustrate our previous remarks by reference to some of the principal writers alive at the Queen's accession, omitting those whose work belongs to the forty years of literary energy associated with the career of Wordsworth, and who only lived to welcome the new sovereign; omitting also those who were children then, and whose genius reflected glory upon a later period of her long reign. The year that the Queen ascended the throne saw

the publication of the *French Revolution—a History*, by Thomas Carlyle; and England realised that a star of the first magnitude had arisen above the horizon. He had acquired some celebrity previously as an introducer of German literature into this country, and as an essayist of extraordinary originality and power. But this was the first of those monumental historical works which placed him in the front rank of the writers of the century, and, in some respects, it is his best. It has become the fashion to sneer at his composition, to affect astonishment at his politics, to lift the hands in pious horror at the mention of his religion, to regard him as a modern Diogenes, unreasonable, vituperative, absurd. He is represented as declaiming in barbarous Anglo-German against shams and chimeras. A Timon without Timon's justification. We are gravely informed that he was a pantheist, a pessimist, a worshipper of mere force, an idolator of great men. Grammarians have put him in their *Index Expurgatorius*. Religious persons of the stricter sort observe a discreet silence with regard to him in the presence of young people; and politicians smile with pity as they reflect he belonged to neither of the great parties in the State. The publication of his *Reminiscences*, and, later, his *Life*, brought a storm of obloquy upon his devoted head. It has been said we "clamour for originality and quarrel with it when we get it." But time is just, and the tempest is subsiding. Whatever Carlyle was not, he was, in some respects, the greatest literary force of the nineteenth century, and to find his rival as a dictator we must go back to Dr. Johnson. His *History of the French Revolution* marks the beginning of his rule. In the historical field his genius had full play, the men of old time rise again and act anew their life drama; they are no longer mere historical names, but living men. We see their

faces, hear their voices, take part in their joys and sorrows. As we read the series of his works, Mahomet comes to us from the desert; Odin from the North; Luther from the Wartburg; Abbot Samson with his rosary; Rousseau with his sentimental sighs; Johnson with his dogmatic intolerance. We hear the mad crowd surging around the Bastille; we see the procession of women marching on Versailles; we see Louis, the irresolute, drinking Burgundy, while his fate is settled by the village postmaster; Mirabeau with shaggy locks; Danton with voice reverberating under the domes; Robespierre in gay attire, with sea-green bilious face, restoring the worship of the Supreme Being. We hear the solitary voice of the last Girondin singing beside the guillotine; we hear the sharp cry of the murdered Marat, and the triumphant defiance of Charlotte Corday. All the actors in the Terror, in the English Rebellion, in the stormy Seven Years' War, come trooping on the stage, called up by the magic wand of the great magician. No other writer has been able to shed such vivid light on the past, or to cause so many dry bones to live clothed in flesh again. It is a modern Ezekiel's vision.

A very different type was Thomas Babington Macaulay. He was thirty-seven at the date of the accession, and, like Carlyle, already a distinguished essayist, but his best work belongs to the earlier part of the Queen's reign. As already noticed, he is generally bracketed with his great contemporary, apparently upon the principle that extremes meet, for never, surely, was there a greater contrast. But for the fact that both had the magical gift of making the past live again, they were at opposite poles in every respect. Reading Macaulay is like riding in a motor car, the speed is terrific, the sense of exhilaration unbounded. He takes away one's breath. Always cocksure, easily

confident, absolutely certain of his ground, he pours into a succession of short, vivid, rapid sentences such a wealth of illustrations and allusions, of facts, incidents, names of persons and places, that the reader is borne along like a cork on a rushing river; the mental activity engendered by the attempt to recognise and realise the multitudinous characters and events, passing in swift review, proves incompatible with success in grasping the actual bearing of these facts upon the argument. Such a display of learning, of brilliancy, leaves us in the condition of the Queen of Sheba after gazing in wonder at the riches, and listening to the wisdom of Solomon, "There was no more spirit in her." The impression made by Macaulay upon his contemporaries was immediate. The vigour and splendour of his style were obvious. There was nothing obscure in his drift. He passed over the surface of things. His arguments pre-suppose no philosophical acumen or previous knowledge on the part of a reader. He supplies everything ready-made, premises and conclusions. No one has the least doubt as to what he is required to think or believe. And the process of assimilating the truth according to Macaulay, is made as fascinating an occupation as the reading of favourite fiction. Indeed, it was his boast that young ladies would read him in preference to the latest novel. With Carlyle it was otherwise, there was not that immediate popular recognition. It was long ere his writings were familiar to the masses of his countrymen. When eventually read, it was rather the result of curiosity than attraction, arising from a desire to learn something at first hand from an author held in high repute among the intellectual classes. And his style was always a difficulty. It was "*caviare* to the general." To enjoy it implies an acquired taste. Passages abounded that can hardly be equalled for splendour, but these jewels

were set in a strange environment. And the subject matter was saturated with the spirit of a foreign philosophy. It was not until his ideas were popularised by disciples, and time had familiarised the public with his style, that he acquired the suffrages of any considerable number of readers. But his influence over a select *coterie*, including such men as Stuart Mill, Kingsley, Ruskin, Lecky, and Froude, was enormous, and through them he acquired a position of authority to which none of his contemporaries could lay claim.

A glance at the books published in the early years of Victoria reveals the growth of a form of literature that, like Aaron's rod, seems destined to swallow up the rest. The novel has been traced through the windings of a long ancestry to a remote antiquity, but in the form with which we are familiar it is one of the latest products of evolution in literature. Its germ is to be found in Le Sage, and was developed in the course of the eighteenth century. But Sir Walter Scott was the real Columbus of this new world, and gave the impetus to its exploration. He was, and remains, the chief of all writers of fiction. "Everything in the Waverley novels," said Goethe, "is great." And the gallery of Scott is the largest and most important since Shakespeare. But the new reign saw the advent of writers destined to find a home on our shelves in close proximity to Scott. In the year of the accession, works were published by Thackeray, Dickens, and Bulwer Lytton. The last-named enjoyed a celebrity that entitled him at the time to rank with the other two, but a later generation denies him this honour—there are fashions in literature as in clothes. But of the importance of Dickens and Thackeray there has never been any real question. As in the case of Carlyle and Macaulay, the multitude were attracted by one, the comparative few by the other. There

were patricians and plebeians. But most of us have outgrown these impressions, and cordially welcome the rival, yet not antagonistic candidates. All life should be interesting to a living man, and, like the wise ancient, we should reckon nothing human alien to ourselves. Whereas the "Wizard of the North" waved his wand over the dead bones of the past, until, endued with life, they stood upon their feet an exceeding great army, the object of Dickens was to pourtray the life of the day, the life, especially, of cities, more particularly the life of London. As we gaze from the windows of a railway carriage over that province of houses, the greater number packed together in rows of mean streets, we are appalled by the problems presented by this vast aggregation of humanity, the majority of whom seem destined to a life of sordid poverty. Charles Dickens takes us into those mean streets, and introduces us to their inhabitants. His knowledge of London was intimate, wonderful, nothing escaped his eye. It is not an impressionist picture that he gives us, but a work of pre-Raphaelite finish and delicacy of execution. He observed the people and their surroundings, every detail is there—the fog that hangs over the city, the drizzling rain, the leaves blown hither and thither, the aspect of the houses, their furniture, their occupants, the food that is eaten, the clothes that are worn—nothing is omitted because everything is necessary to the complete realisation of life. But it is not only the external features that are painted with such accuracy. We are made acquainted with the workings of the mind. We enjoy the confidences of bargees, coal heavers, market porters, small clerks, artisans, humble life in all its infinite variety is laid bare; never before had the "simple annals of the poor" received such illustration. Dickens' pathos has been much criticised as unreal and affected; it may be so in its direct present-

ments, as in the case of little Nell or Paul Dombey, but a deep unconscious pathos pervades all his writings, and this is certainly real. It would convey a mistaken impression, however, of Dickens and the world that he painted to imply that it was overcharged with melancholy. The poor are not as unhappy as we suppose. Dickens was a great humourist, one of the very greatest. He saw life whole, saw the misery and squalor, saw also the redeeming elements; there was food for sorrow, there was food also for laughter. No one has given us a larger gallery of amusing personages. There is more than a dash of caricature. He was fond of incarnating a peculiarity in a particular individual. Micawber seems to do nothing else than display an irrational patience "waiting for something to turn up." Heep is always "'umble;" Dombey invariably proud; Carker inevitably displaying his teeth. We have never met anyone quite like one of Dickens' characters, but we meet every day people who possess their characteristics. We know Mrs. Nickleby and Pecksniff. Hardly an acquaintance we possess but can be found somewhere to a certain extent in Dickens. No doubt, if we could see ourselves as others see us we should be found in his pages too.

Thackeray was different; his works are fewer in number, and cover a smaller field. They are not confined to contemporary portraiture. Dickens wrote only one novel of an historical character. Thackeray wrote several. Perhaps not even Scott succeeded in presenting the life of a vanished age with as complete success as Thackeray did in *Esmond*. It is possibly the greatest historical novel ever written. But Thackeray is usually associated with the portraiture of "genteel" life. The people he describes leave cards on their friends. He is not unaware that under the forms of social convention a great deal of

hypocrisy is hidden. And he had a *penchant* for exposing this innate falsity. Hence he is often described as a cynic. A cynic is a snarling, dog-like person; he is one who "grins like a dog, and goes about the city." This is unfair to Thackeray. He was a man of tender heart and wide sympathy. But he was conscious of shams, and instead of denouncing them as Carlyle did, he made fun of them. Ridicule is the test of truth; an evil is more easily killed by ridicule than by denunciation. Hence it follows that Thackeray was disliked by some more than Carlyle. His method was more deadly. We ignore the open adversary, but we dread the man who is polite but sees through us. People averse to the contemplation of what they regard as sordid life prefer Thackeray to Dickens. But it is doubtful whether their admiration would have survived an interview with its object. Thackeray wrote about the things and persons that he knew, but his sympathy was as true as that of Dickens. It was a feeling of kindness towards the oppressed that made him severe upon those who despised them.

Two great names that illustrate the intellectual activity of the period can hardly be omitted from a survey of early Victorian writers, although their province is not primarily the field of literature. John Henry Newman's opinions and work are expressly excluded from consideration by the rules of this society. We have nothing to do with anything beyond his literary style. Charles Darwin's fame is that of a scientist, not that of a *litterateur*, but his philosophical interpretations of scientific phenomena were made current in books. If the two chief characteristics of romanticism were a new attitude towards nature, and a revival of interest in the past, Newman and Darwin represent the development of these tendencies in the succeeding

age. A recrudescence of belief in the significance of the past made the writings of Newman possible. A spirit of enquiry and investigation, succeeding the mere impulse of wonder at the mystery of nature, led naturally to the work of Darwin. Darwin's style, as befits his subject, is lucid, vigorous, and often reaches the level of eloquence. Newman's style entitles him to rank, by general consent, among the greatest masters of English prose, the peer of Addison, Swift, and Burke, and, in the opinion of many, the most exquisite artist in words that the century produced. Altogether devoid of the least indication of strain, he never seems to strive for the effect produced. There is nothing rococo; there are no purple patches. The substance is never sacrificed to the exigences of expression. Every thought he wishes to convey is produced in language of delicate precision, exactly adapted for its accurate reproduction in the reader's mind, and chosen with reference to the theme. As that rises in nobility or grandeur, so do the sentences in which it is enshrined, but every tendency to exaggeration is invariably suppressed. If prose is defined as words in the best order, Newman's writings exhibit prose in its highest perfection.

In all the early Victorians that have been thus rapidly and perfunctorily reviewed we recognise the characteristics that differentiate the literature of the queen's reign, and, as time advanced, still more completely distinguished it from the writings of either the classical or romantic periods. In every instance we realise the presence of a spirit full of earnestness and veracity. These men were not caterers for literary epicures. It was not their main object to provide entertainment for the leisure hour. The reader was a person to be reached and influenced. One of the reasons why the essays and other productions of the Georgian period are neglected now, in spite of their

polished style and obvious literary merit, is that in a busy age people are disinclined to spend time upon matters that have nothing of intrinsic value to recommend them, and depend for their interest upon the manner of their presentation. We do not wish to be informed even in the choicest language of the trivialities that engrossed the attention of the idle frequenters of coffee-houses and clubs. If on opening a book at random we light upon words like Strephon and Chloe, Phyllis and Cynthia, we close it immediately. We are not interested in "thoughts upon rising early," or reflections suggested by the night moth. We are unable to revel in descriptions of dead asses or broken butterflies. We abhor sentiment. Ladies fans, and beauty patches, and all the mysteries of toilet move us not, and yet, as Charles Lamb would say, "hath our gallantry never been impeached!" We have awakened to the gravity of life, even our ephemeral novels must deal with problems. We are impatient, some of us, with Scott and his followers because they spirit us away from the world of present interests. Even the exquisite literary charm, the subtle humour, the light satirical vein of Jane Austen palls upon many readers because her beautiful vignettes of contemporary social life are drawn without reference to questions affecting thought or conduct.

Emerson said that an Englishman read every day "a chapter of Genesis, and a leader in the *Times*." He is devoted to utility; mere fancy or imagination is tiresome. He wants to make the best of both worlds. If literary power, charm of style, beauty of phrase can be had along with practical wisdom bearing upon life, so much the better, but alone and apart they are valueless to the vast majority. Men will listen to sermons, to political speeches, but not to lectures on literature. Men will read blue-books, newspapers, magazines, but not

reports of learned societies. Literature, as it was understood in the classical era, has no attraction. Literature, as it was understood in the romantic period, merely wearies. We admire Addison, but give our days and nights to something else. We revere Wordsworth, but find even Matthew Arnold's *Selections* too voluminous. We are not believers in the "importance of useless knowledge."

The early Victorians were something more than literary men. Carlyle, it is known, fell back upon literature as the only available means of proclaiming his social and other doctrines. Newman used literature as an instrument for the propagation of the faith that was in him. Darwin availed himself of its resources for practical purposes. Macaulay made it the hand-maid of political theory. He wrote history according to the Whigs. Even Dickens and Thackeray had a serious purpose underlying their books; in one case the rectification of abuses, in the other the demolition of shams. An age of earnestness and veracity, of resolute endeavour to arrive at some certainty, since the philosophy of the eighteenth century had proved hollow, and the hopes of the Revolution a mirage, must be appealed to on its moral side. And even its poetry shows traces of this prevalent tendency. The early poetry of Tennyson was purely artistic. It shows the influence of an earlier school, but as time passed on it began to reflect the graver thought of the age, and later expressed its belief and its doubt. At first derided, he became eventually the representative of the spirit of his time. He gathered up and focussed its leading ideas. Carlyle summed up his earliest attempts in an expressive word—"lollipops"—but at a later period such a criticism would have been impossible. Just as in Wordsworth are summed up the prevailing tendencies of the forty years previous to the queen's accession, so in Tennyson are summed up the far more

varied and intricate influences of the forty years that followed the advent of Victoria. The future philosophic historian of the period must spend his chief energies on the poetry of Tennyson. Other writers reflect phases of development. Carlyle, Newman, Darwin represent sections of the general movement. They are out of touch with many of its prominent characteristics; but Tennyson includes them all. His work, says Professor Saintsbury, though "falling short of Chaucer and Coleridge in fresh and original gift; of Spenser in uniform excellence and grasp of a huge subject; of Shakespeare in universality, in height and depth and every other creature; of Milton in grandeur and lonely sublimity; of Wordsworth in ethical weight and grip of nature behind the veil; of Shelley in unearthliness; and of Keats in independence and of voluptuous spontaneity; yet deserves to be ranked with the best of these, except Shakespeare only, in virtue of its astonishing display of poetic art."

But Tennyson was not only a supreme artist, he was a seer. A poet in the ancient sense is a maker—one who uses the materials available in his day for the production of something new. But the materials for his lofty craft are, paradoxical as it may sound, non-material. Description may be left to prose, it is a revelation of the spirit of nature and man that we expect from the poet. He is a prophet or forth-teller, a revealer of secrets, an interpreter of hidden things. "No man," said Sir Henry Taylor, "can be a great poet who is not also a great philosopher." This is a dictum often disputed, the philosophical element, it is alleged, diminishes the value of the poetry in which it is found. We want nothing more than "art for art's sake." But all great art, whether in painting, architecture or literature is a revelation, not only of beauty but of wisdom. Accepting the statement of Sir Henry Taylor as true, we

find in it an explanation of the familiar fact that every supreme poet embodies and stands for the age in which he lived. It was so with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare; it was so with Wordsworth; it was so with Tennyson. He is a mirror reflecting the contents of the universal mind. An epitome of mankind. But just as no landscape can manifest more than an aspect of nature, so no particular age can manifest more than an aspect of man. Whatever differentiates it from another age is local and transitory, the mutable elements are the froth on the sea, churned up by collision with circumstances. As in music, all the wonderful complexities, and apparently inexhaustible capacities of harmony, are evolved from a few simple notes, so it is in man. He is not a harp of a thousand strings, a dozen pregnant words suffice to express the fundamental elements—such words as birth, life, death, love, hate, mind, heart, soul. And a great poet lives and moves and has his being among these primary conceptions. His fingers are on the keyboard. If he is the mirror of his age, he is also something more. He is a mirror of man. He belongs to all time.

Reflections on the prophetic and philosophical character of the greatest poetry, its capacity for revealing and unveiling, its penetrative quality - plumbing the abyss and probing the deep—lead naturally to Browning. It has been denied that he was a philosopher, but by general consent he is the most philosophical of all modern poets. If by this it were meant that in him artistic feeling was sacrificed to the exigencies of an attempt to convey by the medium of verse solid instruction in technical philosophy, the denial would be just. But assuming the soundness of the belief that to be a great poet one must live in intimacy of closest relationship with all the springs of life and thought, and be able to make manifest the otherwise

invisible sources of the panoramic scene passing before our eyes, then Browning was pre-eminently a philosophical poet. He claimed to be essentially a dramatist, and people smile as they think of his play—"Strafford"—and then of "Hamlet" or "King Lear." But he was unquestionably right in his conviction. The useful words objective and subjective, which irritated Carlyle so much in his recollection of the conversation of Coleridge, serve us here. The age of Elizabeth was not introspective like the age of Victoria. Its problems were different. A new world of thought had been opened out by the renaissance. A new world of action by the discoveries of Columbus and his successors. "The world went very well then." Man had come of age, and was entering upon the enjoyment of his estate. And in Shakespeare is reflected that breezy, vigorous, healthy, hopeful spirit. As Bacon took all learning to be his province, Shakespeare took all humanity. His empire was universal. He summoned a myriad types upon the stage, and made them live, move, act in our presence. What they thought and felt is manifested just as the ideas and feelings of our acquaintances and friends are discovered, in the course of events, by their action and conduct, by what they say and do. The subjective in Shakespeare is revealed through the objective. He is a world in miniature. Browning's claim to the dramatic faculty was not based upon an illusory assumption of pre-eminence of this kind. He is a subjective dramatist. There is very little scenic effect. There are few characters at once upon the stage. It would make very little difference to the audience if the performance went on behind the curtain. We could close our eyes with no diminution of enjoyment of the play. We sit as beholding things invisible, apparent to the mind's eye, not to the physical organ of sense. To the mental vision are laid bare the

springs of action, the secret motives, feelings, thoughts, the dim, uncertain, half-formed wishes, the hardly acknowledged fears, all the subtle processes that underlie the conduct of life. Two men are sitting after dinner over their wine. All you want on the stage are a few items of dining-room furniture, a couple of chairs, a table, some indications of a recent repast, a decanter, glasses; there is no action, the figures never move; one of them is talking; we close our eyes and listen, and what a drama is presented to the mental gaze, what thoughts, feelings, emotions come and go; we are in a spiritual surgery, watching the dissection of a soul. Introspection is often morbid, a too engrossing application to the mental states and processes of ourselves or others is apt to issue in pessimism.

After the disillusionment of the revolutionary era, when man turned his attention to an exhaustive enquiry into the real meaning of nature and life with that earnestness, veracity, and determination that we have seen was characteristic of the new spirit, and the poet arose who, in the province of man, was a supreme seer, it might not unnaturally have been expected that the sad utterance of a thinker in a far off age, who made a thorough survey of human nature, its actions and motions, might have been repeated—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." But our modern explorer returns with grapes from Eshcol—the land is a land of promise. By a very different route Browning arrives at the same point of view as Shakespeare, the same wholesome, healthy outlook of one who

Never dreamed though right were worsted wrong would
triumph.

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

The early Victorian writers, if not as numerous as the

leaves in Vallombrosa, or like the sand on the sea shore, or the stars of heaven for multitude, are too many for individual treatment in a brief paper. In the great men chosen for particular, but necessarily inadequate, reference, we can see, probably with sufficient clearness for our purpose, the general drift of the literary energy of the time under review; the wood might be rendered invisible by a multiplication of its trees. It is not claimed that the whole or even the greater part of the work they accomplished was achieved within the limits of a period that could be properly described as early in the queen's reign; but if we assume that the term may legitimately include a third of its whole extent, from the accession to the deaths of Macaulay and De Quincey in 1859; within those temporal boundaries enough of the work of Carlyle and Macaulay, Newman and Darwin, Dickens and Thackeray, Tennyson and Browning, is included to justify the use of their names in illustration of the literary movement, so rich and various in genius, so profoundly influential in its effect upon national character and life which had begun by the time of the Queen's accession, and which has but lately died away. It is sound advice: "never prophesy unless you know," and, remembering such aphorisms as "distance lends enchantment to the view," bearing in mind also the apparently constitutional inability from which most of us suffer to see anything in contemporary literature that does not provoke the observation, "the old is better," we resist the temptation to strain your patience by indulging in comparisons between depth, power, and genius displayed in the middle of the nineteenth century and the modern equivalents for those epithets that might be applied without exaggeration to the, at any rate, popular literature of the present day. Better it is to close with the last word of Browning:—

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's worktime,

Greet the unseen with a cheer!

Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,

"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed—fight on—fare ever

There as here!"

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COROLLARIES OF EVOLUTION.

BY RICHARD STEEL.

ALMOST every one will admit that the theory of Evolution, as propounded by Darwin and others, has been the most profound and far-reaching modifying influence brought to bear upon the scientific thought of the last half century. Adhesion to it is now so complete that, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, it has been accepted as expressing the truth of things so far at least as all organic life is concerned. The struggle for existence, the survival of the fittest, and natural selection, have been recognised as embodying correlative aspects of the one great truth which the word summarizes. Even orthodox churchmen who place authority above every other source of human knowledge, admit the truth of Evolution in the above sense as part of the natural order of the universe, so far as that is known to man. I am justified, therefore, in assuming this preliminary stand, of Evolution being the prime factor in the organic world, as a point of departure which does not demand anything in the nature of proof or corroboration, it being so generally accepted as an established fact.

It is not, however, assumed in this treatise that this process of Evolution absolutely excludes the possible operation of other unknown causes and modes of development collateral with it. Nor do I wish to ignore the fact that some scientific leaders do not limit the workings of Evolution to organic matter, but extend it to matter of every kind; as, for example, those of the school of the late

Professor Huxley, who laid it down as the fundamental proposition of Evolution, that the whole world, living and not living, is the result of the mutual interaction, according to definite laws, of the powers possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebulosity was composed.* But for my present purpose, the more limited view covers the whole ground of the argument I wish to derive from it; and I therefore use the term simply in the restricted sense as implying that we have in it the main history of development of living matter in its palpable forms, but not necessarily the history of the initial origin of such living matter. Given living protoplasm, and I take it that you need to postulate no other modifying influence than that of Evolution to account for existing forms of life, although of the origin of living protoplasm you do not predicate anything.

Even, however, in quarters where Evolution in the above restricted sense is accepted, there is a certain further special limitation to which I must refer. It is held by many religionists that there is a known exception to its operation so far as mankind are concerned. They hold that while the human body, together with all those faculties which it possesses in common with lower forms of life, is constituted by an evolutionary process, there is also, at a certain point in its early existence, a special creation of a soul or spirit which is not evolved like the rest of the man, but is called into existence by *fiat* in each individual case. This theory is one which is obviously accordant with certain theological and religious considerations, but it presents difficulties which it is impossible to ignore; such, for example, as arise out of the resultant supposition that the Creator, and I say it with all reverence, follows up the detailed working of the evolutionary

*Mallock, *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1902.

system which He himself inaugurated countless ages ago for the special purpose of supplementing the results of that process at irregular and intermittent times, the incidence of which results from the casual action of the human creatures which people our globe. With such thinkers, Evolution is, so far as man is concerned, only a partial influence, the more dominant one being obviously the extraneous and supplementary process by which that inadequately defined, but, *ex hypothesi*, most important entity, the human soul, is brought into being.

Whatever element of truth there may be in this view, however, I will, for the sake of argument, admit its validity; it does not necessarily confuse or even affect materially the considerations which I am about to submit. The proposition, then, remains, that for every modification of life, excepting the human soul, the essential process of constitution has been that of evolutionary development. There may, indeed, be thinkers who believe in creational interposition at various intermediate points in the life-history of organisms generally, other than that already referred to, but such can hardly be regarded as believing in Evolution at all in any logical or consistent sense. For if they postulate in their scheme of things an intermittent creational function coming in at a number of points during individual life, they may just as well, and much more reasonably, consider that this creational function is continuous in its action in regard to the whole life-history of all organisms; and thus that it is not only the initial cause, but also the immediate persistent cause of all the modifications and variations of organic life which are continually taking place. But this view clearly leaves no place for Evolution at all, the *Deus ex machina* being the only influence at work; and thus, whilst I have every respect for the opinions of such theorists, it is clear from

the foundation already assumed for this treatise, that with them, argumentatively at least, I have nothing to do.

We therefore continue to build upon the evolutionary theory, and, as regards those who hold that theory subject to a special reservation as to the soul of man, we accept their reservation as not affecting the line of reasoning which it is my purpose to adopt.

It is clear, then, that the evolutionary process presents us with a history which may be read in two directions, either forwards or backwards along its chain. Just as we trace development from that which *has been* to that which *is*, and find that every step of progress has simply been constituted by a rearrangement of previously existing material and functions, so must it also be true that everything, excepting always the soul of man, pre-existed potentially in some or other of those forms of life which preceded man in the evolutionary chain.

To say otherwise would obviously be to fall into the view which we have just dismissed as inconsistent with Evolution, for it would imply the coming into existence (*i.e.*, the creation) of some property which had not existed before. But new combinations only are permitted by the theory. If there is something apparently new, it is only new in the sense of new arrangement and segregation; there is no fresh factor introduced into the equation. There is implied in Evolution a conservation of material, as well as a conservation of energy, and this conservation is *exclusive* as well as *inclusive*, that is to say, that there is nothing either brought in or taken out. Just as an alloy of metals may differ in its quantitative properties from the constituent metals, but never develops a distinctively new property, so may an organism differ from those from which it is built up, but there is no new primitive element or property whatever introduced. The functions

of the compound evolved, whether biological or metallic, can only be functions and properties intermediate to those which are totalled up in the component parts. Or, to take another illustration of this thesis, given by Darwin himself: when dealing with the subject of the crossing of animals and plants he says: "We can only get forms in some degree intermediate between their parents,"* and this truth clearly must apply through the whole chain of life.

From this simple result and corollary of the evolutionary theory a very important conclusion immediately establishes itself. No matter how long the chain of life may be, it still remains true that that which exists in its most highly developed and complex forms pre-existed in some or other of its primordial forms. That which is true as between each link and the links next prior to it in order of succession (namely, that the differences between them are differences of quantitative arrangement only), must also be true of the links most widely separated from each other, because, of course, the idea of intermediate creation has been excluded. Man, therefore, who is the most highly organized being of whom we have any knowledge, and upon whom we look as being at one end of the chain, must be regarded as exhibiting in all of his developments, whether intellectual or physical, simply a combination and elaboration of the sum total of those of the primordial forms from which he derives his ancestry, the human soul alone excepted. In every quality and power, therefore, which he possesses in common with members of the terrestrial fauna nearest to him in the biological series (which related members cannot, of course, *ex hypothesi*, have human souls), he furnishes material by the adequate survey and analysis of which we could, were

* *Origin of Species*, ch. I, p. 23.

our powers of survey and analysis equal to the task (which, of course, they are not), refer back to the forms of life which preceded him in the chain; and we may therefore without hesitation assert, as a general proposition, that that which we now find in the human being (with, of course, the exception so often stated) pre-existed in earlier forms which were far removed from the status of humanity. And as we clearly know a great deal more about man than we possibly can know of the rest of the fauna of our planet, it becomes a perfectly legitimate method to draw certain inferences or corollaries as to the functions of all forms of world life from that which we know of man himself.

I am aware that such a proposition may sound to some rather questionable. But there happens, singularly enough, to be an excellent corroboration of it in the history of the theory of Evolution itself as originally formulated by both Darwin and Wallace. Both of these eminent men were led to the discovery of organic Evolution by the writings of a political economist, Malthus, upon population, a purely human study. Thus, Darwin tells us: "Fifteen months after I had begun my systematic enquiry, I happened to read for amusement Malthus *On Population*, and being well prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on from long-continued observations of the habits of animals and plants, it at once struck me that under these circumstances favourable variations would tend to be preserved, and unfavourable ones to be destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of new species. Here, then, I had at last got a theory by which to work."

Wallace speaks of his independent experience in similar terms. He says: "I was led to the theory itself through Malthus—in my case it was his elaborate account of the

action of 'preventive checks' in keeping down the population of savage races to a tolerably fixed but scanty number. This had strongly impressed me, and it suddenly flashed upon me that all animals are necessarily thus kept down by the struggle for existence, while variations, on which I was always thinking, must necessarily often be beneficial, and would then cause those varieties to increase while the injurious variations diminished." *

If Darwin and Wallace were thus led to their most far-reaching results by an enquiry into facts relating primarily to humanity, it is clear that the logic of my argument, as above stated, is reinforced by the most powerful illustrative examples which it is possible to give.

In making use of this method, then, the first enquiry naturally is in the direction of that most striking of all human phenomena—consciousness. Are we entitled to argue from our human experience that this consciousness is a function of all living matter?

Here we are at once bound to recall the limitation which, for the sake of unhampered discussion, we conceded, so far as the human soul is concerned. Consciousness is regarded by some writers as being the perception which the soul of man possesses of himself as a whole. If this were the sense in which we are to use the term now, it is clear that, with our assumed premises, we could establish no argument whatever as regards the consciousness of any other form of life. But I submit that amongst the many definitions of consciousness we are at liberty for the purpose in hand to frame our own. And I take it in a very restricted sense, but one which certainly corresponds to the customary use of the word, and that is as meaning merely the pure self-consciousness of individual

* See Prefatory Essay, *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. 29, 10th ed.

existence which we possess, charged with only the one necessary concomitant of self-knowledge in this bare definition, and that is, a discrimination between the "self" and the "not-self," which is really an essential part of the one indivisible conception.

Now, in this sense of the term we are at once free from our self-imposed limitation. For just exactly as we perceive that other human beings possess a self-consciousness of existence similar to our own, so do we also see that the lower forms of existing life nearest to us do the same. It may of course be contended by the metaphysician that we really *know* neither the one nor the other of these so-called perceptions, and that all we do really know is a state of our own minds. But I am quite content to leave the extreme idealist who takes this ground to plough his lonely and sterile furrow; all that I contend for is that we have exactly as much reason to believe that the dog, the horse, the monkey, and the parrot, have a consciousness of existence, of self and not-self, as that human beings, other than ourselves, possess that consciousness. But if this is so, then consciousness in this defined sense is no longer to be regarded as a function of the human soul only, for we observe that beings without human souls possess it. And as we have already adopted as a step in our argument the thesis that that which is true of consecutive links of the biological chain must be true in whole or in part of the preceding links (for to suppose otherwise would be to suppose a supplementary creation), it follows that self-consciousness must be true, by an enormous probability, of all living matter which exists or has existed in that direct succession of life upon our planet which has led up to man, unless, indeed, we assume self-consciousness to be a composite function, a supposition with which I shall presently deal.

It may be said, however, that this method of reasoning fails us in our present line of argument, because we have not, as a matter of fact, been able to compare man with the next prior link to himself in the chain of life, that prior link having ceased to exist. But this objection, though sound in point of form, has no validity in its essence. It is true that we cannot produce a living specimen of the *Pithecanthropus erectus*, which is supposed to have been man's immediate biological predecessor, and it may fairly be argued that the chimpanzee is a very distant cousin, rather than a true type of man's immediate ancestry. But no biologist who believes in Evolution at all would deny that the monkey, the dog, the horse, and the man, all trace their descent to a common form or forms in the very remote past; and thus, while we have not got two immediately consecutive links of the biological chain before us, we have the much stronger argument which is supplied by the existence of many divergent chains radiating from some previous common point or points, and all evincing in their present terminals of biological form the same function of consciousness of existence which we know has place in ourselves. The proof is therefore cumulative that, as the man, the horse, the dog, the parrot, and the monkey, all possess consciousness, the forms of life, however humble, from which they are all derived, must have possessed it also, as must have done all the intermediate forms as well. For if consciousness supervened at any point in any of the chains of life, it must have been by that "new creation" which we have discarded.

The only refuge which is, as already suggested, open to any evolutionist who dissents from this conclusion, is to say that consciousness is in itself a compound fact, and that it has supervened as a result of synthetic combination.

That consciousness is a compound of simpler and more rudimentary elements is, however, absolutely inconceivable, and practically self-contradictory as a proposition. And even if it were true, those simpler elements, fundamental to consciousness, must have pre-existed in something analogous to consciousness, because to say otherwise would be either to fall back upon the discarded theory of intermittent creation, or to deny a necessary corollary of the law of the conservation of energy—regarding, as we must necessarily do, consciousness as a mode of energy. We are therefore bound to come to the conclusion, upon all probable reasoning, and we have nothing else to guide us, that consciousness is a function of all living matter. Haeckel puts it, indeed, that every living cell has psychic properties; but I am wary of this phraseology, as our line of reasoning has had a limitation with regard to the human soul which that philosopher does not agree with, and hence his employment of the word “psychic,” with its human connotation, does not fit in with the line we have taken.

Can we not now however go a step further? Having found that consciousness is a function of all living matter, can we by a similar process of reasoning assert the same of any other human phenomenon?

I think that we can, and the function of which I suggest this is—the mimetic faculty.

I will not now trespass upon the indulgence of the Society by dwelling in detail upon the imitational or mimetic characteristics of human beings: this is a subject which I have already put before them in considerable detail, although not with anything like the fulness of illustration which would have been possible.* It may be

* See also *Imitation in Nature and Human Nature*; Steel; London, 1900.

sufficient to say that in its various forms, conscious, sub-conscious, and unconscious, it is by far the largest factor in human life and conduct. Mimesis, as a general term embracing all varieties of imitation and mimicry, is predominant in every individual human being from his cradle to his grave, and controls in some way or other nearly every action of his life.

Were it indeed desirable to give some brief evidence of this fact, it is only necessary for any of us to glance rapidly at the history of a single normal day of his life, and reflect upon its incidents. You waken in the morning at a customary time. You rise at six, seven, eight, or nine, and in doing so you imitate, in a semi-conscious fashion, your conduct of preceding days with much exactness. You go through certain customary operations of the toilet, and endue yourself in certain garments, the whole of which stand in an imitative relation both to your own previous conduct and also to the action of other beings like yourself. You take your meals in an imitative fashion which has become automatic by repetition; you read your newspaper which mirrors for you by imitative devices the events which it chronicles. Your very language is the result of a most elaborate system of imitation commenced in your early childhood, and continually growing and becoming modified by an unconscious imitation of the sounds which you hear from human beings like yourself. You engage in your profession or your business upon mimetic lines which have become part of your intellectual framework. You finish the day by attending a mimetic exhibition upon the stage, or, perhaps, by reading a book which mirrors and reproduces to you the ideas and the pictures to which the author has given expression; and just as you agree or disagree with, like or dislike the matter of the book or play, you become the subject of a

subtle mimesis, which either makes it part of yourself through the medium of your memory, or places it in a category of rejection or even oblivion.

Before proceeding further with our subject I think it may perhaps be of interest to the Society, as bearing upon this theory of the controlling influence of mimesis upon human conduct, to know that I am not alone in the world in promulgating some such view. Like Robinson Crusoe, I recently came across a footprint upon the sand; and upon tracing it to its owner, I have succeeded in obtaining, during the last few days, a book by M. Tarde, a French author of course, upon *Les Lois d'Imitation*,* into which I have only been able to penetrate as yet to some small extent, but in which I find a theory directly parallel to and corroborative of my own, although less far reaching. The object of M. Tarde's work is, as he points out, pure and abstract sociology; and in this sphere he tells us that there is nothing but inventions and imitations, and that these last are the rivers of which the former are the mountains. He points out that for the purpose of his treatise he has enlarged the meaning of "imitation," but justifies himself for doing so, and is therefore faithful to the phrase for which, as a general term, I have thought it desirable to substitute the word mimesis. His nearest approach to a definition of imitation is as follows:—

Je lui ai laissé un sens toujours très précis et caractéristique: celui d'une action à distance d'un esprit sur une autre, et d'une action qui consiste dans une reproduction quasi photographique d'un cliché cérébral par la plaque sensible d'un autre cerveau; ou du même cerveau, s'il s'agit de l'imitation de soi-même; car la mémoire et l'habitude, qui en sont les deux branches, doivent être rattachées,

* *Les Lois d'Imitation*: Paris, 1900: I need hardly say that my want of knowledge of this admirable book implies not the slightest reflection upon the success of its author, who is well known for his ability and originality.

pour être bien comprises, à l'imitation d'autrui, la seule dont nous nous occupons ici.*

Having regard, then, to the importance of this mimetic function in the natural history of man, can we also find that same function in lower forms of life near to man, and thus place our researches with regard to it upon a similar footing to that of the argument with regard to consciousness already dealt with ?

The answer to this is clearly in the affirmative. Man's nearest existing relative, the ape, and the monkey tribe generally, display mimesis in the most conspicuous manner, and furnish us with abundant illustrations of the function in its most conscious and perhaps rarer form, as I shall now proceed to show.

The special genius of the monkey tribe for imitating was long ago a subject of observation to mankind. Strabo is responsible for the statement that Alexander, in his march through India, received a report of a corps having been seen on the outskirts of a wood manœuvring after the manner of the Macedonian phalanx. Having, as he thought, verified the truth of this, he detached a body of men against them, supported by a second powerful detachment. The enemy, however, did not stand the charge, but, to the amazement of the Macedonians, took refuge in the trees, casting away what appeared to be pikes, but what were in reality long boughs or saplings. It was in fact a *posse* of large monkeys. These it seems, under cover

* "I have assigned to it (that is to say, to the word imitation) a sense always precise and characteristic, that of an action at a distance of one spirit upon another : and of action which consist in a reproduction, quasi photographic, of a cerebral imprint by the sensitive layer of another brain ; or, indeed, of the same brain if it deals with an imitation of itself ; for memory and habit, which are its two branches in this case, have to be reconnected in order to be suitably placed on the same basis as that imitation of another of which only we treat here."

of their woods, had been watching the evolutions of the phalanx, had armed themselves with sticks, and thus deceived the followers of the conqueror into the belief that they had human enemies to deal with.* But we have no reason to go so far back as to Strabo and Alexander the Great. Buffon, in 1740, possessed a specimen of the chimpanzee variety of ape, about two years of age, which always walked upright even when he carried heavy loads. He offered people his arm, walked with them in an orderly manner, sat down to table like a man, opened his serviette and wiped his lips with it, made use of his spoon and fork, poured out wine and clinked glasses, fetched a cup and saucer and put sugar in, poured out tea, and let it go cold before drinking it.†

Dr. Hermes, of Berlin, possessed a chimpanzee which, seeing the doctor give his nine-year-old son a slight tap on the head in consequence of some miscalculation in his arithmetic lesson, carried matters still further by giving the lad a smart box on the ear; and it is recorded of the same animal that, when the doctor was writing, the ape often seized a pen, dipped it in the inkstand, and scrawled upon the paper.‡ I understand that in the Zoological gardens of New York there are at the present time apes which use spoons and forks, and take their meals at tables; and I saw in the *Weekly Times* of the 5th December, 1902, an account by a representative of the *Times* of a chimpanzee, now at the Royal Aquarium, named Consul, which will light his cigarette from a match and smoke it, ride a bicycle, forwards or backwards, clap his hands, dust a room, make scribbling marks on a piece of paper with a pencil, drink cocoa out of a cup, and so on. So

* *Anecdotes of Monkeys*, Murray, 1825.

† *Anthropoid Apes*, p. 267; Hartmann; London, 1885.

‡ *Ibid.*

familiar, indeed, is this imitative faculty of the ape tribe, that it has had the effect of coining a verb for the English language, "to ape" having become a current synonym for "to imitate," in a certain derogatory sense.

I need hardly say, however, that this disposition to imitate is found in many other members of the monkey tribe as well as apes; and that the existence of this faculty can certainly not always be accounted for by the dogma of the survival of the fittest, the following narrative, which is the last I will inflict upon the Society upon the subject of monkeys, will prove:—A certain monkey, a sailor's pet, whose adventures were too numerous to recall now, came to a melancholy end in the following manner. He had observed a sick lieutenant (it was on a naval vessel), who breakfasted after the rest of his mess, making his tea, and being accidentally left alone in the gun-room, determined to imitate him. He, however, made a serious and, as it proved, fatal mistake. He infused a paper of tobacco which was lying on the table into the pot instead of tea, and afterwards swallowed it with its accompaniments of milk and sugar. This beverage produced a fearful commotion in his inside, attended with long and severe vomiting of which he died.*

So much, then, for the illustrations of mimesis which are supplied by the monkeys. To pursue the subject we must note also that the parrot and other birds evince it in the obvious form of the sounds they are known to produce. The dog and the horse give proof of it in their actions. And, indeed, throughout many species and genera of animal life we can easily trace the operation of the function. It is displayed continually even in far distant forms, such, for example, as those fishes which change their appearance in accordance with their surroundings.

* *Anecdotes of Monkeys; op. cit.*

In the year 1830, the naturalist, Stark, made a number of observations on this subject upon species of various genera, amongst others, upon the fresh-water stickleback and the common perch. These fishes change colour with some rapidity, some in a few hours, others in from two to three minutes, as also do some sea fish. Amongst these last the case of the plaice is particularly interesting as illustrating a phase of mimesis which is probably of the sub-conscious order. These fish have a white side which constitutes the under surface, and a parti-coloured side which lies uppermost. On a white sandy bottom this upper side is whitish or very pale coloured, but on a darker bottom the colour corresponds to it in darkness, and the change thus accruing has been traced to a so-called chromatic function, which apparently acts in an automatic manner through its nervous system and the operation of light thereupon, without the volition of the creature.* I think it will be agreed that there must be an element of sub-consciousness however (where any self-consciousness at all exists), in any intermittent change produced through nervous action.

The case of the flounder is to the same point. When a flounder is transferred from a tank with sand to one with a gravelly bottom, spots at once appear on the fish harmonizing with the gravel, due apparently to reflex action arising from an alteration in the light rays.†

An analogous phenomenon of the mimetic character has been observed in prawns found on the English coasts, which change their colour at least once every twenty-four hours in order to harmonize with the stronger or weaker light prevailing near the surface or in the deeper water. As evening approaches these crustacea lose their distinctive

* *Animal Life*; Semper; London, 1881.

† *Knowledge*, Oct., 1902, p. 236.

day colours, and all assume a transparent azure hue. The change begins with a reddish glow, followed by a green tinge, which gradually melts into blue; and, extraordinary to relate, as evidencing the connection between simple mimesis and habit which, according to my theory (and that of M. Tarde also as regards human subjects), grows out of it and is constituted by it, specimens of these prawns kept in continual darkness, nevertheless undergo the periodic alteration in colour.

But let us turn to mimesis of still another kind, that of a probably unconscious sort. It is known that the pupæ of several butterflies acquire the colour of the box in which they are kept. A particular species of butterfly, *Kallima*, we are told by Mr. Grant Allen in his interesting book, *In Nature's Workshop*, a Malayan butterfly, is a butterfly of brilliant hues when fluttering in the sunshine; "but let some enemy threaten, some bird pounce down upon him, and the *Kallima* butterfly has an easy refuge. He need but settle down quietly on a neighbouring bough, and all at once he seems to have put on the cap of invisibility the under-sides of his wings are coloured and lined so as exactly to imitate the leaves of his favourite bush, on which he usually settles. Mid-rib and veins are all carefully imitated: while the actual body and legs of the insect become quite unobtrusive."

Another instance of mimesis of this order, that is to say, of the more permanent and least conscious kind, is that of the so-called leaf insects of Ceylon and Java, "wonderful green creatures with ribs and veins like those of leaves, so deceptively arranged that not one person in ten can see them when resting on the food-plant close beneath their eyes. Others of the class imitate bits of stick, with little knots and branches, so that one can

only recognise them as alive when one touches them. A stick insect brought to Mr. Wallace, in Borneo, so exactly mimicked a bit of stick, covered with green mosses and liverworts, that it fairly took in even that lynx-eyed naturalist.”*

Actual mimicry of other species is also a well-known fact in biology, that is to say, cases like those of the flies which imitate bees and wasps, and there are many examples of it to be found in the records of naturalists. “Between that,” to quote Mr. Grant Allen again,† “and the more general resemblance of Arctic foxes, Arctic hares, Arctic ptarmigan, Arctic willow-grouse, and so forth, to the snows in whose midst they live, we get every possible variety of gradation. The general principle involved appears to be this. Where the surroundings are *very* uniform, as among the ice and snow of the Polar regions, the protected animals are all uniformly coloured—in this case with snow-white fur or feathers. Where the prevalent hue changes, as in sub-Arctic lands, the animals may change too, being brown or grey or russet in summer, and white in winter. Where the ordinary tint is slightly varied, as in the desert, the animals tend to be sand-coloured or speckled. . . . In woods, forests, tangled brake, jungle, copses, hedgerows, thickets, and so forth, the surroundings are much more varied, and the protective resemblances therefore become somewhat more complex. A simple case of this more special kind is that of the great cats, whose colours differ exactly in accordance with their lairs. The lion, a desert beast, is simply sand-coloured; the tiger, a jungle beast, frequenting tracts overgrown with bamboos and other big yellow reed-like grasses, has up-and-down stripes,

* *In Nature's Workshop*: London, 1901.

† *Ibid.*

which render him difficult to perceive as he creeps upon his prey among the up-and-down lights and shadows of the pale straw-coloured dead grasses in his favourite ravines; while the tree-cats, such as jaguars, ocelots, and so forth, are spotted or dappled, because the spots make them more difficult to recognise among the round lights and shadows in their native forests. Spotted deer and antelopes also belong to forest regions; while almost all of those with vertical stripes are constant frequenters of deep grasslands."

Many more cases might be quoted of mimesis in its various forms, conscious, sub-conscious, and almost if not entirely unconscious, but those already given are sufficient for my purpose. And before proceeding further let me say that I am well aware that many naturalists adopt the view that some of these apparent results of mimicry, or mimesis, are really accounted for solely by natural selection; that is to say, that being protective and advantageous modifications, the creatures which have by chance become the subjects of these modifications have survived, whilst those not so protected have died out. But this is a most difficult conception as accounting for the whole of the facts. By this theory, variation has taken place in countless directions of colour and form; and only those varieties have been preserved which are protective in the most superlative degree. But if this process of variation has taken place in countless directions at some time in the past, it must also be taking place now in some noticeable degree at every fresh generation of life. We do not find, however, that this is so to anything like the extent which a persistent tendency to variation in *all directions* would postulate. On the contrary, the predominating tendency appears to be very strongly conservative, and to follow mainly the parental form and colour. But just as here-

dity follows in the main directly mimetic lines, so also does it appear that the deviations (*i.e.*, variations) which accrue and modify the results of hereditary succession are largely due to a collateral mimesis. The only modifications which we ourselves can actually witness, as in process, are modifications due to environment in the broadest sense of that term; we find these taking place with remarkable rapidity, and often possessing a distinctly mimetic aspect. That we witness modifications due to environment in man and domestic animals goes without saying. But the same is also true of some of our more distant biological relations, and in some such cases we have the most distinct evidence of a mimetic factor. The flounder transferred to the stony bed puts on spots which render it less visible; the ptarmigan, and other creatures found in snowy regions, put on a white coat to match their surroundings; the chameleon and some marine creatures change their appearance during the currency of a single day in such a way as to resemble their surroundings more closely; and thus it may safely be said that there *are* variations, though only temporary in some cases, of which we have clear and positive evidence that they are mimetic. With such an agency at work we do not need to postulate myriads of ages of natural selection as the *sole* influence in variation, involving, as such a supposition does, the survival of only a minute fraction of myriads of forms of life which have in the main passed away and left no descendants, in order to explain phenomena of which we can, during very short periods of time, witness some counterpart ourselves.

It must not be supposed that in these observations there is any attempt to traverse the current theory of evolution in one of its most important details. The survival of the fittest represents nature's pruning-hook.

But we must not confuse this "pruning-hook" with the luxuriant growth which it restricts. Variation is the efficient force; natural selection is the restraining and restrictive check. And in the mimetic function we find one of the factors, perhaps the most important factor, in that agency of variation which to all appearance takes effect upon definite and restricted lines, rather than in the sporadic fashion which anything analogous to pure chance would necessarily bring about.

To return, then, to our main line of argument. I contend, having regard to the facts adduced, that there is exactly the same evidence of mimesis being a function of all living matter as there is that a similar proposition is true of consciousness. In various ways it exhibits itself in divergent lines of those chains of life which, by the theory of Evolution, are connected by primordial forms; and, therefore, using the same method of reasoning which we used before in regard to consciousness, it follows that the mimetic function must have pre-existed, either simply as such, or in component, but at some time separate elements, throughout the whole biological chain. But from its nature we have no reason whatever to believe mimesis to be a compound any more than we have reason to believe consciousness to be compounded of psychic elements more rudimentary than itself; and we are thus bound upon all probable reasoning to take it to be a function of all living matter in our world.

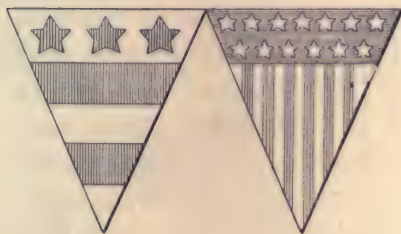
But how, I may be asked, does this affect the theory which was stated last year in this room, that there is an ethereal substance in man's being in which his identity is bound up, and which, together with the grosser constituents of his frame, forms part of the human integral

as we know it? Is not our present theorem incompatible with this previous one?

I reply in the negative. For just as we are bound by physical considerations to recognise that there is an interaction within man of the grosser forms of matter with an active increment of the ether, so also is the same proposition true of every other creature that lives. In its substance the ether is a constant and necessary ingredient of all living bodies. In its volume and in its specialized activities it probably varies in each of them. But as an ingredient, present always in every living form, it no more affects my present argument than does the simultaneous constant presence of any of the other invariable constituents of living protoplasm. The argument holds good, therefore, of the whole chain of life, whatever the constant ingredients of each link of the chain may be; and we come, therefore, to the conclusion that, as necessary corollaries of biological evolution, we must assume the presence in each unit of self-consciousness, and also of the mimetic function to which we have referred.

THE WASHINGTON FAMILY,*

By ALFRED E. HAWKES, M.D.



WASHINGTON IRVING'S
great work on the *Life*
of General Washington†
was written much too
long ago to contain any
reference to the re-
searches of Mr. Henry

Waters, M.A., whose pamphlet was not published until 1889. The New England Historical and Genealogical Society was responsible for the issue of this pamphlet, and thus was the means of announcing the filling up of a hiatus in the pedigree of the great family under consideration. For a long time it has been a matter of common knowledge that the ancestors of General Washington dwelt at Sulgrave and Brington, in Northamptonshire, and I shall hereafter briefly refer to the views held with regard to their pedigree prior to the more extended and successful researches of Mr. Watson.

One sentence from Irving throws a flood of light on the earliest references to the Washington family. He says: "The princely prelate of Durham had his barons and knights, who held estates of him on feudal tenure, and were bound to serve him in peace and war."

Among these knights was William de Hertburn—an

* Abstract of Paper read before the Society, 20th October, 1902.

† New York, G. P. Putnam, 1860.

instance of the Norman name William being attached to that of the village in which the owner of the said name lived. When this early member of the family removed to the Manor of Wessyngton, the surname, so to designate it, became de Wessyngton. This William de Wessyngton fought for the King at the battle of Lewes, in the year 1264.

Under the warlike prelate, Beke, the Washingtons probably assisted Edward I in the invasion of Scotland. In their leisure time, hunting and falconry occupied their attention—pastimes they had not forgotten by the time they betook themselves to the Midlands. They were doubtless represented at the storming of Carlaveric Castle, near Dumfries, and we read of Sir Stephen de Wessyngton bearing for his device a golden rose on an azure field at the Dunstable tilt.

From Galloway to Neville's Cross, and from Neville's Cross to Calais, this warlike family journeyed. But honour was satisfied by 1400, and a Sir William de Wessyngton was the last to render feudal service.

The last of the powerful north country Washingtons died an abbot in 1446. It is interesting to note that his duties took him to Northampton in the year 1426. In process of time the name came to be spelt as it is spelt now; parishes in Durham and Sussex have a similar designation.

Lawrence Washington was twice mayor of Northampton, in 1532-3 and 1545-6. He was descended from the Washingtons of Whitfield and Warton, in Lancashire. The pedigree shows that his father, John Washington of Warton, married Mary or Margaret, daughter of Robert Kitson of Warton, and sister of Sir Thomas Kitson, an alderman of the City of London.

The arms of Washington are described as "Argent two



SULGRAVE MANOR.

bars gules, in chief three mullets of the second. Crest: a raven proper, rising from a ducal crown, on a helmet."

It is of much interest to observe that the arms of Washington and Kitson are impaled on one of the shields still to be seen. Kitson: sable three trouts haurient—upright—in fess argent, a chief or.

The interest is still further increased when it is observed that in the Spencer Chapel at Brington, these haurient fishes are to be found impaled with the arms of Spencer, as a daughter of the London alderman married Sir John Spencer, of Althorp.

At a later period, the marriage of Mr. William Pargiter, of Gretworth, cousin and nearest neighbour of the Washingtons at Sulgrave, to Mistress Abigail Willoughby, sister of Lord Spencer's deceased wife, still further connected these two important families.

The visitor to Sulgrave is advised to leave the train at Malton Pinkney, where he will find himself close to Canon's Ashby, the home of the Drydens, but not the birthplace of John Dryden.

It has been already stated that Lawrence Washington was mayor of Northampton in 1532 and 1545.

In 1538-9, the Manor of Sulgrave, with lands lately belonging to the dissolved priories of St. Andrew, Northampton, Canon's Ashby, and Catesby were granted to him by the King. His death, in 1584, left Sulgrave in the hands of Robert, his son. He and his son Lawrence sold Sulgrave in 1610.

It is uncertain who built the Manor House; it may have been finished by Robert, who sold it. It is conjectured that already the family had begun to retrench somewhat, and that the house was not completed as originally designed.

The first illustration shows the Manor House as it now

appears; in the porch the bars and mullets of the Washington arms can be discerned, and above are the Royal Arms of Elizabeth's time.

From this place many of the heraldic devices now to be found at Fawsley were removed, according to Irving.

The hall is now divided into a dairy and a sitting room, and at the east end of it a fire-place, seven feet wide, is to be seen. It is stated that there was formerly an arch, with a porter's lodge over it, but much difficulty arises when one attempts to describe the former appearance of a structure which was not completed according to the original design.

The visitor to the Manor House will not leave the neighbourhood until he has seen the church, where he will find the headless effigy of Lawrence Washington, and the incision for Amee, his wife. Above them is a shield of the Washington arms, and below, a group of four sons and seven daughters formerly existed, but these have been stolen. Rubbings of these brasses afford us the information that the four sons were represented in frock coats and knee breeches, and the daughters in long gowns confined by girdles.

Amee, the daughter of Robert Pargiter, of Gretworth, was Lawrence Washington's second wife.

He died in 1584, having outlived his wife some twenty years.

Two of their sons and four of their daughters married. More need not be said of Lawrence Washington, save that he was described as of Gray's Inn, and as a wealthy wool merchant. But the wool trade did not always mean wealth, and, probably, owing to its fluctuations, the time came for the Washington family to leave Sulgrave, and to seek a less ambitious domicile.

The kind interest taken in his kinsfolk induced Lord



WASHINGTON HOUSE, BRINGTON.



Spencer to offer them a home at Brington, and there is good reason for believing that the comparatively small house, represented in the second illustration, was built for them.

This house then was occupied by Lawrence Washington's grandson, Lawrence, who married Margaret, daughter of William Butler, of Tighes, in Sussex.

During the writer's visit, he was allowed to see over the house. The old-fashioned fireplace, the thick beams, and the oak staircases and panelling were very interesting.

But imagination peopled the old house with members of a brave family, who, anticipating misfortune, faced it with courage, and, under the ægis of a great kinsman, made the best of their circumstances.

Their child Gregory was born, it is supposed, while their house was being built; but he died, and was buried at Brington. As he passes, the wayfarer may still read, above the door of the old house, the inscription—"The Lord geveth, the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

The small house did not long suffice, and, gathering up all the property he was entitled to, Lawrence Washington left Brington and settled in London, in order that his numerous family might enjoy the advantage of Westminster and other schools. Of his seventeen children, one was Sir John Washington of Thrapston.

His brother Robert was a most interesting character, and Simkinson* and other writers enable us to picture this old-fashioned country gentleman in the full enjoyment of rural pursuits. Robert and Elizabeth Washington were childless, and their niece, Amy, lived with them, and added greatly to their happiness. She married Philip Curtis, the ceremony taking place in Brington Church.

* *The Washingtons*, by Rev. J. N. Simkinson.

It has been remarked that the Washingtons of the North were keen sportsmen; it may be added that at Brington, Althorp, and Holmby, as we gather from Whyte Melville's book, falconry was, under the auspices of the Spencer family, pursued with ardour. Evidence of this may still be found in the heronry existing to this day in Althorp Park. If further evidence of the taste for sport which was fostered in the days we are considering be required, the Pytchley Hunt, and the Northampton Race Meetings, the latter of which doubtless were initiated at or near Althorp, need only be mentioned.

The chief point of interest attaching to this brief communication must now be approached.

It is stated by Mr. William Gray, in a pamphlet published at Northampton,* that President Washington's great-grandfather was one John Washington, who, accompanied or followed by a brother named Lawrence, emigrated from England to Virginia about the year 1657.

In 1791 Sir Isaac Heard commenced his inquiries into the subject, and he, as well as Baker, in his *History of Northamptonshire*, and the Rev. I. Nassau Simpkinson, fell into the error of supposing that the emigrants John and Lawrence were the sons of Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave and Brington.

In the year 1883, Mr. Waters discovered that the emigrants were the sons of Mrs. Amphilis Washington. It subsequently transpired that the husband of this lady was the Rev. Lawrence Washington, Fellow of Brasenose, and Rector of Purleigh, whom Heard and Baker had taken to be one of the two emigrants.

This Lawrence Washington was ejected from his living during the Commonwealth.

* *Brington: the Home of the Washingtons and Spencers.* Taylor & Son, 1901.

The elder of his two sons, John, — one of the emigrants—married the widow of Walter Brodhurst, a Shropshire gentleman. He left a son, Lawrence, whose wife was Mildred Warner. Their son, Augustine, married (1) Jane, daughter of Caleb Butler, and (2) Mary Ball, who was the mother of George Washington.

The writer desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to Baker's *History of Northamptonshire*; to the paper in *Munsey's Magazine*, Feb., 1896, by Mr. Arthur Branscombe; to the volume by Rev. J. N. Simpkinson, *The Washingtons*, kindly presented to him by Dr. Clifton, Northampton; to the papers issued by the late Mr. John Taylor, of Northampton, and to the Librarian of the Northampton Library, for a perusal of Mr. Waters' pamphlet. He is much indebted to Mr. Law, Bridge Street, Northampton, for permission to use his excellent photographs of the houses at Sulgrave and Brington.



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